



My birth 313
309
294
265
513
53

The Poems

of

SCHILLER

Translated into English by

E. P. Arnold-Forster



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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

I CLAIM no more for the following translations than that they are a tolerably faithful rendering of the original poems of Schiller. I have made no attempt to seize upon Schiller's supposed meaning and clothe it in language of my own.

My object has been to reproduce not only Schiller's thoughts, but Schiller's method of describing those thoughts, as accurately as was consistent with a change of language and the exigencies of verse. Where Schiller used the Elegiac metre, that metre has been adhered to in the translation.

It is true, indeed, that the technical accuracy and niceties of the Classic verse can never be attained in a modern tongue, but the English language adapts itself at least as well to the Elegiac metre as does the German.

E. P. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

CATHEDINE,
BURLEY-IN-WHARFEDALE,
July, 1901.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HECTOR'S FAREWELL	I
AMALIA	3
A GRAVE-GROUND PHANTASY	4
PHANTASY TO LAURA	7
LAURA AT THE SPINET	10
TO LAURA. RAPTURE.	12
THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE	13
TO LAURA. MELANCHOLY	16
THE INFANTICIDE	20
THE GREATNESS OF THE WORLD	24
ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH	26
THE BATTLE	30
ROUSSEAU	33
FRIENDSHIP	34
A GROUP FROM TARTARUS	37
ELYSIUM	38
THE FUGITIVE	40
THE FLOWERS	42
TO SPRING	43
TO MINNA	44
THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE	46
FORTUNE AND WISDOM	52
THE DIGNITY OF MANHOOD	53
TO A MORALIST	57
THE GRIM COUNT EBERHARD OF WÜRTTEMBERG	58
TO JOY	61
THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA	65
THE CONFLICT	67
RESIGNATION	68

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE GODS OF GREECE	72
A CELEBRATED WOMAN	77
— LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM	82
— THE ARTISTS	83
THE MEETING	98
TO EMMA	100
THE SECRET	101
SUSPENSE	103
EVENING	106
DESIRE	107
THE PILGRIM	109
THE IDEALS	111
THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT	114
THE YOUTH AT THE BROOK	115
THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT	117
A MOUNTAIN SONG	119
THE ALPINE HUNTER	121
DITHYRAMB	123
THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD	124
PUNCH SONG	127
TO MY FRIENDS	128
PUNCH SONG. TO BE SUNG IN THE NORTH	130
— A TROOPER'S SONG	132
— A NADOWESSIAN DIRGE	134
— THE FEAST OF VICTORY	136
— THE LAMENT OF CERES	141
— THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL	146
— THE RING OF POLYCRATES	154
— THE CRANES OF IBYCUS	158
— HERO AND LEANDER	164
— CASSANDRA	173
— THE HOSTAGE	178
— THE DIVER	184
— THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG	190
— THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON	193
— THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY	203
— THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG	211
— THE GLOVE	215
— THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS	218
— THE PARTITION OF THE WORLD	221

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE STRANGE MAIDEN	223
THE IDEAL AND LIFE	224
PARABLES AND RIDDLES	229
THE WALK	236
THE SONG OF THE BELL	246
THE POWER OF SONG	260
WOMAN'S WORTH	262
HOPE	265
THE GERMAN MUSE	266
THE SOWER	267
THE MERCHANT	267
ULYSSES	267
CARTHAGE	268
THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN	268
GERMAN HONOUR	269
COLUMBUS	270
POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM	271
THE ILIAD	274
ZEUS TO HERACLES	274
THE ANTIQUE TO THE NORTHERN WANDERER	274
THE MINSTRELS OF OLD TIME	275
THE ANTIQUE AT PARIS	276
THEKLA	277
THE MAID OF ORLEANS	278
NENIA	279
THE CHILD AT PLAY	280
THE SEXES	281
THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN	283
THE DANCE	284
FORTUNE	286
GENIUS	290
THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOTIST	293
THE WORDS OF FAITH	294
THE WORDS OF ERROR	296
PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS	298
LIGHT AND WARMTH	300
BREADTH AND DEPTH	301
THE GUIDES OF LIFE	302
ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR	303
HUMAN KNOWLEDGE	303

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE TWO PATHS OF VIRTUE	304
HONOURS	304
ZENITH AND NADIR	304
IDEAL FREEDOM	305
THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE	305
THE UNCHANGEABLE	305
THEOPHANIA	306
THE HIGHEST	306
IMMORTALITY	306
VOTIVE TABLETS	307
THE BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT	319
TO LEGISLATORS	319
THE WORTHY	319
A FALSE IMPULSE TO STUDY	319
REJUVENESCENCE	319
THE CIRCLE OF NATURE	319
THE GENIUS WITH THE INVERTED TORCH	320
THE VIRTUE OF WOMAN	320
BEAUTY AT ITS BEST	320
THE FORUM OF WOMAN	320
FEMININE JUDGMENT	320
THE FEMININE IDEAL	321
HOPE AND FULFILMENT	321
THE COMMON LOT	321
HUMAN PERFORMANCE	322
THE FATHER	322
LOVE AND DESIRE	322
GOODNESS AND GREATNESS	322
MOTIVES	322
NATURAL AND TRANSCENDENTAL PHILOSOPHERS	323
GERMAN GENIUS	323
TRIFLES	324
GERMANY AND HER PRINCES	326
TO PROSELYTIZERS	326
THE CONNECTING LINK	326
THE MOMENT	326
GERMAN COMEDY	327
A BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT	327
DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES	327
THE GREEK SPIRIT	327

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHILDREN OF THE SABBATH	327
THE PHILOSOPHERS	328
G.G.	331
THE HOMERIDES	331
THE MORAL POET	331
A LOFTY SUBJECT	331
A TRICK	332
JEREMIADS	332
KNOWLEDGE	333
KANT AND HIS INTERPRETERS	333
SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST	334
THE RIVERS	337
THE METAPHYSICIAN	340
THE WORLDLY WISE	341
PEGASUS IN HARNESS	343
THE PUPPET-SHOW OF LIFE	346
TO A YOUNG FRIEND ABOUT TO TAKE UP PHILOSOPHY	347
THE POETRY OF LIFE	348
To GOETHE	350
To MADEMOISELLE SLEVOIGHT	353
GREEK GENIUS	354
LINES WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM	354
LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A PATRON OF ART	354
THE GIFT	355
WILLIAM TELL	355
To THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF WEIMAR	356
THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY	358
In OCTOBER, 1788	360
THE POET'S FAREWELL	361

HECTOR'S FAREWELL.

Andromache.

And must my Hector turn aside
To where Achilles bears in pride
His tribute to Patroclus dead?
How teach our sons to hurl the spear,
And the immortal Gods revere
If thou the realms of Orcus tread ?

Hector.

Thy tears, my dearest wife, control.
The thirst for battle stirs my soul ;
These arms of mine our Troy must save.
The sacred hearth I will defend,
And falling, fall my country's friend,
Then plunge into the Stygian wave.

Andromache.

The well-known clang of arms shall fade,
In idle halls shall lie thy blade,
And Priam's glorious race expire.
To sunless regions must thou go
Where lone Cocytus wails below,
And drown thy love in Lethe's mire.

HECTOR'S FAREWELL.

Hector.

My every thought, my every hope
In Lethe's silent stream may grope,
But Hector's love shall never sink.

The foe is thundering at the gate,
Gird on my sword, thy grief abate,
My love dies not on Lethe's brink.

AMALIA.

Fair as an angel, gayest of the gay,
Fairer than any other youth was he,
His glance celestial, like the sun in May
Reflected in an azure crystal sea.

His kisses—sentiments from Paradise !
As though two flames were locked in one embrace,
Like tones which from the harp alternate rise,
And blend in heaven-born, harmonious grace.

They rush, they fly, uniting soul to soul,
Lips quiver, cheeks assume a tone of fire,
Hearts meet, and heaven and earth commingled roll,
Dissolving in the warmth of love's desire.

But he is gone—in vain, alas ! in vain
We haunt him with a melancholy cry.
Gone ! And life's pleasure changes into pain,
Expiring in one lamentable sigh.

A GRAVE-GROUND PHANTASY.

The moon with sickly rays
Upon the deathly-silent thicket plays,
The moaning spectre rustles through the air :
Through mist and cloud and rain
The pallid stars in vain
Twinkle, like lanterns in a sepulchre.

Like ghosts, in silence, lank and lean,
A motley crowd in drear array,
Advancing with funereal mien,
On to the grave-ground wends its way.

Who is this tottering by
On crutches bowed, with haggard eye ?
By iron fortune double bent,
His soul outpoured in long lament,
He staggers toward the slow-borne bier.
“ Father ”—Was that the faltered name ?
Chill tremors all his body tear,
Convulse his anguish-stricken frame,
And even stir his silver hair.

His burning wound reopened gapes,
His soul is torn by pangs of hell :
“ Father ” his youthful lips escapes,
“ Son ” from the father’s whisper fell.

A GRAVE-GROUND PHANTASY.

Here in his icy shroud he lies,
And thy fair dream, once bright as gold,
Is now a curse : before thine eyes
Lo ! Father, wrapped in icy fold
Thy rapture and thy Paradise.

Gentle, he springs from the arms of Aurora,
Floating in lightest Elysian airs ;
'Mid rose-scented zephyrs the heaven-born Flora.
Her son o'er the flowery tapestry bears.

Over the fairy-like meadows he flitted,
Mirrored again in the silvery stream ;
Pursued and o'ertaken, the maidens submitted
To kisses which filled their voluptuous dream.

Forcing his way through the pressure of mortals,
Treading the hills with the foot of a roe,
He lifted his hopes to the heavenly portals,
In regions which only the eagle may know.
Proud as the horses, which prancingly sidle,
Tossing in anger the curves of their mane,
Regally spurning the chafe of the bridle,
Stood he, in presence of prince or of swain.

The Spring of his life fluttered by like a vision,
And Hesperus guarded him ever in sight ;
With the aid of the grape he held pain in derision,
And sorrows he danced into whirling delight.
Whole worlds in his glorious youth are reposing ;
Ah ! Father, with pride his development scan !
Rejoice in the opening future, disclosing
The slumbering germ, which shall ripen to man !

A GRAVE-GROUND PHANTASY.

But, Father, No !—Hark to the tolling bell,
Hark where the brazen hinges creak—
How grim that dread sepulchral spell !—
Yea, let the tears course down thy cheek !
Go, gentle spirit, sunward still,
Be joyous till thy travels cease,
The long-sought cup of rapture fill,
And freely taste Valhalla's peace.

To meet again—ah ! blessed hope—
To meet again at Eden's gate !
Listen, there creaks the lowering rope,
You hear the swaying coffin grate !
Helpless we reel, in dumb despair—
Mute, speaking only with the eye.—
Stay ! from these impious thoughts forbear !
Rather let tears our need supply.

The moon with sickly rays
Upon the deathly-silent thicket plays,
The moaning spectre rustles through the air :
Through mist and cloud and rain
The pallid stars in vain
Twinkle, like lanterns in a sepulchre.
With hollow thud resounds the clay—
Ah ! one last look on earth's fair bloom !—
The bolts of death are drawn for aye.
Upon the coffin piles the shovelled clay.
No restitution from the tomb !

PHANTASY TO LAURA.

Laura, the eddying power name
Which body unto body binds.
What is the magic which can tame
And knit together kindred minds ?

It guides the planets on their way
And bids them circle round the sun,
As children round their mother play
And in their merry gambols run.

The stars of heaven as they roll
Drink thirstily the golden rain,
Draw vigour from its fiery bowl,
As limbs are quickened by the brain.

Atom with atom truly pairs
In balanced and harmonious blend ;
In Love combine the very Spheres,
Whole Systems on that Love depend.

From Nature's clockwork Love withdrawn,
In wreck and ruin crumbles all,
And round your worlds shall Chaos yawn ;
Weep, Newton, o'er that giant fall.

PHANTASY TO LAURA.

From spirit world that grace remove,
And what remains must shrink and die
Returning Spring relies on Love ;
Loveless, how worship God on high ?

How is it that my Laura's kiss
Brings to the cheek a rosy flood,
Quickens the heart with gathering bliss,
And madly stirs my fevered blood ?

Each nerve beyond its tension springs,
The bursting veins would overflow,
Body to body frenzied clings,
And souls expire in amorous glow.

Supreme o'er all the hidden powers
At work in dead Creation's womb,
Love close to gentle Nature cowers
In sensuous Arachne's loom.

See, Laura, how in warm embrace
Joy throws her kindly arms o'er Grief,
How blank Despair, nestling its face
On Hope's warm breast, can find relief.

Love's sister, Pleasure, can dispel
Dull night's too melancholy dreams ;
The golden tear-drops upward well,
And forth the sunny radiance streams.

Does not an awful Sympathy
The very haunts of Evil leaven ?
In love with Hell our vices sigh,
But bear an angry grudge toward Heaven.

PHANTASY TO LAURA

Round Sin foul serpent-coils entwine
—The Furies, Shame and dull Remorse—
And Danger slinks to undermine
True greatness in its lofty course.

Ruin delights to toy with Pride,
And Fortune writhes in Envy's grip,
While sister Lust, with wanton stride,
Hastens her brother Death to trip.

On Love's light wings the Future sails,
And seeks a refuge in the Past.
The brideless Saturn's quest prevails
To find Eternity at last.

And when—thus Oracles declare—
Saturn his shrinking bride has found,
The World as wedding torch shall flare
Time with Eternity be bound.

And now a fairer morning pours
Its light upon our sweet alcove.
As long as lasted their amours,
So long, my Laura, let us love.

LAURA AT THE SPINET.

When the strings thy fingers sweep,
Laura, all my spirits fail,
Marble-cold my forces sleep,
Life and Death before thee quail.
For thy sovereign powers impress
Hearts—a very sorceress.

Gentle zephyrs rustle by,
Hanging on thy melody,
And, enraptured by the strain,
Dancing round and round remain.
Nature's self is calm and still,
Drinking in thy every thrill :
Victim to thy music *she*,
'Tis thy glance that conquers *me*.

Heaven-born harmonies arise
In voluptuous accord,
Sweet, as though from azure skies
New-born Seraphim upsoared.
As, bursting from Creation's womb,
And quitting Chaos' dreary zones,
The Sun dispersed primeval gloom—
So streams the magic of thy tones.

Gentle now, as down their course
Silver twinkling ripples leap,
Gathering now majestic force
Like an organ grave and deep ;

LAURA AT THE SPINET.

Bursting anon in storm, as from the rock
Descends the cataract with foaming shock ;
Then they murmur once again
In coquetting notes of love,
As the wanton airs complain
To the quivering aspen grove.

And now in slow and melancholy wail,
As flutter ghosts upon the midnight gale,
The damned proclaim their lamentable fears,
And dark Cocytus passes, big with tears.
Ah ! maiden, dost thou in communion dwell
With heavenly Spirits ? I adjure thee, tell !
And is their language (answer, I beseech,
And hide it not) the true Elysian speech ?

TO LAURA.

RAPTURE.

Laura, above the world I seem to soar
And bask in light on some celestial shore
Whene'er our glances meet.
Methinks I revel in ethereal balm
When in thine eye cœrulean and calm
My pictured self I greet.

The lyre's acclaim from Paradise afar,
The harp's accord from some benignant star,
Fill me with frenzied glow.
My muse is conscious of th' idyllic hour
When from thy burning lips too grudging pour
The tones in silvery flow.

I see young Loves with fluttering wings outspread,
The very pines a merry measure tread,
As though at Orpheus' call.
The poles around me with increasing force
Revolve, when in the dance's rippling course
Thy fairy footsteps fall.

Thy glance—illumined by the smile of love—
To burning life the very stone can move,
And wake a pulse divine ;
My dreams will crystallise to deed
If in thine eyes I rightly read :
Laura, Laura mine !

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

TO LAURA.

Who reveals to me th' imperious need
Ever insanely on thy lips to feed ?
And who the passion which would fain inhale
Thy breath ; and to the very death prevail,
So thou art by ?

Does not my spirit unresisting rise,
As conquered minions yield, to meet thine eyes ?
Torn is my spirit with internal strife,
Struggling in frenzy o'er the bridge of life,
When thou art near.

Why should my soul from me, its master, stray,
And before thine its truant offering lay ?
Do they like sundered brothers meet again,
Emancipated from their earthly chain,
Before thine eyes ?

Were our two Essences already one ?
Does this explain our heart-beat's rhythmic tone ?
In the departed light of suns gone by,
In days of now forgotten ecstasy
Were we combined ?

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

Aye, but we were indeed ! United fast
Were thou and I in ages now long past ;
In the dark tablets of a vanished age
My peering Muse saw written on the page :—
“ Our Love is one.”

And in the rapture of our common soul,
Amazed, I saw inscribed upon the roll
That we were *God*, wielding creative power,
And that the world was given as a bower
For us to roam.

Eternal streams, voluptuous and sweet,
Of heavenly nectar babbled at our feet ;
We burned to open life’s mysterious seal,
And flew, the truth in daylight to reveal
On eager wings.

Weep, Laura, weep ! That God has passed away,
And thou and I in ruined disarray
For the too glorious past unsated grieve.
Once more Divinity we would achieve—
Be *God* again.

And hence, my Laura, springs th’ imperious need
Ever insanely on thy lips to feed,
And hence the passion which would fain inhale
Thy breath, and to the very death prevail,
So thou art by.

So does my spirit unresisting rise,
As conquered minions yield, to meet thine eyes,
And thus my spirit, torn with inward strife,
Struggles in frenzy o’er the bridge of life
When thou art near.

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

Thus does my soul from me, its master, stray,
And before thine its truant offerings lay ;
Emancipated from their earthly chain,
The sundered brothers meet, and kiss again
In long embrace.

And for thyself—thy secret swift I knew,
Discovered by thy cheek's empurpled hue ;
Like near and dear ones, sped we hand in hand,
As leaps the exile toward his native land ;
And we were one !

TO LAURA.

MELANCHOLY.

Laura, morning's waking rays
In thy golden glances flame,
O'er thy cheek the crimson strays,
And thy pearl-like tears proclaim
Ecstasy thy mother's name.
Happy he who can assign
To those tears a source divine,
For to him new suns arise,
Shining from unclouded skies.

And thy soul—a vision clear,
Like a silver, sunlit mere,
Autumn's dreary tints of grey
Can transform to smiling May,
Deserts to a radiant sphere.
O'er the future's dread unseen
Spreadest thou a golden sheen ;
Thou smil'st at Nature's harmony
And grace ; but I can only sigh.

Powers of darkness ever creep
Underneath this earth of ours ;
Castles frowning on the steep,
Cities with their stately towers,
All on mouldering bones are piled
Thy carnations owe their bloom
To corruption, and defiled,
Fountains issue from the tomb.

TO LAURA : MELANCHOLY.

As the planets upward sail
Let them, Laura, tell their tale !
Under their commanding zone
Thousand thousand Springs have flown,
Countless thrones have been upraised,
Countless battle-fields have blazed.
Wouldest thou the story trace ?
Seek it in some iron-bound place !
Sooner or later, when the end is nigh,
Away the planet's chariot wheels will fly.

'Tis but a twinkle—and the Sun
In the sea of Death goes down !
Prithee, whence thy glances ? Say,
Boastest thou that brilliant eye,
Or thy cheek's empurpled dye,
Borrowed all from mouldering clay ?
Maid, expensive was the loan ;
To Death thou must restore his own,
And heavy interest pay.

Speak not of Death in careless tone !
The rosier thy cheeks appear
The more exalted is his throne.
Beneath that skin so fresh and fair
The foeman marks thee for his own.
Laura,—my words no fancy deem—
Deathward alone thine eye is bent ;
With every glance is nearer spent
Thy life-lamp's little gleam.

“ But my pulses strong and blithe
Bound along,” I hear thee say.
Ah ! But the tyrant's creatures writhe
Insidiously towards decay.

TO LAURA : MELANCHOLY.

Death thy smiles away shall sweep,
As the tempest o'er the deep
Drives the many-coloured foam.
Vain it is to seek their trace
Limned in Nature's smiling face,
In life itself, as though his home,
The dread Destroyer takes his place.

Alas ! thy roses wind-shorn lie,
Thy lovely mouth is hushed and pale,
The levelling storm, the Winter's gale
Thy cheeks' entrancing beauty try.
The misty light of drooping years
The silver stream of youth will dull ;
In Laura's love will come a lull,
As her attraction disappears.

Maiden, thy Poet, sturdy as an oak
Stands : on his hardy youth descends in vain
The piercing shaft, the death-compelling stroke ;
My glances—blazing as the lamps which reign
In heaven's self—my soul more ruddy bright
Than even heaven's everlasting fires,
Such sea-swept heavens as alternate smite
In fury, then up-build the craggy spires.
Through boundless space my thoughts unfettered move,
And nothing fear but their own narrow groove.

With pride, my Laura, does thy bosom swell ?
Know then, fair maid, the waters of this well,
This cup from which the Godhead seems to speak,
With poison reek !
Ah ! Thrice unhappy who essay
To strike the spark divine from clay.

TO LAURA: MELANCHOLY.

Before the bold harmonious note
The trembling harp-strings leap and burst,
And Genius' rays in space which float
On life's poor flame alone are nursed.

Subservient guardians before him prone
Lie, and detach him from his living throne !
Alas ! my spirits, stirred to impious fire,
In league are bound, and 'gainst myself conspire.
Let two brief Springs, my Laura, pass—
But two—and then this house of clay
Will fall, a tottering ruined mass,
Extinguishing my feeble ray.

Dost weep, my Laura ?—Dry those tears,
Which but lament my tale of years !
Nay, dry those tears for very shame !
Would Laura see my forces fail,
Would she behold me shrink and quail,
Who knew me in my youthful fame ?
She hear my frozen spirit chide
The fervour of my early pride,
And mark my ageing conscience pour
Rebuke on favourite sins of yore ?
Nay, dry those tears for very shame !

Yes ! Cull the flower in its bloom,
And thou, good youth, enwrapped in gloom,
My life's torch quench in tears.
As falls the curtain on the tragic stage
And, rustling down, conceals the fairest page,
The shadows fly :—the crowd still sits and hears.

THE INFANTICIDE.

Hark—where the bells their sad accord proclaim,
The clock accomplishes its ordered round.
So be it, then—And in th' Almighty's name !
Come, grave-attendants, to the fatal ground.
Accept, oh World, this kiss—it is my last !
Take this last tear, which from mine eyelid starts !
Thy poisons—sweet they tasted in the past.
Now we are quits, thou poisoner of hearts !

Farewell, ye friendly pleasures of the light,
Now yielding place to crumbling dark decay !
And fare thou well, thou Spring of rapture bright !
Who knew so well a maiden's heart to sway,
And farewell too, ye golden-webbèd dreams,
Capricious phantasies from Paradise !
Alas ! they vanished with the morning beams,
And softly melted, never to arise.

A bow of rosy pink I used to wear,
A swan-white robe mine innocence arrayed ;
And in the masses of my golden hair,
But half-concealed, the little rosebuds played.
Alas ! to Hell's embrace she is consigned !
The swan-white garment still indeed she wears,
But where the rosy bow was used to wind,
Token of death, a mourning fillet stares.

THE INFANTICIDE.

Ah ! weep for me, ye pure, who never fell,
In whose sweet innocence the lilies grow ;
Ye, in whose soft and kindly bosoms dwell
The strength and virtue Nature can bestow.
To human love, alas ! my heart I gave,
And human love shall prove th' avenging blade !
By a false arm deceived—a villain's slave—
Virtue was lulled, and—woe is me !—betrayed.

And now, forgetful of this viper's heart,
Perchance he calls another to his arms ;
And, even to the grave as I depart,
Hovers around her as she tricks her charms !
Perchance with some fresh maiden's locks he plays
And drinks the kiss she willingly bestows,
E'en at the moment when in throbbing sprays
Over the fatal block my life-blood flows.

Ah ! Joseph, Joseph, wheresoe'er thou go,
Louisa's doleful death-chant shall attend,
And the clock-tower's muffled stroke of woe,
Relentless, on thy tortured ear descend.
And, if it hap some gentle maiden's tone
Tickle thy senses with her lisping love,
Be thy voluptuous picture overthrown,
A hell-distorted image may it prove !

What, traitor, are Louisa's troubles nought ?
Hard-hearted man, is nought a woman's shame ?
Nothing the babe which still is but a thought ?
Why, these the very beasts of prey might tame !

I mark his stately sails an offing gain,
And follow quivering with misty eyes ;
—It is yon maidens by the banks of Seine
O'er whom he whimpers his perfidious sighs !

THE INFANTICIDE.

And then the child !—Upon its mother's breast
It lay in happy, innocent repose ;
Its fascinating little smile possessed
The charm which glorifies the morning rose.
Each lineament a fatal beauty wore
To me, enraptured by its form so fair :
Conflicting sentiments my bosom tore—
On this side, Love—on that, a blank Despair.

“Where is my Father, woman ?” rose the cry
From babbling innocence, yet thunder deep ;
“Where, woman, is thy Husband ?—Make reply !”
—And at the words my inmost heart would creep.
Alas ! poor babe, thou seekest him in vain,
And other children may enjoy his smiles ;
And thou shalt curse the passing hour, whose stain
Thy memory with the Bastard's name defiles.

Thy Mother ! Hell within her bosom burns !
In the whole universe alone is she.
And vainly for the fount of joy she yearns,
Embittered by her every glance at thee.
Each word that from thine infant lips proceeds
Recalls the days of happiness gone by,
And cruel Death's avenging arrow speeds
From the young laughter of thy dancing eye.

Hell ! All is Hell, whether I see thee there,
Or whether from mine eyes thou art withheld.
Thy kisses like the Furies' lashes tear,
While *his* with zest my ravished lips compelled ;
His oaths like thunder from the tomb resound,
His perjured tones my failing senses stun.
—Then, in the Hydra's devilish fetters bound,
I yielded—and the hideous deed was done !

THE INFANTICIDE.

Joseph, I pray that unto miles untold
The horrid spectre may thy steps attend,
In his chill grasp thy shrinking form enfold,
And thundering, o'er thy dreams of bliss impend.
May the stars winking in their pallid skies
For ever point thee to the murdered child,
And be thou hounded in thy bloody guise
From Paradise, tormented and reviled !

—There at my feet behold it lying—dead !
Benumbed with cold, my senses all astray,
I saw his life-blood as it gently sped,
And with that blood my life too stole away.
—I hear the dreaded messenger of doom
Knock, yet in louder accents beats my heart !
Gladly I hasten to the icy tomb
So it extinguish this tormenting smart.

Joseph, from God above thou mayst receive
Pardon ; the sinner's self may grant thee grace ;
My pains and sorrows to the world I leave.
—Forward, ye flames, the dreaded pile efface !
—'Tis well ! Ablaze his letters disappear,
His oaths are swallowed in the conquering fire ;
Those kisses, which on earth I held so dear,
In sputtering sparks exalt the fatal pyre.

Trust not the roses of thy youthful cheek,
Nor ever, sisters, on man's word rely ;
Beauty it was which caused my virtue's wreck,
And now I curse that beauty as I die.

—Tears ! How can tears a headsman's eyes bedew ?
Quick ! Bind the fatal veil upon my face.
Headsman, dost fear a lily-stalk to hew ?
Pale executioner, I ask no grace !

THE GREATNESS OF THE WORLD.

'Mid the burst of Creation from Chaos unfurled,
On the wings of the wind I soar over the world ;
On the uttermost strand
Of its ocean I land ;
And anchor where never a zephyr is known,
And Creation has planted its boundary stone.

I saw the young stars from their cradle arise,
And start on their infinite course through the skies ;
I watched them at play
To their goal as they sway ;
—It was but a moment, and looking again,
I gazed upon void—not a star in the Main !

To the regions of space I courageously steer,
Outspeeding the light in mine airy career ;
The heavens are dim
'Neath the mists as they skim ;
Whole systems of planets, whole oceans in flood
Round the track of the sun-hunting wanderer scud.

Lo ! A pilgrim I meet on my desolate way.
—“ Hold, there, brother Palmer, thy purpose display ! ”
“ To the world's very end
My direction I bend,
To the harbour where never a zephyr is known,
And Creation has planted its boundary stone.”

THE GREATNESS OF THE WORLD.

“Thou courtest the Infinite, sailest in vain !”
“Good pilgrim, thou sail’st on a similar plane !
—Thy wings thou must fold
Be they never so bold !
However adventurous Phantasy’s ship,
The anchor of Phantasy never can grip.”

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.¹

Such dismal moaning as a storm precedes
With smothered echoes fills the house of woe,
The death-chime from the Minster tower pleads !
A youth is carried forth with footsteps slow.
A stripling—not yet ripened for the tomb,
Plucked prematurely in his early days,
His pulses strong, his cheeks in ruddy bloom,
The fire yet flashing from his eager gaze.—
A son—his mother's darling (you may tell
From that long lamentable cry of pain)
My bosom friend—alas ! my brother too—
An ye be men, follow the mournful train !

Boast ye, ye lofty, hoary-headed pines
Who shrink not from the storm, nor thunders fear ?
Ye mountain tops on which the heavens recline ?
Ye heavens, that whole suns march in your sphere ?
Dost boast, thou grey-beard, that this honoured name
On great achievement's swelling wave relies ?
And does the hero boast his ancient fame,
Safe in his glorious temple in the skies ?
Let once the canker worm the bud assail,
And who but fools will battle with decay ?
Above or here below what can avail
When Death in such a stripling finds a prey ?

¹ The youth's name was Johann Christian Weckherlin.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.

His early years slid by with flying feet,
Each day a rosy-coloured garment wore,
And—ah ! to him the world was very sweet,
The future promised an enchanting store.
He saw a life of Paradise unfold,
And all things glitter in eternal gold.
Yet even as the mother's tear-drop fell,
The realms of Death before him opened wide ;
The fatal threads were severed, and the spell
Swept heaven and earth relentlessly aside.
Thoughts of the grave in vain he would defy—
Ah ! sweet the world to those about to die !

Deaf is that narrow house, and silence reigns,
Its tenant's slumbers are prolonged and deep ;
No scope for thine exalted hope remains,
Beloved brother, in this endless sleep.
Oft in the sunshine basks thy favourite hill,
But what to thee are those inspiring rays ?
Though to the breeze the flowers curtsey still,
Their rustle nothing to thine ear conveys.
Thy glance will sparkle never more with love,
In thine embrace no bride will ever sigh,
And though our tears a very torrent prove,
Thine eyes must close for ever—thou must die.

Yet not amiss !—Well earned is thy repose ;
At peace thou art within thy strait domain ;
Thy pleasures perish, but no less thy woes,
And thou hast respite from this world of pain.
Over thee now calumnious tongues may wag,
Temptation issue from its poisoned well,
The sleek-faced Pharisee may smirk and brag,
And hypocrites consign thy soul to hell,

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.

Swindlers through apostolic masks may leer,
And stern uprightness' bastard daughter play,
Throwing the dice of chance, with mortals here,
And on for ever to the Judgment day.

And may Dame Fortune on thy steps attend,
As on her favourites she loves to fawn ;
One moment men a tottering throne ascend,
Anon behold them through a quagmire drawn.
Rest thou at peace within thy narrow grave !
This tragi-comical extravagance,
This hazard borne on a tempestuous wave,
This stupid lottery—this game of chance,
This idle throng which does but seem to toil,
The weary task which counterfeits repose,
Brother !—From all this hellish Heaven recoil,
On sights like these thine eyes for ever close.

Farewell, thou trusty confidant, farewell,
Our loving blessings gently round thee soar !
Slumber in peace in thy sepulchral cell,
Slumber in peace until we meet once more !
Till o'er these hills swelling with human clay
The trumpet of th' Omnipotent shall sound,
And, Death's benumbing fetters swept away,
Before God's blast the startled corpses bound ;
Until, impregnated with God's own breath,
The graves bring forth : and at the blare of doom,
Amid the smoke of bursting planets, Death
The very dead surrenders from the tomb.

Though not in worlds imagined by the wise,
Nor yet in heavens, as the bards pretend,
Nor in some artificial Paradise—
Yet we shall overtake thee in the end.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.

Can it be true that, as the Pilgrim said,
Beyond the tomb there still is room for thought ?
That virtue o'er the grave a bridge can spread ?
Or are these fancies which must count for nought ?
To thee these mysteries are now laid bare,
And Truth refreshes thine enraptured soul,
The very Truth, illumined by the glare
Which flashes from th' Almighty Father's bowl.

Advance, thou grim and silent bearer train
E'en he must garnish the Avenger's board !
Cease your laments and from your cries abstain,
Let dust on dust over the mound be poured !
Who is the man to question God's decree ?
And whose the eye th' abysses to explore ?
God of the dismal tomb, we worship thee,
But tremble, shuddering, as we adore.

Dust may in dust again its fellow find,
But from its crumbling home the soul will fly ;
His ashes may be scattered to the wind,
His love remains for ever and for aye

THE BATTLE.

In solid grim array,
Like a storm-cloud moist and gray,
They stagger on their march across the plain
Through the never-ending zone
Where the iron dice are thrown :
A stealthy backward glance who can restrain ?
Hearts almost beat aloud,
When before the pale-faced crowd
The Major sharply gallops to the front.
HALT !
The ranks respond to the abrupt command.
Silent and motionless the regiments stand.

What is that in the dawning glow
Glimmering over the height ?
Do the enemy's standards show ?
Yes, they are well in sight.
God be with you, wife and child !
Do they sing as they come ?
Hark to the scream of their piping wild
And the rolling of the drum !
A burst of barbaric, melodious tone :
It curdles the marrow and shivers the bone !
 God keep you, comrades, in His love
 Till we meet again in the world above !

THE BATTLE.

Lightning flashes seem to glare,
Crashing thunders split the air.
Eyelids quiver 'neath the blast,
Watchwords through the host are passed.
Be it so ! The watchwords tell ;
Bolder now our bosoms swell.
Death stalks abroad : an iron hail
Pours through the murky sulphur veil.

In grim embrace the hosts are locked.
“ Ready ” ’s the word ; the guns are cocked.
Kneeling the foremost rank
Fires ; some fall to rise no more.
Volleys of grape in torrents pour,
Yet filled is every blank.
Death right and left and all around :
Whole regiments welter on the ground.
The sun goes down, yet still they fight,
And over the army descends the night.

God keep you, comrades, in His love
Till we meet again in the world above !

The living mingle with the dead,
On corpses falls the stumbling tread,
And spouting streams of blood descend.
—“ What, Frank, thou there ? My Charlotte greet,
good friend !”
(Wilder the tide of battle rolled.)
“ I will ! ” But, oh my lads, behold !
The grape is bursting in our rear !
“ Thy Charlotte I will greet, friend ; have no fear !
Repose in peace ! Where most the bullets fly,
Forlorn and friendless, comrade, there stand I.”

THE BATTLE.

Hither, thither sways the fight,
Dark over the army broods the night.

God keep you, comrades, in His love
Till we meet again in the world above !

Ha ! what was that went crashing by ?
In every direction the gallopers fly.
The dragoons are right in the thick of the foe,
And his murderous thunders feebler grow.
Comrades, 'tis Victory !
Their craven limbs in terror quail,
And in the dust his standards trail.

Decided is the bloody fight ;
Victorious day dispels the night !
The rolling drums, the fifers shrill
The air with strains of triumph fill !
Farewell, dear comrades, who linger here :
We shall meet again in another sphere !

ROUSSEAU.

A monument to point our Age's shame,
A blot for ever on thy country's fame,
Grave of Rousseau, to me thou art right dear !
Over thy ruined life may quiet reign—
That quiet peace thyself had sought in vain—
Quiet and peace at least thou findest here !

When will these ancient wounds be covered o'er ?
The wise oft perished in dark days of yore ;
Now days are brighter, yet they die as then.
Socrates to the Sophists fell a prey,
Rousseau yields to the Christians of to-day :
—Rousseau !—who out of Christians fashioned men.

FRIENDSHIP.

The maker of the Universe, my friend,
Finds not in little thoughts themselves an end,
Ranged in laborious and ordered row.
The fly-wheel once in motion, it will turn
(As my dear Newton failed not to discern)
Pinions in realms above and those below.

It drives the spheres with overmastering rein,
The world's great heart in fetters to enchain,
As in their labyrinthine course they glide—
And spirit-forms in intertwining throng
Toward the great master-spirit press along,
As press the rivers to the ocean tide.

And was it not this influence divine
Which knit our hearts for ever—thine and mine—
In an exultant fellowship of love ?
Ah ! Raphael, leaning on thine arm, e'en I
Dare press in glad, confiding ecstasy
To the great master-spirit up above.

Ah ! happy moment, when I found thy trace,
Held thee, 'mid millions, in my fond embrace ;
(For amid millions thou alone art mine.)
Even if Chaos split the world in twain,
Yet kindred atoms will unite again ;
Happen what may, our spirits will combine.

FRIENDSHIP.

Mine own voluptuous joy I recognise
Truly reflected in thy flashing eyes.
I marvel even at myself—in thee !
The earth is painted in still warmer tints,
And my beloved's attitude imprints
On heaven itself his own divinity.

Its darker moods dejection lightly cheers
By throwing off her heavy load of tears
On to the gentle breast of love divine.
Why, do not even rapture's torturing throes
In thine eyes' eloquence bespeak repose—
And find therein a lasting, happy shrine ?

If in the Universe I stood alone,
I would imagine souls in every stone,
And each with ravishing caresses greet.
The winds of heaven should hear my bitter cry,
And if the abysses only made reply,
Fool that I am !—still, sympathy is sweet !

Insensate bodies are we when we hate—
Gods, when in love our anger we abate !
After the gentle thrall of bonds we yearn !
Up and along the many-threaded course
Of countless souls, which lack creative force,
The overmastering impulse bids us turn.

So, arm in arm, in lofty course we steer
Down from the Mongol to the Grecian seer,
(Nearest of kinsmen to the Seraph host),
And on with rhythmical accord we sweep,
Till in the glory of th' eternal deep
The sense of Time and Measurement is lost.

FRIENDSHIP.

Unfriended was the ruler of the skies :
He felt his need, and bade the Spirits rise
His glory, mirror-like, to testify.
No peer that wondrous Being ever knew ;
From the vast cup of Spirit-life he drew
The foaming opulence—Eternity !

A GROUP FROM TARTARUS.

Hark!—Like the murmur of the angry sea,
As wails the stream which scours the hollowed stone,
Resounds in doleful, lamentable key
A tortured moan!

Yon features are distraught with pain,
And their blaspheming throats in vain
Battle against despair.
With hollow eyes and frenzied look
Upon Cocytus' darkling brook
In tearful gaze they stare.

Must they, each piteously implores,
For ever thus in anguish writhe?—
Eternity above them soars,
And split in twain is Saturn's scythe.

ELYSIUM.

A truce all lamentable cries !
Elysium's festal shouts arise
And drown each note of woe—
The rapturous Elysian life
Skims gently past all worldly strife,
As streams through pastures flow.

With her benign and youthful mien
There hovers o'er the ample scene
An everlasting May :
The hours escape in golden dreams,
The soul to boundless limits streams,
Truth tears the veil away.

Here an unbroken strain of bliss
Wells undulating through the heart.
The very *name* of grief we miss,
And “ Rapture ” stands for sorrow's smart.

Here the far-travelled pilgrim's limbs are laid,
Weary, beneath the cool and rustling shade,
And for all time his burden here he leaves.
The sickle falls from the unheeding swain,
And, yielding to the harp's entrancing strain,
He sees in dreams th' already garnered sheaves.

ELYSIUM.

He, whose tall ensigns woke the thunder's peal,
Whose ears were hardened to the clash of steel,
At whose stern tread the mountains bowed in fear,
Sleeps calmly now beside the rippling ghyll,
Which babbles o'er these stones with silver trill,
Forgetful of his fury-dealing spear.

Here loving pairs their faithful ardour plead,
Embracing on the emerald velvet mead,
By gentle zephyrs fondled and caressed ;
Here Love at length its chaplet shall attain,
And free from death and its attendant pain,
For ever celebrate the bridal feast.

THE FUGITIVE.

Fresh rustles the morning's enlivening breeze :
The newly-born light through the gloom of the trees
Right rosily peeps ; through the bushes it shines,
And winks in the glades of the sorrowful pines.

The cloud-capped mountains raise
Their heads in golden blaze.

In happy, melodious, twittering tone
The awakening larks pay their court to the Sun,
As he smilingly rises with juvenile grace,
Aglow with the thrill of Aurora's embrace.

Ah ! blessed ye beams,
Whose irradiance streams
In cherishing warmth over pasture and plain.
What a silvery tint
On the fields as they glint
Like thousands of suns from the dew-drops again !

In the genial shade,
Like a frolicsome maid,
Young nature is caught at her play.
The breeze interposes,
And coaxes the roses,
And sprinkles an odorous balm on its way.

Tall curtains of smoke o'er the cities are wreathing ;
And neighing and snorting and stamping and breathing

THE FUGITIVE.

Come horses and kine :
The wagons incline
Towards the billowy vale.
To life the wood springs ;
Hawk, falcon and eagle unfetter their wings,
And balance and poise in the beams as they sail.

Ah ! where may I hope
For repose, as I grope
And totter along in despair ?
The world may be glad,
But my heart remains sad,
For 'tis only a grave which is there.

Arise, thou rosy morning light, and tinge
With purple kiss the wooded plain unfurled ;
And may the blush of gentle even fringe
The peaceful slumbers of the dying world.
Morning ! alas, thy gilded hue
O'er a death-haunted prospect glows,
And rays of evening but bedew
My everlasting deep repose.

THE FLOWERS.

Ye children of the youthful Sun,
Ye flowers of the varied field,
In bliss your early days were run,
And Nature's kiss your childhood sealed ;
Clad in embroidery of light,
And by fair Flora's hands bedight,
Godlike, with every radiant hue.

And yet, my children, ye must sigh,
For Flora did a soul deny,
And darkness must your life imbrue.

Lark and nightingale may sing
In your ears with loving plea,
Twinkling, amorous sylphs may cling
Wantonly about your knee.
Aphrodite's self may trace
Calyx crowns your heads to grace,
As on love they cushioned lie.

Yet, my children, ye must weep :—
Love with all its feelings deep
She has chosen to deny.

But, though my mother's stern command
Forbids my darling to behold,
Yet, when in my ecstatic hand
Thy dainty love-pledge I enfold,
Then life and speech and soul and heart,
From contact into being start,
Tokens of calm and soothing grief.

Then all that highest Heaven sends
Within your gentle petals blends,
And brings divine relief.

TO SPRING.

Hail in thy youthful beauty,
In Nature's fairest mien !
With flowery baskets laden,
Be welcome on the scene !

What ho ! art thou returning,
Who art so blithe and gay ?
Then heartily we greet thee,
And meet thee on the way.

Bethink thee of my maiden ;
Ah, dear one, dost thou mind ?
That maiden loved me dearly,
And still that maid is kind.

Full many a little flower
I begged for her from thee—
Once more I come entreating :—
What will thine answer be ?

Hail in thy youthful beauty,
In Nature's fairest mien !
With flowery baskets laden,
Be welcome on the scene !

TO MINNA.

Am I dreaming ? Is mine eye
Dimmed ? Do I distinctly see ?
What ! My Minna passing by,
And she will not look at me !
On some dandy's arm to glide,
With a flippant fan to play,
Lost in vanity and pride—
That is not my Minna's way.

On her dainty bonnet toss
Lordly plumes—my gift they were.
Bows which o'er her bosom cross
Whisper :—“ Minna, have a care ! ”
Flowers which myself I grew
On her hair and breast are spread :
Ah ! that breast has proved untrue,
Yet the flowers are not dead !

Go, thy flatterers at thy side !
Let me from thy memory fade.
Venal toadies are thy guide ;
I despise thee, fickle maid.
Go ! For thee beat once a heart,
Throbbing to a noble key ;
Now it knows the bitter smart
Of adoring fools like thee.

TO MINNA.

In thy beauty's wrecked remains
I behold thee all forlorn,
Doomed, in these thy present pains,
Happy days of youth to mourn.
Swallows which in Spring-time pair
Fly before the Northern blast.
Gathering years your wooers scare,
And your friend aside is cast.

Those who once for Minna's kiss
With enraptured fervour sighed,
Now thy vanished beauty miss,
And thy drooping years deride.

Shall not I, then, mock thee too ?
Mock thee, Minna ?—God forefend !
Rather bitter tears and true
O'er my Minna will I spend.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Thanks it is to holy love
That the Gods are blessed above ;
Thanks to love it is mankind
Near the Gods a place can find.
Heaven becomes more heavenly still,
Earth acquires a heavenly thrill.

Near Pyrrha in the days of yore
(So all the poets sang)
From crags and stones the world did soar,
Man from the bed-rock sprang.

Their hearts were formed of rock and stone,
Their souls were dark as night,
For on them never yet had shone
The heavenly torch of light.

Not yet they knew the rosy chain
With which the Loves delight to rein
Souls in ethereal rings ;
Not yet their bosoms had been stirred
By the harmonious murmur heard
When Muses touch the strings.

Their brows no chaplets then caressed,
No wreaths their temples wound ;
Sadly the Spring-times onward pressed,
To bright Elysium bound.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Ungreeted then Aurora rose
From the illumined main,
And, unsaluted, its repose
The setting sun would gain.

Untaught, man wandered in the grove,
And, bound in yoke of iron, strove
'Neath Luna's sickly rays.
None hankered for the starry spheres,
And no relief was sought in tears,
None yearned the Gods to praise.

But, from the deep which tranquil lies,
See Heaven's very daughter rise,
And carried by the gentle hand
Of Naiads to th' ecstatic strand !

The atmosphere of merry May
Sweeps by, as floats the dawning ray,
And hails that glorious creature's birth
In air and ocean, heaven and earth.

The sparkling glance of day invades
And smiles into the forest glades ;
Narcissus, delicate and sweet,
Blooms languorous beneath her feet.

The nightingale attunes his note
A tale of love to sing,
And love-inspiring murmurs float
From yonder babbling spring.

Pygmalion, how happy thou
With life the marble to endow !
Victorious God of love, draw near,
Embrace thy pious children here !

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Thanks it is to holy Love
That the Gods are blessed above ;
Thanks to Love it is mankind
Near the Gods a place can find.
Heaven becomes more heavenly still,
Earth acquires a heavenly thrill.

Quaffing nectar's golden stream,
Nursing some voluptuous dream,
Feasting in convivial joy—
Thus the Gods their days employ.

All Olympus trembles, prone,
When from his exalted throne
Cronos' son the lightning hurls,
Tossing wild his awful curls.

Yet he left his throne above,
'Midst the sons of earth to move,
And in worldly thickets wept ;
The thunders coiled betwixt his feet,
And, coaxed by Leda's kisses sweet,
The Giant-killer slept.

Phœbus his majestic team
Where the day's broad flashes gleam
Drives with golden rein.
His rattling harness spreads affright,
His flaming, heaven-born steeds are white.
Yet all this clattering train
Gladly would he cast aside,
Harmony and Love his guide.

Before the Lord of Heaven's Queen
The very Gods abase their mien ;

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Before her chariot's proud array
The peacock pair their plumes display,
And with a victor's crown compare
The glories of her fragrant hair.

Fair Princess ! trembles even Love
As he approaches the alcove
Wherein thy glory shines.
And yet the Queen will leave her throne
And humbly beg th' entrancing zone
Which heart with heart entwines.

Thanks it is to holy Love
That the Gods are blessed above ;
Thanks to Love it is mankind
Near the Gods a place can find.
Heaven becomes more heavenly still,
Earth acquires a heavenly thrill.

Love drives the powers of night away,
And even Orcus must obey
His sweet and magic spell.
The dismal king his wrath conceals
When his Proserpina appeals—
Night's terrors love can quell.

In hell thy heavenly Thracian strains
Around the gaoler wove their chains.
Minos himself with softened eyes
A milder torment did devise ;
In dark Megæra's angry hair
Less icy was the viper's stare.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Whips cracked no more, and Orpheus' lyre
Coaxed Tityus' vulture to retire ;
Dark Lethe and Cocytus dim
Swished gentler past with flowing brim,
Listening as they rolled along,
Thracian, to thy love-lorn song !

Thanks it is to holy Love
That the Gods are blessed above ;
Thanks to Love it is mankind
Near the Gods a place can find.
Heaven becomes more heavenly still,
Earth acquires a heavenly thrill.

Wherever Nature holds her sway
Love's fragrant blooms their trace betray,
There float her pinions still.

Ah ! But that Aphrodite's glance
Now beckons through yon moon-beam dance,
Now from the sun-capped hill ;
Did not the smiling Goddess bend
From starry heights support to lend ;
Nor sun nor moon nor starry light
My cautious spirit could excite.
Smiling love alone can lie
Mirrored, Nature, in thine eye.

Love inspires the silver rills,
Bids them purl with more restraint,
And a very soul instils
In the nightingale's complaint.
'Tis Love, and ever Love, who plays
On Nature's lute in Nature's praise.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Wisdom, even thou must yield
When my Goddess takes the field,
Conquering even thee !
Though victor never yet has seen,
Nor potentate, thy suppliant mien,
To Love now bend the knee.

Who taught thee the sublime ascent
Up to the starry firmament
Where sit the Gods in state ?
Who tore the sacred veil away
And showed thee where Elysium lay
Beyond Death's narrow gate ?

Should Love her guiding charm deny,
Where were our immortality ?
And could our senses seek and find,
Without her aid, the master-mind ?
Love can lead—and only Love—
Souls to Nature's home above.

Thanks it is to holy Love
That the Gods are blessed above ;
Thanks to Love it is mankind
Near the Gods a place can find.
Heaven becomes more heavenly still,
Earth acquires a heavenly thrill.

FORTUNE AND WISDOM

At variance with a former friend,
Fortune to Wisdom turned, and said :—
“ My all on thee I will expend
So thou become my friend instead !

“ All that I had, my very best,
I gave *him* without more ado ;
Yet e'er he has some new request,
And calls me avaricious too.

“ Come, Sister, let us friendship swear ;
No longer slave at yonder plough ;
With thee my fortune let me share,
Here is enough for both, I trow.”

At this Dame Wisdom made reply,
Wiping her forehead as she smiled :—
“ By his own hand thy friend may die :
I need thee not—Get reconciled.”

THE DIGNITY OF MANHOOD.

I am a Man ! Who more than I ?
If any, let him spring
Into the light of God's free sky,
And brisk his best and sing.

God's own presentment I can claim,
And can the die display ;
The bourn from which the heavens came
I know, nor fear the way.

And well that I both dare and can :
Let but a maiden pass,
My spirit cries :—Thou art a Man !
And so I kiss the lass.

A blush comes o'er the maiden fair,
Her bodice grows too tight ;
I am a Man, she is aware—
That's why her dress is tight.

How does she scream for grace if I
Surprise her deshabille !
I am a Man ! Why did she cry ?
She wishes me no ill.

THE DIGNITY OF MANHOOD.

I am a Man ! It is enough,
And in that name I dare
A Kaiser's daughter to rebuff,
Despite the rags I wear.

Princesses at this golden spell
Their charms to me unfold :
Dost hear them call ?—Ha, mark it well,
Ye varlets clad in gold !

I am a Man ! That ye may know
When I my lyre install ;
With triumph tones it seems to glow,
Else would it only crawl.

From out this same creative fount
In which we men have birth,
Powers divine and genius mount—
All that is great on earth.

Tyrants my talisman abhors,
And spurns beneath its tread ;
Or, failing that, as guide explores
The regions of the dead.

By Granicus my talisman
Laid the proud Persian low,
And when Rome German soil o'erran,
Rome's might could overthrow.

How proud the Roman looks, since first
To Africa he came !
With fiery darts his eyeballs burst,
As Hecla belches flame.

THE DIGNITY OF MANHOOD.

Then comes a knave of jolly mien,
And to the world he cries :—
“ Proclaim that ye have Marius seen
Where Carthage ruined lies ! ”

So cries the Roman in his pride,
Still mighty in his fall.
A man he is, and nought beside,
Yet domineers o'er all.

His grandsons thereupon began
Their heritage to drain,
And set to work, just as one man,
To crow in dulcet strain.

Shame on the miserable horde !
Wretches who treat in jest
Man's lofty rights, man's high reward,
Great heaven's very best.

They saunter aimlessly through life
Like pumpkins rudely fraught
As human heads by yokel's knife,
And in their skulls is—nought.

As in retorts a chemist tries
An alcoholic wine,
Their spirit to the devil flies,
And they remain supine.

A woman's looks their soul unman,
They dread to meet her eye ;
And if they dared—yet never can—
Why, they had better die.

THE DIGNITY OF MANHOOD

And so an honest man they fear,
His fortune gives them pain ;
Who cannot make a man, can ne'er
For man love entertain.

And so I hold my head on high,
And plume myself, and sing :—
I am a Man ! Who more than I !
And brisk my best and sing.

TO A MORALIST.

Why check youth's ardour with thy dull advice,
And teach that love is labour thrown away ?
Thou shiverst there amid the Winter's ice
And speakst, contemptuous, of Golden May.

Time was when thou didst storm the maidens' charms,—
A hero of the waltzing crowd, forsooth—
Carried a heaven-born burden in thine arms,
And sipp'd nectar from the lips of youth.

If at that moment this terrestrial ball
From its accustomed axis had been thrown,
'Tis likely thou wouldst ne'er have heard it fall,
Absorbed in Julia's blandishments alone.

Look back, then, kindly on that happy state :
Even Philosophy will falter when
The ageing pulses in their course abate :—
Immortals never yet were born of men !

'Tis well when wisdom, clarified by years,
Infusions of some warm young blood receives.
Leave it to denizens of higher spheres
T' accomplish that which mortal ne'er achieves.

And yet my earthly counsellor delights
My heaven-begotten spirit to enchain.
He will not let me rise to Angel heights,
Let me as man, then, follow in his train.

THE GRIM COUNT EBERHARD OF WÜRTTEMBERG.

Attend, I say, all ye who can !
I'll have you understand
That many a right worthy man,
And heroes ever in the van,
Were born in Suabia's land.

Edward and Charles I disregard :
Frederick and Louis—Tush !
Why, all the set I would discard :—
Give me our Count of Eberhard,
Fierce as the storm-cloud's rush.

And Ulrich too, his worthy son,
Who loved the clash of steel ;
By Ulrich, fighting once begun,
No forward step was e'er undone
In battle's dread appeal.

The Reutlingers at our array
Vow vengeance loud and deep,
Keen for the laurels of the day ;
Right valiantly their sabres play,
Or from their girdles peep.

He fell upon them—but in vain,
And came bespattered home.
His father glanced in fierce disdain ;
The youthful warrior fled amain,
And tears began to come.

THE GRIM COUNT EBERHARD.

Abide, ye rogues ! he cried, beware !
(Ashamed and smarting sore)
For by my father's beard I swear
This trifling error to repair
And steep in burghers' gore.

And soon the tumult raged again,
And men and horses pressed
To Doffingen with clanging train :
Scarce could the youth his fury chain,
And shouted with the best.

Passed was the watchword of the day—
It was “the battle lost.”—
Like whirlwinds whistled round the fray,
And smeared with blood we forced our way
Amid the Lancer host.

With lion rage the youthful knight
Tosses his gleaming brand ;
Before him wildly heaves the fight,
Behind him oaths and groans unite,
Lo, death on every hand.

Ah ! woe is me, a sabre slash
Full on his neck descends.
His comrades haste to tend the gash
In vain.—His teeth unconscious gnash,
And his last breath he spends.

The victor's onward path was stayed,
Wept friend and foe alike.
Then did the Count his knights upbraid :
“ Like other men my son is made !
Forward, my sons, and strike ! ”

THE GRIM COUNT EBERHARD.

With doubled rage the lances ply,
All hearts for vengeance thrill ;
Heap upon heap the bodies lie,
Until pell-mell the burghers fly
O'er wood and dale and hill.

Then back with merry trumpet sound
Into the camp we came ;
And old and young with joyful bound
Danced, as the foaming cup went round,
Our triumph to proclaim.

But our old Count—ay, what of him,
Confronted with his dead ?
Within his tent, alone and grim,
He sits and views with eyelids dim
The son whose soul has fled.

And thus it is we deeply rue
Our lord, whom we have lost ;
The thunders did his arms endue,
Him as our country's star we knew
—Himself a hero-host !

Then, hearken to me all who can !
I'll have you understand
That many a right worthy man,
And heroes ever in the van,
Were born in Suabia's land.

TO JOY.

Joy, thou fair and sparkling child,
Heaven-born Elysian maid,
We draw near with fervour wild
And thy sanctuary invade.
Thine enchantments bind again
What the fashions set aside ;
Friends and brothers men remain
Where thy gentle pinions glide.

Chorus.

Approach, ye myriads, embrace !
To the whole world my kiss shall swell !
Brothers, beyond that starry sphere
There must a loving Father dwell.

He who happily succeeds
In befriending a true friend,
Whom a worthy woman leads—
Such their triumph-cry may lend !
So may he who but one soul
As his very own can claim :
He who can none such enrol
Let him quit our midst in shame !

TO JOY.

Chorus.

By all dwellers on our globe
Sympathy must e'er be shown ; }
Into star-land it can probe,
Where is throned the great Unknown.

All the world may draughts of joy
From the breast of Nature take ;
Good and ill alike employ
Pains to trace joy's rosy wake.
Kisses gave she and the grape,
And the faithful, lifelong friend ;
E'en the worm its joy can shape,
Heavenward the cherubs tend.

Chorus.

High-placed myriads, will ye fall ?
Dost thou fear thy Maker, world ?
Seek him past yon shimmering pall
Where the starlight is unfurled.

- Joy is like th' eternal springs
Which the wheels of Nature start,
Driving true with even swings
In the world's great throbbing heart.
Joy can coax the buds when shy,
Summon suns from boundless space,
Settle planets in the sky
Which to seers have no place.

Chorus.

As the suns in glory roll,
Joyous, through the heavenly plane,
Press, my brethren, towards the goal
Your victorious campaign.

TO JOY.

Truth her mirrored rays projects,
Joyful, on th' inquiring mind ;
Joy the wanderer protects
Who the path of right would find.
High on Faith's illumined hills
Gallantly her banners wave,
And with angel voice she trills
'Mid the choirs beyond the grave.

Chorus.

Myriads, your courage raise !
Suffer for that higher sphere.
There, beyond the starry maze,
A rewarding God will cheer.

Who can e'er the Gods requite ?
'Tis enough like them to be.
Grief and poverty unite
With the joyful to agree.
Vengeance let us set aside,
And forgive our direst foe :
Let no tears his conscience chide,
Force him not remorse to know.

Chorus.

Cancelled be our roll of crime,
Wiped away be every grudge ;
God above those stars sublime
Judges mortals as they judge.

Joy in foaming beakers creams :—
Influenced by the golden vine,
Civilized the savage seems,
Timid hearts with valour shine.

TO JOY.

Let the generous flagon pass ;
Brethren, in your places rise,
To good fortune drain a glass,
Effervescent to the skies !

Chorus.

Stars salute thee as they sail,
Seraphs sing thy hymn of praise ;
To thy glorious spirit, hail,
High above the twinkling maze !

Courage grant to real woe,
Help where drops a guiltless tear ;
Constancy on oaths bestow,
Truth let foe and friend revere !
Manly pride before the throne
Grant—no matter what the cost—
Let the worthy gain their own,
Be the brood of liars lost !

Chorus.

Draw the circle nearer still,
By this golden wine declare
That your vows ye will fulfil ;
By the judge of Heaven swear !

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

It comes, it comes—the haughty Southern fleet,
(The very ocean 'neath its weight complains)
Bearing a brand-new God, who has his seat
'Mid thousand thunders and the clank of chains.
Of frowning citadels a floating host,
(Its equal never stemmed the ocean's tides)
INVINCIBLE men call it, as it glides
Over the frightened waters toward the coast.
Terror gives meaning to the boastful name,
Terror its mien and attitude proclaim.
Onward in slow and stately guise it pressed,
(And Neptune staggering his burden bore)
The end of all things hidden in its breast,
And, as it neared, the tempest ceased to roar.

Great-hearted Britain, mistress of the deep,
Before thy shores the hostile navies stand,
And threaten with their countless hosts to sweep
From end to end thy happy, sea-girt land !
Woe to thy free-born race ! A thunder cloud,
Pregnant with ill, hangs o'er it like a shroud.

Who was it that this priceless treasure gained,
And made thee Queen of all the nations round ?
It was thyself, by tyrant kings constrained,
Who that supremest law of empire found—

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

That glorious charter, which thy princes brings
Down to the ranks, lifts citizens to kings.
A million foes thine undisputed might
At sea has vanquished in unequal fight.
Let neighbouring peoples own with one accord
Thy spirit wrought it and thy trusty sword !

Unhappy land ! Before these ponderous keels
With thunders charged, thine ancient glory reels ;
The very earth stands gazing with affright,
And all free hearts beat faster at the sight,
And noble souls await with sorrowing shame
Th' impending ruin of thine ancient fame.

But God almighty, watching from on high,
Saw thy foe's lion-blazoned ensigns wave.
“ Shall I,” said He, “ commit without a sigh
Mine own dear Albion to a certain grave,
Witness the fall of this heroic stock
Which stems oppression like a wall of rock,
Suffer extinction from this rolling sphere
Of the one dam 'gainst Tyranny's career ? ”
“ Never,” He cried, “ this cradle of the Free,
This home of manly valour shall go down ! ”
Th' Almighty breathed, and over every sea,
To every wind the Armada's might was strown.¹

¹ The last two lines refer to the medal which Queen Elizabeth caused to be struck in commemoration of her victory. It represents a fleet foundering in a storm, and bears the inscription, *Afflavit Deus, et dissipati sunt.*

THE CONFLICT.

Th' unequal strife no longer will I wage,
Which but for Duty I had never fought ;
Unless thou canst my soul's desire assuage,
Virtue, this sacrifice may not be sought.

And I have sworn, no matter what the cost,
To subjugate my wishes to my will !
Here, take thy garland, which on me were lost ;
Take it back, Virtue ; let me sin my fill.

Ye resolutions of the past, away !
She loves me—forfeited thy garland lies.
Happy the man who, frivolous and gay,
Can fall, like me, so deep with careless eyes.

She sees my youth pale 'neath the canker's taint,
She notes my fleeting prime with cold regard,
Marvels in silence at my self-restraint,
And, generous, determines my reward.

Mistrust, dear Soul, this more than angel grace !
Thy pity does but harden me to crime.
Is there in life's immeasurable space,
Like thee, another recompense sublime ?

Is there a crime so tempting as the sin
I ever seek to fly ?—Ah ! fate severe !
For could my virtue any credit win,
In winning, 'twould for ever disappear.

RESIGNATION.

I too was in Arcadia born,
And Nature, watching o'er my bed,
To grant me happiness had sworn ;
Yes, I was in Arcadia born,
Yet tears throughout my youth were shed.

Youth blossoms once, but never more ;
And mine has ripened to decay.
The silent God (whose aid implore)
My lamp of life has shrouded o'er,
And my illusion melts away.

Upon thy dismal border line,
Dreaded Eternity, I stand ;
Thy fair credentials I resign
Inviolate ; behold them thine ;
No happiness can I command.

Before thy throne I pour my wail,
Mysterious arbitress unseen ;
In yonder star, so goes the tale,
Thou rulest o'er the judgment scale,
Known as a true avenging queen

RESIGNATION.

Here terrors on the evil glare,
They say, while joys on virtue rain ;
The crooked heart thou willst lay bare,
Divine obscurities declare,
And sympathise with those in pain.

Here be the exile's open door,
Here end the sufferer's life of need.
Now truth itself, of heaven born,
By many shunned, by some forsworn,
Bridled my life's impetuous speed.

“Futurity shall recompense—
Thy youthful Present let me have :
No further orders I dispense.”
—I yielded to her influence,
And all my youthful pleasures gave.

“Give me the darling of thy heart,
Thy very Laura must be mine !
Beyond the grave assuage the smart.”
—I tore her from my bleeding heart,
And weeping laid her on the shrine.

“Does abnegation move the dead ? ”
The world with mocking laughter cried.
“A lying tongue by tyrants sped,
With visions false thy path has spread ;
The vision past, canst thou abide ? ”

Then giggled the insidious throng :—
“A vision, which on law relies,
Dost fear ? What of thy Gods so strong,
Whose skill shall cure the world of wrong,
Who human needs with craft disguise ? ”

RESIGNATION.

“Thy *Future* has the grave revealed ?
Eternity, which thou dost boast
Only because it lies concealed,
In conscience’ mirror has appealed
To us like some portentous ghost.”

“Life-like in form, but yet a cheat
—A mummy to deceive the eye—
The hopeful days of pleasure sweet
To the cold mounded grave retreat
—And *this* is *Immortality*? ”

“Hast thou—nay, let such falsehoods cease—
For hope exchanged thy present hoard ?
Six thousand years Death held its peace,
Did ever corpse demand release
To bring thee the Avenger’s word ? ”

I saw Time’s pinions climb thy shore
While blooming Nature lagged behind ;
A corpse-like form her aspect wore.
The dead to quit their graves forbore,
The godly promise I divined.

To thee I sacrificed my joy,
And here before thy throne I bow.
No mocking herd can now annoy,
Thy bounties all my thoughts employ ;
Avenger, my reward allow !

“Alike I love my children,” cries
Aloud a genius hid from sight.
“Two flowers, mark it, are the prize
Of the investigator wise :
—Their names—Hope and Delight.

RESIGNATION.

“Who plucks the one must not profane
With impious grasp the sister bloom.
Believing nought, for pleasure strain ;
Believing, dogma says—abstain !
The world’s own annals are its doom.

“Thou hopedst : here, then, thy reward ;
Thy faith thy fortunes did impress.
Wise counsellors thou didst discard ;
Do but one minute disregard,
Eternity gives no redress.”

THE GODS OF GREECE.

What time the happy world was guided,
Ye Gods, by your indulgent hand,
When over happy men presided
Fair beings born of Fable-land,
Ah ! what another age existed
When your mysterious rites were paid,
When garlands for thy shrines were twisted,
Venus, enchanting Cyprian maid.

When luminous imagination
Wrapped Truth in Fiction's airy fold,
Then life's blood flowed throughout creation,
And, wavelike, o'er its limits rolled.
In nature then a nobler merit
Man recognised with grateful love,
And all things felt the hallowed spirit,
Whose charm betrayed the Gods above.

Where now, if we shall trust the sages,
Insensate whirls an orb of fire,
There Helios in far-off ages,
Majestic, drove his golden tire.
Nymphs sported in these mountain passes,
A Dryad dwelt in yonder tree,
While winsome naiads from their vases
The silver-twinkling burns set free.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

Good service wrought these laurel bushes,
Sleeps Niobe in yonder stone,
Sad Syrinx wails amid those rushes,
This grove hears Philomela's moan.
When her Persephone was ravished
This brook received Demeter's tears,
And here Cythera vainly lavished
Her suasion on unheeding ears.

The Gods themselves their homage yielded
To daughters sprung of Pyrrha's race,
And for their sakes Hyperion wielded
The shepherd's crook with lowly grace.
For then were Heroes, Gods, and Mortals
United in the bond of love ;
Equal in Amathusian portals,
Men bowed with those who rule above.

All sceptic gloom and dulness vanished
Where your inspiring cult was known ;
Untuneful souls were rightly banished,
And glad contentment ruled alone.
Then Beauty for itself was treasured ;
No need your godlike joys to rein
While blushing Nymphs and graces measured
The limits of your happy chain.

Your shrines were decked in gayest dressing,
The Heroes in your honour strove,
And for the Isthmian laurels pressing,
Intent, the thundering chariots drove.
The changing dance in bright procession
Before your glowing altars wound,
And triumph-crowns with light oppression
Your free and fragrant tresses bound.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

The thyrsus-bearers' cries are pealing,
The leopards in their harness strain,
And Fauns and Satyrs gaily reeling,
Herald the jolly Bacchus' train.
Half-frenzied Mænads wildly crying,
The glories of the wine-cup boast
In words and action, ever plying
With fuller bowls their willing host.

No grisly spectre dared to sadden
The parting mortal at his death,
For angel-guards were there to gladden,
Then quenched the flame with loving breath.
Necessity by airy visions
Was measured on a kinder scale,
And even Destiny's decisions
Seemed milder through a human veil.

The friends of yore were re-united
On still Elysium's shadowy plain ;
True lover's vows afresh are plighted,
The victor's team careers again.
Once more the wail of Linus rises,
Her spouse reviews Alceste's charms,
His friend Orestes recognises,
And Philoctetes finds his arms.

With worthier prize was he commended
Who trod the stony path of right,
And Heroes, when their course was ended,
Shared with the blest eternal light.
The Gods with silent acquiescence
Beheld the summoned dead depart ;
On high the great Twin brethren's presence
Gave courage to the pilot's heart.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

Farewell ! Thou happy world, whose graces

Attested nature's earliest Spring ;

Now can we only seek thy traces

As fable tells and fairies sing.

Alas ! the happy scene has vanished,

Before me yawns an empty frame ;

The godhead, from the picture banished,

Leaves but a shade, a thought, a name.

Those buds have all untimely perished.

Before the scathing Northern blast.

Farewell, ye Gods, so dearly cherished ;

Ye pass away that One may last.

In vain I seek with sad devotion

Selene in the starry dome ;

The woods reply not, and the ocean,

Unheeding, churns th' eternal foam.

Blind to the joy which she dispenses,

And careless of her own great name,

Unconscious that my yearning senses

Demand her all-inspiring flame ;

Whose pulse no longer Art can waken,

Blank as the stroke which marks the hour,

Nature herself, by God forsaken.

Bows, slavish, to a soulless power.¹

Behold ! to-day her grave she hollows,

To-morrow sees her rise anew ;

Month upon month serenely follows,

The days march on in order due.

The Gods depart, in sorrowing token

That happy childhood is out-grown ;

The leading strings at length are broken,

The ungrateful world can soar alone.

¹ *I.e.*, the power of gravitation.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

All lovely form with them was taken
To grace the home whence erst they came ;
So was the world by Art forsaken,
And Beauty left us but her name.
The Gods on Pindus' heights find leisure,
Untroubled by the tide of time ;
And Fancy, crushed by life's stern pressure,
Lives but in Poetry sublime.

A CELEBRATED WOMAN.

Shall I condole, my friend?—Dost rue
With curses deep thy marriage bond?
And why?—Because thy spouse untrue
Has found in other arms more fond
That which in thine was not her share?

Hear others' woes ere thou despond,
And learn thy lighter grief to bear.

Dost grumble that in thy domains
Another shares?—Why, lucky man,
My wife to the whole human race pertains.
Right from the Belt to the Moselle,
To Apennine's abysses fell,
Where fashions their precedence keep;
In every booth she's offered cheap;
In diligences, on the deep,
She must the curious muster pass
Of every pedant, every ass,
And brave the cad's censorious glass;
And, as some petty critic may control,
On flowers trips or treads on burning coal
—Pantheon, or the pillory, her goal.
A Leipzig man—God grant he have his due—
Took her dimensions, offered her for sale
In fragments to the public by retail—
Fragments which I—but, sure, none other—knew.

A CELEBRATED WOMAN.

Thy wife, thanks to the canon, is aware
That 'tis an honour thy good name to bear ;
She understands, and her good sense is shown.
(As "Ninon's husband" only I am known)
You say that at the tables, in the pit,
Your entry rouses each malicious wit ;
Fortunate man, the world might envy thee
Such luck as that.—Why, brother, as for me—
A whey-cure had the fortune to provide
An honoured place for me at her left side.
On me no kind of interest is spent,
While on my better half all eyes are bent.

The dawn scarce shows its crest,
When the stairs creak 'neath blue and yellow coats,
With unstamped letters, packages and notes,
To "the Illustrious lady" all addressed.
I must arouse her, calmly though she lies :—
"Madam, the papers—Berlin, Jena news!"
At once the lovely sleeper raised her eyes,
And pounced with eager glance on the reviews.
The fair blue eye—never a look for me—
Skims through some stupid puerility—
(Screams in the children's nursery she hears)
Pausing, she asks, how are the little dears ?

And now her toilet waits.
But side-looks only at the glass she flings,
And mutters sullen, discontented threats
Which give her terrified attendant wings.
The Graces from her dressing-table fly,
And where fair Cupids should their office ply,
A band of Furies in attendance springs.

A CELEBRATED WOMAN.

Anon the carriage-folk approach,
And lackeys spring from every coach.
The perfumed abbot, the seigneurial lord,
The Briton (who the German tongue ignored),
Gossing & Co., the Messrs. Thingumbob,
—All wish with the great lady to hob-nob.
With what a supercilious eye they stare
To see *a thing*—a husband—crouching there !
Here may the dullest flat, the seediest wight,
(Dare your wife's friend as much?) express delight,
And as admirers of the fair one pose ;
And this, withal, before my very nose.
I must look on, and, merely to behave,
His precious “company to dine” must crave.

At table, friend, begins my misery.
Short work is made of my poor cellar's store ;
Burgundy (which the doctor bans for me)
Down their approving gullets I must pour.
My hard-earned daily bread I must subscribe
To stuff this greedy, parasitic tribe.
This immortality—confound its ways !—
With my good Niersteiner havoc plays.
Away with all who use the printing press !
And what my meed of thanks ? I bid thee guess—
A shrug, a gesture, some unmannered bluff—
Dost understand ?—Oh, I see plain enough !
Who such a woman—such a priceless gem—
To live with such a noodle would condemn ?

Spring-time approaches, and fair Nature flings
Her varied tapestry o'er glade and field ;
A kindly green the shrubs and flowers yield,
Loud trills the lark ; to life the forest springs.

A CELEBRATED WOMAN.

—To *her* no more the Spring appeals ;
The songstress of our pleasures gay,
Of groves where we were wont to play,
Now nothing to her heart reveals.

The nightingales !—they cannot read ;
The lilies !—they can not admire ;
And Nature's triumphs, as they plead,
Do but an epigram inspire.

To travelling the time of year invites ;

—Why, Pyrmont must just now be crowded out ;
In praise of Carlsbad every one unites

—And there she is, amid the motley rout,
Where princely riband, doctor's gown,
With every kind of fashion blends ;
Show themselves off, strut up and down,
And seem to be the best of friends.

From many climes they come with languid zeal,
Their tattered virtue of its wounds to heal.

—Learn thine advantage, friend ; there strolls my wife,
And seven orphans palms on me for life !

Ah ! my first love—my young romantic days !
How quickly have ye vanished from the scene !

A paragon, beyond all human praise—

—Such was my wife—a Goddess in her mien.

Of brilliant wit, expansive mind

She was, of character refined.

I gladly bore her soft control,

And by her playful side reclined.

The words—“ I love thee, thou art mine ! ”

Sprang eloquently from her eyes :

I led her to the sacred shrine,

And who so happy with his prize ?

A CELEBRATED WOMAN.

A vista of entrancing years
Mirrored before me seemed to rise,
And open lay the very spheres.

I saw fair children gambol round
With circling dance her kindly knee
—The fairest of the circle she—
Her heart with mine in harmony,
Our souls for ever firmly bound.

And then appeared—oh, cursèd be his name !
—A mighty man of quite superior cast.
This mighty genius did but breathe a blast,
And down my house of cards in atoms came.

What have I left ?—Ah ! transformation fell !
As from me fades th' intoxicating spell,
What of my angel now remains ?
A virile spirit, but arrayed
In sexless form—nor man nor maid,
Not fit to love, nor hold the reins ;
A child in giant's armour clad,
A mean betwixt the wise and mad,
Who has renounced her native grace
In coarser scenes to find a place.
Down from her throne-like pinnacle of fame
She falls, and quits her dear, mysterious home,
Struck out from Cytherea's golden tome,¹
To earn—a sorry newspaper acclaim.

¹ The “Golden Book”—*i.e.* the Roll of Nobility, as kept in the Italian Republics.

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Like a fair child, with merry native jest,
My dear young friend, the world around thee plays ;
Yet think not that the character impressed
Upon thy heart, and mirrored in its rays
Presents the truth.—The silent reverence
Which from thy soul's nobility has grown,
The marvels of thine own omnipotence,
The living grace, essentially thine own,—
These thou dost count as life's habitual prize
Promiscuously granted to mankind.

If he exist, let me the mortal find
Who youth's untainted magic can despise,
Or to the charm of innocence be blind.

How dost thou revel in the fragrant band
Of flowers which around thy footsteps press,
Of souls beatified at thy command,
Which spell-bound, thine ascendancy confess !

Remain, then, happy in thy fond conceit,
And may no wakening illusion cheat
The stately tenour of thy dream's caress.

As in thy beds the shining flowers blaze,
Thy fancies plant—but with averted gaze !

Watch them, indeed, but never venture nigh ;
They do but live to satisfy the eye.
E'en at thy feet they end their little day :
—The nearer thee, the nearer to decay !

THE ARTISTS.

Man, to what dignity dost thou attain,
Marking the Century's descending plane
In all the glory of thy prime ;
Of spirit cultivated and refined,
Of gentle mien, but of determined mind,
The ripest son thou art of Time ;
Of large discretion, yet by rule impressed,
In meekness strong, and of a prize possessed
Of which thy conscience long was unaware ;
Lord of fair Nature, who thy chains adores,
Who in a thousand tests thy strength explores,
And quits the wilderness thy fate to share !

Intoxicated by the triumph gained,
Do not forget to thank the kindly hand
Which found thee orphaned, wandering at large
In tears along life's solitary marge,
Found thee a veritable toy of chance,
But breathed upon thee Arts' divine romance,
And silently thy youthful heart inspired ;
Taught thee to bind in a controlling chain
Passions which might thy tender conscience stain,
With easy touch the highest virtues taught,
Showed that sublime perfection might be sought
In simple parables and there acquired.

THE ARTISTS.

That hand remember which, on teaching bent,
Its darling to the hands of strangers lent ;
Ah ! to the mistress, Art, be ever true,
And never stoop her waiting-maids to woo !
The bee for diligence the palm may bear,
The worm can teach thee aptitude and zeal,
Thy learning with the spirits thou mayst share,
But Art, Oh Man, can but to thee appeal.

Through beauty's morning gate thou foundest place,
In lands where knowledge holds her sturdy sway,
And Wisdom dons the attributes of grace
And learns to pose in delicate array.
The stirring spirit of the Muses' lyre
Which all thy chords with sweet emotion thrilled
Woke in thy slumbering heart the natural fire
And knowledge of the universe instilled.

That which deliberate Reason understood
When whole millenniums had passed away,
A symbol of the beautiful and good
To infant faculties discovered lay.
Its fair presentment bade us love the right,
Its gentle image battled against crime,
Ere ever Solon did his laws indite,
Slowly to ripen in the lap of time.
Before philosophers had learned to peer
Into the wonders of eternal space,
Did any gaze upon the starry sphere
And not in awe his boldest thoughts abase ?
Urania in her tremendous state
Wearing Orion's glories on her brow,
Visible only to the good and great
—Pure spirits, who her majesty avow—

THE ARTISTS.

Urania sweeps above the starry spheres,
And, with her flaming chaplet laid aside,
Upon her sun-illumined throne appears
—Beauty personified—our light and guide.
With every attribute of grace endued,
Her child-like innocence appeals to youth,
And that which is to-day as Beauty viewed
Anon will prove to be the very Truth.

When the Creator banished from His sight
Poor man, and immortality denied,
And bade him struggle back as best he might
With laboured mental effort to his side,
When all the gods had turned away in scorn
She to his aid with impulse warm repaired,
And with the exiled fugitive forlorn
His mortal troubles generously shared.
Here upon tranquil pinion she sways
About her darling, where the Senses dwell,
And with affectionate deceit portrays
Elysium upon his prison cell.

What time, supported in that soft embrace,
Tender Humanity such nursing knew,
No murder legalised could show its face,
No guiltless blood the smoking soil imbrue.
The heart which she in gentle fetters guides
The slavish leading-strings of duty spurns ;
The twinkling of her sinuous path subsides
Where'er Morality's effulgence burns.
Those who to her their modest service yield,
No meanness recognise, no perils fear ;
With power from above their hearts are steeled—
Before them lies the Spirit-world revealed.
In all the freedom which they hold so dear.

THE ARTISTS.

Most fortunate of all the myriads those
—And purest—who her loving cult maintain,
Whose lips the mighty Being's thoughts disclose,
Within whose bosom she elects to reign ;
Who tend her altars, and by her desire
Cherish the inextinguishable fire ;
Unveiled she stands before their favoured eyes,
And draws them to her with bewitching ties !
Rejoice, then, in the honourable state
To which by lofty rule ye are ordained,
The glories of the Spirit-world attained,
The highest posts humanity await !

Before proportion to the world ye brought
—Proportion, which all essences obey—
A shapeless building stood with darkness fraught,
Illumined only by a feeble ray ;
The tumult of a visionary host,
Bound all the senses in a captive chain,
And in its turn, to gentle manners lost,
The foe a thousand various missiles hurled,
—Thus to the savage was portrayed the world.
Only by undiscerning passions bound
To the phenomena which crowded round,
He failed the soul of Nature to descry,
And let her pass unmarked, untasted by.

Yet as on fluttering wings away she fled,
Ye strained after the vision's friendly Shade
With tender hope and reverential hand,
And learned that o'er that blithe, harmonious band
The toils of fellowship were lightly shed.
And more ethereal became your glance,
Marking the pliant cedar's lofty crest

THE ARTISTS.

Lovingly pictured on fair Ocean's breast,
And shimmering as the crystal ripples dance.
How could ye fail those lessons to descry
Which Nature in such friendly measure gave ?
For she bade Art with her own image vie,
Learning from that reflection on the wave ;
From her own being sundered, of free will
Her fairy form she cast upon the stream
Mirrored upon its dancing silver gleam,
And yielded to the imitator's skill.
So the fair craft within thy breast awoke.
The sacred image which thou had'st conceived
In sand, in plastic clay thou didst invoke,
And Art's sublime existence was achieved.
The charm of labour did your soul arrest,
The first creation harboured in thy breast.

Beneath your constant observation held,
And ever marked by your all-curious eye,
Those gentle visions found themselves impelled
To yield the talisman for which ye sigh.
The wondrous laws which Beauty can impose,
The marvels which her treasures disclose,
Were knit together in a single band
By the light touch of your inquiring hand.
Rose obelisk and pyramid on high,
Upstood the Hermes, and the pillar sprang ;
From woodland reeds melodious numbers rang,
And doughty feats were told in minstrelsy.

The choicest blossoms of the flowery field
With dainty judgment in one posy found—
So first did Nature Art's addresses yield
So were the posies in one garland bound ;

THE ARTISTS.

More subtly did th' artistic sense expand
Beneath the touch of man's creative hand.
The child of beauty, perfect of its kind,
Shaped and completed by your loving skill,
Loses the wreaths which round its temples wind
As with Reality it learns to thrill.
The pillar, yielding to Proportion's law,
Must with its neighbours form a common chain,
The hero must amid the ranks withdraw,
Inspiring, clashes the Mæonian strain.

Then the Barbarians in wonder came,
These new creations curious to scan :—
“ See,” you might hear their jovial hosts exclaim,
“ All this is fashioned by the hand of man ! ”
In happy, careless, sociable array
Agape they crowded round the minstrel's lyre,
And while he still attuned his rousing lay
Of Titans, murderous beasts, and giant fray,
So long did lofty thoughts their souls inspire.
Thus first the soul to real bliss is stirred,
Awakened thus to calm, reposeful joy.
Borne from a distant sphere, without alloy,
Existence by no crying need is blurred ;
Quiet remains, and pleasures do not cloy.

Now, shaking off its sensuous repose,
To freedom sprang th' emancipated mind ;
Released by you, the careworn slave arose,
Sought happiness, and left his cares behind.
Mere brute existence with its narrow scope
Came to an end ; man's noble brow was plain,
The glorious alien, Reason, ceased to grope,
And bounded from the free and startled brain.

THE ARTISTS.

Then did man stand, and to the stars upturned
The kingly lineaments which now he wore ;
His radiant eye beneath the sunbeams burned,
And boundless space delighted to explore.
His features glowed with a contented smile,
The soul-inspired music of his cry
Bursting in song, his moments would beguile,
And feeling glistened in his softened eye.
His quickened lips in happy blend expressed
Now serious tones and now some merry jest.

Working in darkness like the grovelling worm,
And moved alone by sensuous desire,
Within his swelling breast ye might admire
The spiritual essence in its germ.
And if his sensuous ignoble fire
The glorious germ of noble love could stay,
He owed it to that first Arcadian Lay.—
Exalted to nobility of thought,
He saw his passions to subjection brought,
And from his lips harmonious measures rolled.
His cheeks with liquid blushes were bedewed,
And what remaining aims he now pursued
A spiritual fellowship foretold.
The wisdom of the wisest, and the might
Of wasting force, retiring timid grace,
All these within one picture frame unite
And glorify sweet Nature's radiant face.
From the unknowable men shrank in dread
Yet clung to its reflection unaware ;
And brilliant heroes burned to have it said
That with the mighty one they could compare.
Ye caused ideal Beauty's fairy spell
Through all the bounds of Nature's realm to swell.

THE ARTISTS.

The reckless fury of the passions' play,
Th' ungoverned ups and downs of changing Fate,
Instinct and Duty all in disarray,
Thine ordered touch did gently elevate,
And firmly set upon the upward way.
What Nature grasps in her majestic course,
Hurls to the winds, and into tatters tears,
On stage, in song alike, acquires a force
Which shows that ordered harmony is theirs.
So may ye mark the secret murderer quail
Before the Furies' melancholy wail ;
Their solemn chant his awful doom declares.
Long ere the wise could their opinion state,
An Iliad had declared the mystic fate
Of first antiquity, and made it plain.
And Providence in observation sat,
The world considering from Thespis' wain.

But in the great procession of the world
Your fair proportions were too soon unfurled.
When Destiny, with its mysterious hand,
Refused those mighty forces to disband
Which it had harmonised before thy sight,
Life was enshrouded with a fatal blight
Before its lovely course was fully spanned.
Then, trusting to your potency alone,
Your arch ye hurled across the dark unknown ;
Boldly ye plunged, regardless of the cost
Into Avernus rolling through the gloom,
And found that life which seemed for ever lost
In regions which exist beyond the tomb.
There in a blaze of undiluted light
See Castor on the blooming Pollux lean ;
O'er the moon's surface mark the shadow's flight
Till the whole orb presents a silver sheen.

THE ARTISTS.

Yet higher still—and to the highest spheres,
Th' inventive faculty extends its sway ;
Creation on creation fast appears,
And harmony to harmony gives way,
What here can merely captivate the eye,
There fashions perfect beauty at its best ;
The graceful charms on which the nymphs rely,
Purified there, Athene's self suggest.
The power which the wrestler's muscle swells,
Need not the gentle deity endow ;
In the Olympian shrine depicted dwells
—The age's wonder—Jove's illustrious brow.

The world, transfigured by laborious care,
The human heart, by new emotions fanned,
Which all the trials of existence share,
For you Creation's limits can expand.
Awakening man on swelling pinions flies,
Clinging to Art the closer as he soars,
And realms of beauty all unknown arise
From the enlightened world's prolific stores.
The narrow bounds of knowledge disappear ;
The soul, accustomed 'neath your easy rein,
Th' artistic whole of Beauty to attain
With rapid and accommodating grace,
Plants Nature's distant columns in their place,
And passes by her on her dark career.
Now man can judge her by a human scale,
With weights appraise her which herself supplies ;
Now must she cast away the envious veil
And manifest her glories to his eyes.
With youthful satisfaction he inspires
The very spheres with his harmonious strains,
And if the world's construction he admires,
'Tis that symmetrical proportion reigns.

THE ARTISTS.

'Mid all the seething life which round him flows
Dainty Proportion ever holds its place ;
And Beauty's golden girdle lightly throws
Its fetters round him in his earthly race.
The consummated work its balm bestows,
And crowns your labours with triumphant grace.
Where happiness is found without alloy,
Wherever hides the head of silent grief,
Where contemplation dwells in lonely joy,
Where misery from tears invites relief,
Where terrors thousandfold about him press—
There follows an harmonious rippling strain ;
The Graces sport in wanton idleness,
And with a chastened mien and soft address
Around him cast their all-entrancing chain.
Softly, as lines of beauty interlace,
As the phenomena, which round him play,
In melting outlines give each other place,
So gently fleets his latest breath away.
His soul dissolves in the harmonious swell,
His senses with voluptuous dreams are fraught,
Focussing all their fading powers of thought
On Cytherea's influence to dwell.
His fate established in eternity,
On Muse and Grace alternate he relies,
And bares his bosom with an eager cry
To the impending weapon as it flies
From the mild bowstring of necessity.

Ye favourites of Harmony divine,
Cheery companions on life's dull road,
The noblest, dearest gift she can assign,
Who gave us life, on us she has bestowed !
That man enlarged his duties should pursue
And love the fetters which his soul endue,

THE ARTISTS.

That he no longer is the tool of fate—
He owes it all to your eternal state,
And your reward is found within your breast.
If round the bowl whence thoughts of freedom swell
The merry deities delight to jest,
If sweet deluding visions o'er it dwell,
For this be lovingly caressed !

And for that Spirit whose commanding might
Even Necessity with grace surrounds,
Who bids his ether and the starry bounds
With delicacy shed their welcome light,
Who, clad in terrors, still is hailed with joy,
And moves in splendour even to destroy—
Him imitate, for his is Art supreme.
As o'er the tell-tale surface of the stream
The varied banks light-footed seem to glide,
With flowers 'neath the sunset rays unfurled,
So o'er life's trials happily preside
The pleasant fictions of the Shadow world.
Ye led us forth in nuptial array
To where the great Unknown exert their sway,
To where the unrelenting Fates abide.
The sorrows by the dismal choir expressed
With magic charm ye tenderly invest,
As your fair urns their sacred ashes hide.
A thousand thousand years I have surveyed
The boundless realm of times that are gone by ;
Humanity adored you while ye stayed,
And your departure witnessed with a sigh !

Humanity, which on impetuous wing
From your creative hand its impulse drew,
In later days rejoiced again to cling
To your protecting arm, as wrinkles grew,

THE ARTISTS.

As time began to leave its certain trace,
When the strong limbs were conscious of decay,
And with a slow and hesitating pace
The tottering greybeard hobbled on his way.
Then issued bounteous from your living well
A stream of life all suffering to dispel ;
Twice did the count of Time begin anew
Thanks to the quickening seed which thou didst strew.

Ejected by the wild barbarian train,
Ye snatched the latest sacrificial brand
From the polluted oriental fane,
And bore it glowing to the western land.
The exile, from his eastern setting torn,
Rose, a new day, upon the western scene,
And, in Hesperian surroundings born,
Ionian flowers peeped in early green.
A fairer Nature shed upon the soul
A clear reflection well defined and bright,
And o'er the favoured spirit proudly stole
Th' illuminating Goddess of the Light.
A thousand thousand fetters fell away,
Then slaves experienced the rights of man ;
'Neath the new generation's milder sway
Mankind, like brothers, owned a common clan.
With inner consciousness of noble pride
Ye revelled in the happiness ye wrought ;
Then, veiled in modesty, ye stepped aside
As though thy favours were accounted nought.

If with the right to think—now all his own—
Th' inquiring spirit confidently strays,
And reaches prematurely for the crown,
Exulting in his own triumphant praise ;

THE ARTISTS.

Should he dismiss with a contemptuous wage
His glorious leader and consummate guide,
And a mere slave of higher rank engage
Near Art's high throne, indifferent, to preside :—
Forgive his confidence ! For even now
Perfection's garland decorates your brow.
Your early blossoms were the first to spring
'Neath bounteous Nature's soul-inspiring wing ;
From you, the harvest chaplet safely won,
Nature departs, her gracious duties done.

Creative Art, which simple stone and clay
Peoples with life, holds its victorious sway
Where'er the mind can pass it in review.
The learning which discoverers display,
Which they have conquered, is displayed for you.
The treasure which th' abstracted thinker hoards
First in your arms full recompense affords
When beauty plays with science equal part—
The whole ennobled as a thing of Art.—
When by your side some mountain he ascends
And, as the setting sun with even blends,
Perceives the beauteous landscape with a start.
The more ye realise that hasty glance,
The more will lofty creatures of romance
Mingle with ordered beauties of the mind
In systematic harmony combined,
The more that noble sentiment and thought
With higher strains of harmony are fraught,
And beauty flowing in a fuller stream,—
So much the more the parts of Nature's scheme,
Which now a mutilated medley lie,
Will shape themselves to perfect symmetry ;
Fairer will mysteries from darkness rise,
The world be richer which before him lies,

THE ARTISTS.

Broader the ocean upon which he glides,
Feebler the power chance alone decides.
The more his aims aspire to things above,
Less will he think of self, the more of love.
So by poetic instinct he is led
With undeterminate, unconscious tread,
Through purer forms, striking a finer key,
To beauty in its infinite degree.
At length, at the appointed goal of time
He savours one more ecstasy sublime—
The generation's new poetic ring—
And to Truth's faithful arms he longs to cling.

And she herself, the gentle Cyprian maid,
Illumined with a crown of fairy light,
Appears before her grown-up son, arrayed
In splendour—as Urania bedight.
The readier she submitted to his sway,
The fairer he on his departing way.
No less enchanting was the sweet surprise
Of great Ulysses' son, where 'neath his eyes,
Mentor's familiar lineaments gave place
To wise Athene's heaven-imparted grace.

Ye hold in trust the honour of mankind ;
Guard it ! With yours 'tis closely intertwined
The charm of poetry we rightly deem
Part of creation's well-appointed scheme.
Let it roll on and melt into the sea
Of a divinely blended harmony !

When Truth is taunted by its proper age,
Let her appeal to the poetic page
And seek a refuge in the Muses' choir.
Her real claims more readily inspire

THE ARTISTS.

Respect, that they are shrouded o'er with grace.
May she in Song for ever find a place,
And on her dastard enemies shall rain
Avenging pæans in triumphant strain.

Ye free-born scions of a mother free,
Press onward firmly with exalted eyes ;
Perfected beauty only may ye see,
And lesser crowns ye need not stoop to prize !
The sister missing in this present sphere
Clasped to her mother's bosom ye shall find ;
What lofty souls as beautiful revere
Must noble be, and perfect of its kind.
Poised high above your life-appointed span,
Let your ecstatic pinions freely swell !
The dawning image in your mirror scan,
And the approaching century foretell.
By thousand paths and many devious ways
Through every varied turning ye shall glide
To welcome in the fulness of her days
Harmonious concord, your delight and guide !

As breaks the pure disseminated ray
Into its seven gently blended tints,
And as the seven tinted rainbow gay,
Dissolving, with one white presentment glints,
So in a thousand magnitudes will glow,
Entrancing, yet bewildering the sight,
The gathering rills of Truth, which ever flow
Into the stream of universal Light.

THE MEETING.

I see her still with her attendant train—
The fairest she amid so many fair.
Aloof in hesitation I remain,
For with the very sun she could compare.
Voluptuous tremors all my being filled
Beneath the focus of her magic fire ;
Then, all at once, with wingèd rapture thrilled,
My yearning fingers swept the soothing lyre.

What thoughts into that moment were compressed
I know not, I forget what words I sang.
A new-born power rose within my breast
And all my heart with deep emotion rang.
It was my Soul, which, long in shackles bound,
With sudden burst its fetters cast away ;
And in its newly probed recesses found
A note divine which unsuspected lay.

And when the tuneful melody was hushed,
My soul returned from its unconscious flight :
I marked how her seraphic features blushed,
Saw Love with bashful modesty unite ;
In Heavenly Spheres methought I seemed to fly
When flattered by her gentle gracious tone ;
'Mid the angelic choirs above the sky
Such tones are heard, and surely there alone.

THE MEETING.

That faithful heart, pining in blank despair,
And yet too modest to articulate—
I of its hidden merits am aware,
And will safeguard it 'gainst too hard a fate.
The needy shall the richest prize receive,
Love's flowers may be plucked by Love alone.
That heart the fairest treasure shall achieve
Which feels, and speaks in most responsive tone.

TO EMMA.

In the distance dark and grey
Fades my former bliss from view,
To one star my glances stray
Basking in its gentle dew—
But a star, alas ! whose light
Glitters only in the night.

Didst thou sleep thy final sleep,
Were thine eyes for ever dimmed,
In my heart engraven deep
Still thy memory would be limned.
But, alas ! in light enshrined,
To my worship thou art blind.

Can the hope which love instils,
Can it, Emma, transient prove ?
What no longer lives and thrills,
Emma, how can that be Love ?
Can the flame of heavenly birth
Perish like some gift of earth ?

THE SECRET.

No utterance to her lips might rise,
Too many listeners were by ;
I could but shyly seek her eyes,
And there her secret thought descry.
With noiseless fall my footsteps press
The silence of thy leafy glade ;
Oh, hide in thine embowered recess
From eyes profane our holy Love.

From far away a mingled roar
Proclaims the busy toil of day,
And o'er the din of voices soar
The clattering hammers as they play.
Thus hardly do poor mortals wring
Their scanty mercies from on high,
And yet how lightly blessings spring
When generous gods mankind supply.

May human beings never learn
How deep and true our love has grown ;
Our happiness they would but spurn
Since joy to them was never known.
The world rewards with grudging hand,
And Fortune must be seized by force ;
If thine attempts it should withstand
Mistrust and spite will have their course.

THE SECRET.

It comes on tiptoe's fairy tread,
Loving the stilly hours of night,
And in an instant it has fled
Should my betrayer come in sight.
Thou gentle river, circle round
And hold us in thy kind embrace,
And, rushing, let thy very sound
Protect this gift, this holy place !

SUSPENSE.

Did I hear the hinges groan ?
Was not that the latchet's shake ?
No, it was the zephyr's moan
Through the bowing poplar brake.

Put on thy best, thou verdant, leafy glade,
To welcome my beloved to her home ;
Ye branches, lend your sympathetic shade
To shroud her 'neath your dark mysterious dome.
And ye, ye merry breezes, freely play
In wanton sport upon her rosy cheeks,
As, scarcely burdening the favoured way,
With dainty steps Love's very home she seeks.

Listen ! What was that I heard
Rustling sharply through the sedge ? •
—Nay, 'twas but a timid bird,
Rising startled from the hedge.

Quench, day, thy torch ! and thou congenial night,
Thy grateful silence on the scene impose,
Around us shed thine own empurpled light,
And 'neath clandestine boughs our loves enclose.
For Love can tolerate no lurking ear,
She shuns th' immodest, staring eye of day,
And only Hesperus may venture near,
Her confidential triflings to survey.

SUSPENSE.

Did I hear the murmuring sound
Of a whisper soft and low ?
—'Twas the swan who, sailing round,
Cleaves the pool with breast of snow.

About mine ears harmonious measures throb,
The merry water dashes down the ghylls,
The western breezes through the flowers sob,
And all creation happiness distills.

The purple grape, the golden peach invite,
Saucily peeping from their sheltering leaves :
The kissing air, with spicy odours light,
The passion of my glowing cheek receives.

Did I hear some echoing foot
Crackling o'er the shady walk ?
—Nay, 'twas but a falling fruit,
All too heavy for its stalk.

Now gently closes Day's effulgent eye
In painless death, and all its colours fade,
Rejoicing in the soft and kindly shade.
The moon in silence throws her silvery ray,
Dissolving masses from the world exhale,
Beauty its jealous girdle casts away,
And loveliness appears without a veil.

Something white before me skimmed :
Was it not a silken train ?
—Nay, 'twas but yon pillars limned
On the dark yew hedge again.

Oh, yearning, self-deceiving heart, forbear
Thy warmth on visionary forms to vent ;
The arm which would embrace her is not there,
No phantom fortune can this soul content.

SUSPENSE.

Oh ! bring her living self in very deed,
Let me but feel her little fairy hand ;
Even to touch her mantle's hem I plead,
So will my dream to real life expand.

As the heavens intervene
Unexpected gifts to send,
So did she approach unseen
And with kisses wake her friend.

EVENING.

(FROM A PICTURE.)

Set, flaming god!—The pastures thirst
For quickening dew, man's powers fail;
Thy weary coursers drag,
Then let thy chariot pause!

Who hails thee from the crystal wave
With smiling beck? Answers thy heart?
The horses mend their speed,
'Tis godlike Thetis calls.

Into her arms the charioteer
Springs down, and Cupid takes the reins.
The placid horses stand
And drink the cooling stream.

With stealthy pace across the sky
Glides balmy night, Love in her train.
In peace and love abide!
E'en Phœbus rests and loves.

DESIRE.

Ah ! if from this dreary vale
Where the fog banks ever lie,
To escape I could prevail
Who would be so glad as I ?
Yonder hills rejoice my sight,
Ever young and ever green ;
Had I wings to aid my flight,
Soon were leapt the space between.

Harmonies entrance mine ear,
Tones of sweet celestial calm ;
And the gentle zephyrs bear
Odours of enchanting balm.
Fruits I see with golden sheen
Peeping through their leafy veil ; .
Never have those flowers been
Ravaged by the wintry gale.

Happy those who dwell above
There in everlasting light ;
Healing must the breezes prove
Circling o'er yon airy height.
But the torrent bids me shrink,
Whose forbidding waters roll
Boiling to their very brink,
Haunting my unhappy soul.

DESIRE.

I see a bark upon the tide,
But the boatman, where is he?
Never heed—in Heaven confide,
Who will fill the sails for thee.
Faith thou needest, and must dare,
Or the gods withhold their hand.
Nought but miracle can bear
Man into the unknown land.

THE PILGRIM.

All the strength of youth enjoying,
Forth I went afar to roam ;
Giving up the childish toying
Of my dear parental home.

All my wealth, on faith relying,
Willingly I left behind ;
With a pilgrim's staff defying
All the world with simple mind.

For a mighty inspiration
Urged me on in tones sincere :—
Saying “ go, 'tis thy vocation
To pursue a high career.

If thou seest a golden portal
Enter it without delay :
Things of earth are there immortal
And shall never pass away.”

Morn and eve in due procession
Followed ; never did I rest ;
But I sought in dark depression,
Never nearer to my quest.

In my way stood precipices,
Torrents hemmed my path below ;
Over rivers and abysses
Crazy bridges I must throw.

THE PILGRIM.

Then at last I found a river
Rolling toward the glowing East,
And with a confiding quiver,
Hurled myself upon its breast.

Down to the unbounded ocean
The resistless waters roll,
Tossing me with merry motion—
But no nearer is my goal !

For no bridge can span the distance ;
And, alas ! the heavenly sphere
Lends to earth no close assistance :
And the *There* is never *Here* !

THE IDEALS.

Ah ! cruel, must thou then depart
And leave me joyless and alone,
Forgetful of what joy and smart
In close communion we have known ?
Can nothing thy departure stay,
Thou golden stage of earthly time ?—
'Tis vain : thy billows roll away
To the eternal sea sublime.

Extinguished is each radiant sun
Which used my youthful steps to guide ;
Ideals have their days outrun,
Which used to swell my heart with pride :
That simple faith no more is mine
Which used to issue from my dreams,
And that which once appeared divine,
Now commonplace and worldly seems.

Just as Pygmalion of yore
The marble cherished in his arms
Till e'en the chilly marble wore
The blushing glow of living charms,
So in my loving clasp I pressed
Nature with all the fire of youth,
Till, clinging to my poet's breast,
She breathed and lived in very truth.

THE IDEALS.

And, sharing my ecstatic bliss,
Though speechless, soon a language found,
And recognised with loving kiss
My secret heart's tumultuous bound.
The trees and roses lived for me,
I loved the music of the streams ;
The very soul-less would agree
To mingle in my sanguine dreams.

Eagerly my contracted soul
To larger, bolder thoughts was spurred :
I pictured one harmonious whole,
Perfect in deed and form and word.
How glorious appeared the world
While still within the germ it lay ;
Yet as the petal sheath unfurled,
How puny and what common clay !

How, balanced on adventurous wing,
Rejoicing in his pleasant dream,
Without a care his thoughts to wring,
Youth plunged into life's giddy stream !
Through ether to the furthest star
His resolution bore him on ;
No place so high, no goal so far
But with those pinions could be won.

How lightly was he borne aloft !
What was too hard for such as he ?
Around his car with footsteps soft
There tripped a fairy company.—
Love, with its own especial prize,
Fortune adorned with crown of gold,
Fame soaring to the starry skies,
Truth without one concealing fold.

THE IDEALS.

But, ah ! ere half the way was sped
A sorry course that escort steered
With careless and perfidious tread,
Till one by one they disappeared.
Light-footed fortune fell away,
The thirst for knowledge thirst remained,
And clouds of doubt began to stray
Where once the blaze of truth had reigned.

I saw the golden crown of Fame
Encircle a plebeian brow :
Alas ! too soon the climax came,
And days of Love are over now !
More grim and weird the silence fell
Upon the steep abandoned road,
Scarce could a ray of hope dispel
The gloom upon the path I trod.

Of all that merry company,
Which stood beside me to the last ?
Which comforted my parting sigh ?
Which will abide when all is past ?
Friendship 'tis thou, whose healing balm
Is lightly spread o'er every wound,
Sharing our ills with loving calm ;
Thou whom I early sought and found.

And, Labour, thou, who hand in hand
With her can exorcise the soul,
Who canst all weariness withstand,
Whose solid tasks with time unroll,
Although thou travail grain by grain
To rear Eternity sublime,
Years, minutes, days thou canst detain
From the tremendous debt of Time.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The clouds draw closer, the oak trees groan,
On the verdant bank sits a maiden alone.
The billows are breaking with might—with might,
And she groans aloud to the desolate night,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

“ The world is a blank, and my heart is sore,
No hope of mine shall be granted more.
Father, recall me, if such thy will,
Of the pleasures of earth I have had my fill;
I have lived and I have loved ! ”

But all in vain were the tears she shed,
For no lamentation can wake the dead ;
“ Yet say what comfort can best atone
For the holy joy of the love which is gone,
That comfort shall be thine.”

“ Though all in vain are the tears I shed,
Though no lamentation can wake the dead,
The remedy which can best atone
For the holy joy of the love which is gone
Is the pang of Love itself.”

THE YOUTH AT THE BROOK.

By the brook the youth was sitting
And a wreath of flowers wound,
Watched the dancing petals flitting
In the ripples round and round.
So my days are passing, passing,
Ever restless like the burn,
And my youth is fading, fading,
As the drooping garlands turn !

Ask me not why I am mourning
In my budding youthful days,
When the bloom of Spring returning
Hope and joy to all conveys.
Ah ! the thousand voices darting
From awakening Nature round,
In my secret bosom smarting,
Do but grave a deeper wound.

What avails to me the pleasure
Offered by the fairy May ?
One I seek—one only treasure,
Ever near, yet far away.
Wide my arms are strained to clasp her,
Press the vision to my breast,
But, alas ! they fail to grasp her,
And my soul despairs of rest.

THE YOUTH AT THE BROOK.

Ah ! descend, my sacred beauty,
From thy proud embattled keep !
Flowers it shall be my duty
In thy fragrant lap to heap.
Hark ! with songs the grove is swelling,
Purls the brook serene and fair,
Spacious is the lowliest dwelling
To a happy loving pair.

THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT.

Thus it is we meet again
In the merry realm of song :
Fitting garlands let us train
To bedeck the tuneful throng.

But of all the Godlike host
Which deserves our tribute first ?
Surely he deserves it most
Who with pleasure slakes our thirst.

For what boots it that a soul
Ceres breathes into the shrine,
Or that Bacchus fills the bowl
With his rich empurpled wine,

If the spark be not from heaven
Which excites the sacred fire,
If the spirit be not riven,
If the heart do not aspire ?

Fortune must from heaven fall
As the mighty gods allow ;
But the greatest chance of all
Is the present moment—*Now* !

Since infant Nature had its birth
In distant ages far away,
The godliest triumph upon earth
Is thought, and thought's enlightening ray.

THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT.

Slowly, in the ages course
Stones are fitted, tier on tier ;
To the soul with lightning force
Shall th' accomplished work appear.

As the sun on earth below
Fairy-coloured fabrics limns,
As upon her brilliant bow
Iris through the ether skims,

So is every priceless boon
Fleeting as the lightning wave ;
Night is nigh, and all too soon
It must sink into the grave.

A MOUNTAIN SONG.

It is but a plank which bestrides the crevasse,
'Twixt life and eternity hovers the scale,
The giants of Nature are holding the pass
And angrily threats of destruction exhale.
Through the horrid domain thou must stealthily creep
Lest the terrible avalanche wake from his sleep.

A bridge there hovers far over the edge
Of the gloomy depths beneath which cower ;
No hand of mortal upreared that ledge,
That were beyond all mortal power.
The torrents may rage on it as they will
Early and late—it stands there still.

The yawning gate has a hideous mien
You might think it the gloomy realm of the dead,
Yet through it there smiles an enchanting scene.
As though fair Autumn the Spring had wed.
Ah ! could I but quit life's trouble and pain,
For aye in that glorious land to remain !

Four torrents adown to the level are hurled,
From a source which intruders can never molest ;
They roll to the uttermost ends of the world,
To the North, to the South, to the East, and the West ;
And as in their fury they burst from the womb,
So they rush till lost in eternal gloom.

A MOUNTAIN SONG.

Two pinnacles leap into space through the blue,
Whose summits no mortal below can descry ;
And there, in a veil of auriferous dew
Are the gambolling clouds, those fair maids of the sky.
Alone their mysterious course they keep
Where no intruder from earth can peep.

And there in her dignity poses the Queen ¹
On a throne which never shall dwindle away,
And her diamond crown with its silvery sheen
Sheds over her forehead a glorious ray.
The volatile sunbeams around her may thrill;
They can gild her, but warmth they can never instil.

¹ i.e. The Glacier.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

“ But the lambs demand thy care,
Those young lambs so blithe and gay,
As the tender grass they tear
And beside the streamlet play.”

“ Mother, mother, let me go
To pursue yon mountain roe.”

“ But why not the cattle mind
With thy horn’s enlivening strain ?
Soft and sweet the cow-bells wind,
Tinkling o’er the wooded plain.”

“ Mother, mother, let me go,
I must hunt that mountain roe.”

“ Rather tend those flowers bright
Which the beds with odours fill :
Does the garden not invite ?
And ’tis wild upon the hill.”

“ Oh ! the flowers—they will grow,
Mother, mother, let me go ! ”

So the youth a-hunting went,
Driven by resistless force,
And his hardy footsteps bent
Up the mountain’s darkest course :
And above him o’er the fell
Fled the quivering gazelle.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

To the rocky serried edge
With a certain foot she clings,
And from ledge to crumbling ledge
All unhesitating springs ;
 But the lad, with eager mind,
 Bow in hand, is close behind.

She pursues the rugged trail
And the loftiest peak ascends
Till the rocks behind her fail,
And her path to safety ends.
 Bottomless abyss below,
 Just behind the cruel bow.

She adjured the heartless man
With her dumb beseeching eyes ;
But th' appeal is made in vain,
On the string the arrow lies—
 When from out the vastness sheer
 See the mountain Wraith appear !

Thanks to his immortal might
Straight the trembling beast was free.
“ Shall thy power to kill and blight
Mount,” he cried, “ as far as me ?
 Why on my dear creatures fall ?
 Surely, Earth has room for all ! ”

DITHYRAMB.

Take my word for it
That the Gods never
Wander alone.

If I happen to come across Bacchus the jolly,
Up runs little Cupid with simpering folly,
And Phœbus I cannot disown.

They come and they come in their heavenly mirth,
And Deities people the mansions of Earth.

How shall I treat them,
Being but mortal,
They from the sky ?

Gods, grant me a taste of your being immortal,
But expect no return from this transient portal ;
Raise me to Olympus on high !

In Jupiter's halls is true bliss for the soul—
Then fill up the nectar, and pass me the bowl !

Hebe, the goblet !
Fill for the poet ;
In with the wine !

With heavenly dew let his eyeballs be blinded,
That so of the Styx he may not be reminded,
But think that he too is divine.

The heavenly fount murmurs glittering by,
Consoling the bosom and clearing the eye.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

The goblets are foaming with deep-coloured wine,
Right merry is every guest ;
When in comes the Poet the party to join,
Thus adding to good—why, the best ;
For nectar itself can no pleasure inspire
In heavenly circles deprived of the lyre.

The Poet by heavenly grace is endued
With a mind which all ages reflects :
Whatever has happened on earth he has viewed,
He can see what the future protects :
The earliest councils of heaven he shared,
To him the inscrutable seed was unbared.

To fancy he gladly abandons the rein
As he looks on existence around ;
This earthly abode in itself is a fane
To him—so the Muses expound.
No roof is so humble, no cottage so small
But he pictures them full of divinities all.

And just as that craftsman, the scion of Zeus,
In the circumscribed space of a shield
Could the heavens and earth and the sea introduce
In one single harmonious field,
So the Poet the stamp of unlimited space
Can impress on the moments as onward they race.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

He comes from the earliest ages of earth,
When the nations were youthful and green ;
And, a jovial traveller ever since birth,
All eras and peoples has seen.
Four ages of men have passed under his eye,
And now to a fifth he is ready to fly.

First Saturn bore rule with his justice and grace,
And day without change followed day ;
Then flourished the shepherds, an innocent race,
On whom not a burden could weigh.
They loved—and than love they entreated no more,
And Earth in her bounty replenished their store.

Then labour ensued, and bold mortals began
For monsters and dragons to seek ;
The mighty and conquerors pressed to the van,
And the powerful aided the weak.
To the banks of Scamander the battle-cry swirled,
But “the Beautiful” still was the God of the world.

But the battle was ended, and victory came,
And the gentle grew out of the strong ;
And the Gods stood forth ; and with single acclaim
The Muses broke out into song.
But the spirit of Phantasy never could last—
’Tis an age that is gone—’tis a dream of the past.

The Gods from their thrones in the heavens were torn,
Down clattered their temples and fanes ;
And the Virgin’s Son to the world was born
To heal man’s sins and pains.
The lusts of the senses were grappled and fought,
And man, to his comfort, took refuge in Thought.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

And the days of voluptuous pleasures are run,
Young blood from its folly desists ;
Abased are the penitent friar and nun,
The warrior takes to the lists.
If life in its aspect were rugged and wild,
Love, at least, remained gentle and charming and mild

The Muses a sanctified altar divine
All unostentatiously dressed ;
Then flourished whatever was noble and fine
In woman's immaculate breast.
And the glory of song was encouraged anew
By the lays of the troubadour loving and true.

Then so, an united harmonious pair,
Let Woman and Poet combine
The girdle, with equal and scrupulous care,
Of Beauty and Justice to twine.
Where Love is judiciously mated with Song
It is able the heyday of life to prolong.

PUNCH SONG.

Elements four
Bound in one thrall,
Counterfeit life,
Constitute all.

Juice of the lemon—
Squeeze it and pour !
Sharpness of life
Is the real core.

Now let the sugar,
Mellow and sweet,
Soften the bitter,
Temper its heat.

Now for the water !
Fill up the bowl.
Water well measured
Mixes the whole.

Dashes of spirit
It will require :
Nothing like spirit
Life to inspire !

Ere it evaporates
Quaff it in haste !
Only when strong
It refreshes the taste.

TO MY FRIENDS.

'Tis true, dear friends—and no one will deny—
That fairer times than ours have long gone by !
A nobler people here has had its birth,
As—did a jealous history not teach—
A thousand stones would testify in speech,
Hewed from the very bosom of the earth.
But those majestic times have passed away,
And we remain—the present day is ours.
That favoured race has mouldered in decay,
And we who live must exercise our powers.

Happier spheres there are in which to dwell,
My friends, as travellers for ever tell,
Than this our own perplexed and weary land.
But if by Nature we are shorn of much,
At least our hearts are quickened by the touch
Of Art bestowed with no reluctant hand.
'Tis true, from us the laurel may recoil,
The myrtle shrink before our Winter's grip,
But merry vines spring freely from the soil
To deck our brows with goodly fellowship.

In the great life without the tumults swell
Where continents their treasures buy and sell
Along the Thames, the market of the world.
All that is costly there you may behold,
And ships arriving with their canvas furled,
And ruling everywhere—the God of Gold.

TO MY FRIENDS.

Not upon turbid and torrential streams
The mirrored image of the sunshine plays ;
But on the silent brook with gentle beams
In friendly warmth twinkle the glancing rays.

More dignified than in our Northern lands
The beggar at the “Angel Portal” stands,
For what he looks on is—Eternal Rome !
Essence of beauty floats upon the air,
And Peter’s great incomparable dome
To heaven within a heaven may compare.
Yet Rome with all her glory and her pride
Is but the sepulchre of days gone by :
Only in healthy plants can life abide,
Such as can sip the moments as they fly.

Greater events and things there may have been
Than in this narrow life of ours are seen :
New !—Why, beneath the sun is nothing new !
All that is worthiest of every age
Is duly mustered on this worldly stage,
And passed deliberately in review.
The life of yesterday recurs to-day,
And Phantasy alone is ever young :
That only never suffers from decay
Which into actual being never sprung.

PUNCH SONG.

TO BE SUNG IN THE NORTH.

On the slopes of lofty mountains
Where the long-drawn Summers shine,
By the generous radiance quickened,
Nature bears the golden vine.

Her mysterious operations
Are concealed from mortal sight,
Her intention is unfathomed,
And inscrutable her might.

Sparkling like a son of morning,
Flashing like a fiery stream,
From the cask the liquor rushes
Crystal clear, with ruddy gleam.

It rejoices all the senses,
And the timid heart inspires ;
Calm and soothing hopes induces,
Strengthens life with new desires.

In our Northern clime the sunbeams
Spiritless and slanting lie ;
Leaves indeed they tinge with colour,
But the fruit they cannot dye.

Yet the North must live—and living,
Life with pleasure must combine ;
How then solve the knotty problem,
Grapeless, to dispose of wine ?

PUNCH SONG.

Pale and feeble is the liquor
We laboriously prepare ;
That which Nature's soul provideth
Sparkles ever bright and fair.

Let us gaily drain the goblet,
Even though the wine be sad ;
Art itself, which came from heaven,
Once an earthly being had.

All the majesty of power
Is enlisted on her side ;
With her own creative spirit
She can new from old provide.

By her overwhelming forces
Elements apart are riven,
And her artificial altar
Emulates the light of heaven.

To the happy favoured islands
Far away, the bark she steers,
And the fruits of Southern regions
Carries to our Northern spheres.

Let us see an allegory
In this rich, inspiring juice :—
Given will, and given power,
What can mortal not produce ?

A TROOPER'S SONG.

To horse with you, comrades ; saddle and mount !
To the battlefield's freedom away !
To the field where a hero is still of account,
And the valorous still has his day.
On nobody else can a man rely,
He must trust to himself to do or die.

From the world true freedom has disappeared,
But masters and slaves remain.
With guile and deceit it is domineered
By men of inferior strain.
Who looks death straight in the face, is free—
The warrior bold—and none but he !

The troubles of life he hurls aside ;
By fears and cares unvexed,
Right on his fate content to ride,
If not one day, on the next ;
And if on the next—why, the present employ,
And what remains of our time enjoy.

His lot by heaven is gilded with mirth,
He need not struggle and toil ;
The servitor probes in the bowels of earth
And labours in search of spoil.
He shovels, as long as he lives, for pelf,
And ends by digging a grave for himself.

A TROOPER'S SONG.

The trooper and his redoubtable horse
A terrible glamour invests.
While the wedding banquet pursues its course,
They come as unbidden guests.
His wooing is short, not with gold he charms,
But his love he imposes by force of arms.

Why is the maiden so pale and sad ?
No questions ! Let it pass !
No regular home has he ever had
For the love of an honest lass.
His wandering lot gives no repose,
And his heart is intact wheresoever he goes.

Then, boot and saddle, my hearties ! Come,
Your breasts to the battle square
While your youthful forces bubble and hum
And the fighting spirit is there !
Think not to compass a good old age,
Long life is none of your heritage.

A NADOWESSIAN DIRGE.

There he sits upon his mat,
Balanced bolt upright,
Sitting as afore he sat,
While he saw the light.

But where is the mighty gripe,
Where the hearty blast
Which he used from out his pipe
Spiritwards to cast ?

Where is that clear eagle eye,
Which in eager chase
Could the reindeer's track descry,
Through the dew drops trace ?

Where those limbs which could not flag,
Toiling through the snow ?
Strong he was as antlered stag,
Swift as mountain roe.

Where those arms so strong of yore
The mighty bow to twang ?
Life is out : he breathes no more,
His arms all listless hang.

Happy he, for he is gone
Far beyond the snow,
Where the crops, in kindly sun,
Unassisted grow.

A NADOWESSIAN DIRGE.

Birds in all the bushes trill,
In the woods is game ;
Fishes all the waters fill,
Frolicsome and tame.

Now in spirit-land he feeds,
While we linger here
Only to recount his deeds
And prepare his bier.

Come, your farewell presents bring,
Let your dirges plead ;
Bury him with everything
He may like or need.

Place the hatchet 'neath his hair
—Hatchet of the strong—
And yon juicy haunch of bear—
For the way is long.

And the keenly tempered blade
Which with dexterous blow
Scalp and skin together flayed
From his whilom foe.

Put a little colour in,
Place it in his hand,
So that he may dye his skin
In the Spirit-land.

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Fallen were the walls of Troy,
Priam's town in ashes lay ;
And the victor Greeks with joy
Bearing all their spoils away,
To the stately vessels wound
On the Hellespontine shore,
Happy people, homeward bound,
To their glorious Greece once more.
Into songs of triumph break !
Westward we will plough the foam.
Turn the ships, and let them take
Their rejoicing course for home.

And in long despondent row,
Mournful, sat the Trojan fair ;
Beat their breasts in bitter woe,
Pale, and with dishevelled hair.
With the sounds of revelry
Mingled their dejected song
As they told with flowing eye
Of their sacred country's wrong.
“ Fare thee well, beloved soil,
And the homes where we were bred !
After strangers we must toil—
Ah ! How happy are the dead ! ”

To the Gods who dwell on high
See how Calchas' altar smokes ;
Pallas, who can vivify
Towns, or raze them, he invokes.

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Neptune too, whose billows fling
Stormy girdles round the land,
Zeus, the terrifying King,
With the ægis in his hand.

Now the long drawn strife is past,
Patient force has won its prize ;
Time has worked its will at last,
And the city captive lies.

Atreus' son, the army's lord,
Counted up the dismal tale
Of the peoples who had poured
Erst into Scamander's vale.
Sorrow o'er his visage spread,
Drooped his kingly eye with grief,
For of those whom once he led
Few remained around their chief.

Break, then, into joyful song,
Ye who cherish thoughts of home,
Ye who still are blithe and strong !
For, alas ! not all may come.

" Nor all those who safe return
Shall enjoy their native land :
Where their own dear altars burn
May be clenched the murderer's hand.
Spared in battle, many a one
Lives to fall by felon's stroke."
—Thus Ulysses' warning tone,
Prompted by Athene, spoke.

Happy he whose spouse is true,
Keeps his household chaste and pure ;
Woman longs for something new,
And her faith is never sure.

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

And Atrides swells with pride
As he marks his captive's charms,
Presses closer to her side,
Clasps her in his favoured arms.
Evil deeds cannot prevail,
Vengeance dogs each grave offence,
Gods in heaven never fail
Even justice to dispense.

Evil must to evil lead,
Zeus with his avenging hand
Punishes with lightning speed
The inhospitable band.

“ Favoured mortals well may vie,”
Cries Oileus’ valiant son,
“ To extol the gods on high
Seated on their heavenly throne !
Fortune’s gifts at random pour,
Here and there by chance they rain ;
For Patroclus is no more,
While Thersites lives again.

Since, then, Fortune’s careless wheel
Heedlessly her favours gives,
He may truly favoured feel
Who a lucky lot receives !

“ War sweeps all the best away !
Where, my brother, Greeks are met,
Never shall thy name decay,
None thy powers shall forget.
When the Grecian navies burned,
Thine the arm which brought relief,
Yet the glorious prize was earned
By yon sly, accomplished thief.

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Gently may thine ashes rest !
Never foe thy might compelled,
Anger sweeps away the best,
Ajax 'twas who Ajax felled."

There it was that for his sire
Pyrrhus poured the golden wine :
" Could I to all lots aspire,
Father, I would covet thine.
'Mid the gifts of earthly life
None there is so great as fame ;
When the body falls in strife,
Still abides the glorious name.

Thy renown, by poets penned,
Hero, never shall decay :
True, this earthly life may end,
But the dead remain for aye."

" Lest the bards in duty fail,
Lest the vanquished 'scape their lays,
I," quoth Diomed, " my tale
Testify in Hector's praise !
Fighting valiantly, he fell
For his sacred altar's flame :
If the victor's fame excel,
Still was his the nobler aim !
For his hearth and home he died,
Verily his people's shield,
Till his direst foes decide
Honour to his name to yield."

And now Nestor, jolly soul,
Who three generations saw,
Hands the leaf-embowered bowl
To the weeping Hecuba :

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

“ Drink of this : it will restore,
And forget thy grievous smart ;
Wonderful is Bacchus’ power
To relieve a tortured heart.

Drink of this : it will restore,
And forget thy grievous smart ;
Wonderful is Bacchus’ power
To relieve a tortured heart.

Even Niobe, who fell
To the wrath of Heaven a prey,
Could her sufferings dispel,
Tasting of the fruity spray.
While the everlasting stream
To the lips in ardour leaps,
Sorrow flies—is but a dream,
Borne away in Lethe’s deeps !

While the foaming, living stream
To the lips in ardour leaps,
Sorrow flies—is but a dream,
Borne away in Lethe’s deeps ! ”

Godlike, with transfigured brow,
See the prophetess arise !
As she mounts the vessel’s prow,
Smoking homesteads meet her eyes :—
“ Life is but a smokelike veil !
As the wreathing pillars wane,
Earthly glories surely fail,
And the Gods alone remain.

Care attends the horseman’s hand,
Round the ship misfortunes weigh :
No to-morrow we command,
Therefore live we for to-day ! ”

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

Is this Spring upon the scene ?
Has the earth grown young again ?
Sunlit hills are clothed with green,
Loosened is the ice-bound chain.
Mirrored in the azure rill,
Smile serene and cloudless skies ;
Zephyr's breath has lost its chill,
Dainty flowerets ope their eyes.
Warbling notes the bushes cheer,
Cries the nymph in dulcet key ;
All the blossoms reappear,
But thy daughter where is she ?

By what long and devious ways
Have I sought her darling trace !
Titan, all thy piercing rays
Have assisted in the chase.
Yet not one has cast its eye
On the form I love so well :
Daylight, which should all descry,
Fails my dimness to dispel.
Has Zeus seized her for his own ?
Or, to her fair charms a slave,
Has grim Pluto whirled her down
By black Orcus' dreadful wave ?

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

Who upon that dismal strand
My misfortunes will make known?
Oft the vessel leaves the land,
But it bears the dead alone!
Ne'er did happy eye behold
Light on yonder plains forlorn;
And so long as Styx has rolled,
Living thing it ne'er has borne.
Thither many a path descends,
Never one returns above;
None those bitter tears commends.
To the Mother's anxious love.

Mothers sprung of Pyrrha's race,
Mortal, such indeed may brave
Hades, and their darlings trace
Past the terrors of the grave.
Only Jove's immortal heirs
May not see that gloomy land;
Blest are they whom Fate forbears
To oppress with vengeful hand.
Plunge me in the night of nights
Far from Heaven's bright domain;
Reck not of the Goddess' rights,
For they mean a mother's pain.

Where she sat in joyless state
On her spouse's gloomy throne,
There did I, a suppliant, wait
'Mid the silent shades, unknown.
Ah! her eye with tearful trace
Strains through those unlighted halls,
Wanders vaguely into space,
Never on her mother falls,

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

Till at length her love discerns—
To each other's breasts they fly !
Orcus' self with pity yearns,
Marks with sympathetic sigh.

Empty hope ! Unheeded cry !
In their order, calm and sure
Steadily the days roll by ;
Jove's decrees shall aye endure.
From that dark forbidding sight
Turns he his anointed head ;
Once enwrapt in yonder night,
She is distant as the dead—
Till that darkling stream shall glow
'Neath Aurora's roseate spell ;
Till fair Iris strains her bow
Right athwart the realms of Hell.

Surely, something must remain !
Some convincing proof that space
Real love can not restrain,
Of her hand some gentle trace !
Does no love-knot wind its thread
Round the mother and her own ?
'Twixt the living and the dead
Has no bond of union grown ?
Not too deeply must I sigh,
Still she bides within my reach ;
For the Gods who dwell on high
Grant at least a common speech !

When Spring's children pass away,
When before the Northern air
Leaf and floweret decay,
Stands the tree bereft and bare ;

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

Then the germs of life I shake
From Vertumnus' bounteous horn,
Praying Styx the seed to take
And return the golden corn.
Sad, I hide it in the ground,
Lay it on my darling's breast,
That a language it may found
And my love and grief attest.

When the Hours in rhythmic dance
Bring the Spring-time in their train,
Sunshine will dispel the trance,
What was dead will rise again.
Germs concealed from human eye
In the chilly womb of Earth,
'Neath the genial, tinted sky
Revel in a second birth.
Heavenward as the stem ascends
So the root in darkness hides ;
Styx with ethers justly blends,
Night with day its care divides.

For the attributes they share
Equally of life and death ;
From Cocytus' banks they bear
Welcome tones with gentle breath.
Though a prisoner she be
In the dreary depths below,
Spring's young blossoms call to me,
And this healing balm bestow :—
“ Tell that where the shadows reign,
Where no golden sunbeams thrill,
Love its might can yet maintain,
Loving hearts are faithful still.”

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

Hail, ye children of the field,
Children born of pastures new !
Your auspicious cup shall yield
Draughts of nectar's purest dew.
In the sunshine ye shall play,
Bathed in Iris' fairest beams ;
And your leaves I will array
In Aurora's golden gleams.
Whether Spring or Autumn reign,
Cheering glow, or withered leaf,
Let no tender heart disdain
Or my pleasure or my grief.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Fashion the ears in a chaplet of gold
Deftly commingled with cornflowers blue !
The Queen is approaching : her presence behold !
And every eye may rejoice at the view.
She comes all inordinate habits to tame,
And man with his fellow in peace to compose,
The wandering nomads of earth to reclaim,
And the peaceable comforts of home to disclose.

In the rocky clefts concealed
Humble Troglodytes lie low ;
Nomad races let the field
Perish, as they errant go.
Armed with deadly bow and spear,
Strides the hunter through the land.
Woe to strangers who appear,
Cast upon that fateful strand !

Ceres visited that shore,
Vainly seeking for her child ;
But a dreary face it bore,
And the land was stern and wild.
Ne'er a roof its refuge gave
As in anxious quest she trod,
And no temple's architrave
Testified an honoured God.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

No refreshing corn or fruit
Her distressing need await.
Human bones the fanes pollute,
And the altars violate.
Wheresoe'er her footsteps turned
Nought but sorrow could she scan,
And her lofty spirit burned,
Grieving for the fall of man.

Can this, then, be man indeed,
Fashioned on our godlike lines ?
This the well-appointed breed
Upon which Olympus shines ?
Did he not in trust receive
Earth for his appointed home ?
Is this all he can achieve—
Desolate, abroad to roam ?

Will no God his pity lend ?
None of the celestial choir
An almighty arm extend
To uplift him from the mire ?
True, high Heaven little heeds,
Looking on terrestrial woe,
But my anguished spirit bleeds
Human grief and pain to know.

And, that men be men indeed,
All their troubles let them share
With their mother Earth, and plead
For her kind maternal care ;
Reverence th' eternal laws
Which control the flight of time,
And the moon, who knows no pause
In its orbit's course sublime.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Soft she sweeps the mists aside
Which her silver glory shroud,
And in all her heavenly pride
Bursts upon th' uncultured crowd.
All the guzzling horde is there,
Revelling without control,
And the sacrifice they bear
In a foul blood-reeking bowl.

Horror-struck, she turns away
From the bloody, sickening sight :
Tiger-feasts no charm convey
To a god-like appetite.
Fairer gifts a God beseem—
Fruits which Nature's Autumn yields ;
Those who dwell on high esteem
Offerings from the simple fields.

And she tears the murderous shaft
From the hunter's clumsy hand,
And with its bloodthirsty haft
Graves a furrow in the sand.
Then she gathers from her crown
Just one germ-containing cell ;
In the furrow lays it down
Into generous growth to swell,

Till, adorned with blades of green,
All the earth transfigured lies,
Nodding with a golden sheen
Like a wood before her eyes.
And she blessed the smiling Earth
As the earliest sheaves she tied,
Chose the landmark as her hearth,
And in intercession cried :—

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

“ Father Zeus, who dwellst in space,
Ruler of the Gods on high,
Give a token that thy grace
On this offering will lie !
On these people pitying glance,
People who ignore thy name ;
Wake them from their grievous trance
That their God they may acclaim ! ”

And his sister’s earnest prayer
Rose to Zeus enthroned on high.
Crashed his thunders through the air,
Jagged lightnings tore the sky.
Whirling round the altar roared
Angry crackling tongues of fire,
And above the eagle soared
In its stately circling spire.

Then prone at the feet of that ruler divine
The rapturous crowds in an ecstasy throng,
And Humanity’s sentiments tend to refine
The barbarous spirits untutored so long.
Their murderous weapons behind them are cast,
Their darkened perception grows clear and serene
And the heavenly lesson they welcome at last
From the eloquent lips of the glorious Queen.

Then the Deities descend,
Each from his exalted throne ;
Themis marks the furrows’ end,
And directs the limit-stone.
Under her impartial hand
Every man receives his share,
And the bidden Stygian band
Witness to her justice bear.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

And the godlike smith behold,
Son of Zeus, whose facile skill
Bronze or plastic clay can mould
Slaves to his artistic will.
Deft his tongs and pincers clang,
Art his bellows doth endow :—
From his potent hammer sprang
First the civilising plough.

And in front with ponderous spear
See ! Minerva takes her post,
Speaks in accents trumpet-clear
And arrays the godlike host.
Hers it is to found and build,
Hers protection to afford,
Scattered worlds may be instilled,
Thanks to her, with warm accord.

And the heavenly band she leads
Through the wide-extended plain ;
Landmarks, wheresoe'er she treads,
Marking boundaries, remain.

And her measured links she throws
Round the emerald-capped hill ;
And the torrent, as it flows,
Learns an ordered bed to fill.

Nymphs and Oreads who pursue
Artemis the bold and swift,
Form a merry retinue
As their hunting spears they lift.
All advance to lend their aid,
And the joyful tumult swell,
As the pine trees' darksome glade
With their crashing tools they fell.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Then from green and sedgy deeps
Rises the weed-bearing God,
And his raft complaining creeps
Where he marks the goddess nod.
Now the Hours in light attire
Their accustomed task attend,
And the modest trunks acquire
Shape, and to persuasion bend.

And the Sea-God too appears—
With his trident's awful thrust,
Granite masses he uptears
From the Earth's tenacious crust ;
Swings them in his mighty fist
Like some trifling airy ball,
And, with Hermes to assist,
Crowns the battlemented wall.¹

Then Apollo's golden strains
Conjure Harmony sublime ;
Music weaves its subtle chains,
True in melody and time.
And the Muses join, and sing
With their measured ninefold tone,
Till, entranced, together spring,
Unassisted, stone and stone.²

Cybele the wide-winged gate
Fashions with experienced hand,
Cunning locks does she create,
Bolts and bars by her are planned.

¹ *I.e.*, The Wall of Troy.

² An allusion to the building of Thebes.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Quickly by immortal aid
Finished is the wondrous pile ;
Festal scenes its walls pervade,
And with pomp its temples smile.

And anon the godlike Queen ¹
With a myrtle crown proceeds,
And the youth of fairest mien
To the fairest damsel leads.
Venus and her darling boy
Deck the first assorted pair,
And the Gods with bounties cloy
These first objects of their care.

On the new-fledged burghers press
To the hospitable gate,
While celestial bodies bless
And confirm their proud estate.
Ceres at Zeus' altar tends
And the priestly office plies,
Hands in intercession bends,
And to all the people cries :—

“ Freedom seek the beasts of prey,
Free th’ Immortals dwell in space ;
Be their passions what they may,
Nature will assert its place.
But a man can only thrive
By reliance on his kind ;
He must live as others live
Strength and liberty to find.”

¹ *I.e.* Juno.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

Fashion the ears in a chaplet of gold
Deftly commingled with cornflowers blue !
The Queen is approaching : her presence behold !
And every eye may rejoice at the view.
'Tis she who has taught us our homesteads to prize
And she who has reconciled man with his mate ;
To her let our songs in festivity rise—
The beautiful mother, indulgent and great.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

Upon the battlements he stood,
Regarding in complacent mood
 Samos, o'er which he ruled in state.
“All this is subject to my sway,”
To Egypt's king he 'gan to say ;
 “Confess that I am fortunate.”

“Of heavenly favours great thy share !
And those who once thine equals were
 Now recognise thy sceptre's might.
But one there lives t'avenge them all ;
Thee fortunate I can not call
 While he keeps guard in angry spite.”

Ere from his lips the words had died,
Subservient at the Tyrant's side,
 A herald from Miletus bows :
“Let sacrificial fumes ascend,
And joyous leaves of laurel blend,
 My lord, around thy radiant brow.

“Thy foe lies stricken by a spear,
And Polydorus sent me here—
 Thy faithful chief—the news to tell.”
So speaking from a bowl he drew,
And offered to their shudd'ring view,
 A bloody head they both knew well.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

The king recoiled with horror struck :—
“ I warn thee still, beware of luck,
And,” he pursued with anxious glance,
“ Remember that thy squadron braves
The fickle winds and treacherous waves.
Of loss by storm how great the chance ! ”

And scarcely had he said the word
Ere sounds of revelry were heard,
And cheering from the harbour borne.
Rich laden from a foreign land,
To the familiar native strand
The many-masted ships return.

Astonished seems the royal guest :—
“ Thy luck to-day is manifest,
Yet tremble for its constancy.
The Cretan hosts in armèd swarms
Threaten thy land with war’s alarms,
And even now their van is nigh.”

And ere the words had ’scaped his lips,
Signals of joy pervade the ships,
And shouts of “ Victory ” ascend :
“ Delivered are we from the foe,
The storm has laid the Cretans low,
Triumph ! The war is at an end.”

Amazed, his guest the tidings hears.
“ Truly, thy fortune great appears !
Yet still I tremble for thy joy.
I fear the jealous wrath of Heaven,
For never yet to man was given
Pure happiness without alloy.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

“ I also have been fortunate ;
Each stroke of my despotic state
Has met with heav’ly favour kind.
But when I saw my chosen heir
God-stricken, I became aware
That fortune leaves a debt behind.

“ Wouldst thou immunity from grief ?
Then pray the Gods, in kind relief,
To shade thy luck with sorrow’s tone.
No man true happiness has gained
On whom the generous Gods have rained
Untempered benefits alone.

“ And if the Gods thy prayer deny
Upon a friend’s advice rely,
And *call* misfortune to thy side.
Whate’er thine heart accounts most dear
Amidst thy treasures, bring it here
And hurl it into yonder tide.”

Oppressed with fear, replies his host :—
“ Of all the wealth our isle can boast,
This ring in first esteem I keep.
An this can calm the Furies’ rage,
The peril of my luck assuage,
I here consign it to the deep.”

And as the morrow’s daylight broke,
Thus to the Prince a fisher spoke,
With pleasure sparkling in his eyes :—
“ My lord, this noble fish behold !
Never its like did net enfold.
To thee I humbly give my prize.”

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

But when the cook his knife applied,
In loud astonishment he cried,
 And ran the marvel to disclose.
“The ring, Sire, which thou used to wear
I found in yonder fish : 'tis here.
 Truly, thy luck no limit knows.”

Exclaims the horror-stricken guest :—

“With thee no longer can I rest,
Thy friendship I no longer own.
The Gods, 'tis clear, thy death design ;
I must away, or hazard mine.”

He spoke, embarked, and straight was gone.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Where chariot-course and strife of song
Unite the Greeks in joyous throng
On Corinth's isthmus, thither plods
Ibycus, darling of the Gods.
(With melody of noblest worth
His voice Apollo had endued.)
With lightsome step he sallies forth
From Rhegium in godlike mood.

Now peeping from its fastness high
Corinth attracts the traveller's eye ;
His faltering footsteps he inclines
To pierce Poseidon's grove of pines.
Here all is still, save that great bands
Of swarming Cranes his course attend,
Which towards more balmy Southern lands
Their course in grizzly squadrons wend.

“ I bid you welcome, friendly host,
Whose escort brought me to the coast ;
Your presence is a happy sign,
Your lot is on a par with mine.
Alike from distant climes we come,
And seek alike some friendly roof—
May we both find a generous home
Which from no stranger holds aloof ! ”

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

With blithesome step his way he takes
Athwart the wood's most central brakes,
When suddenly two murderous foes
The narrow path before him close.
To the unequal strife he springs ;

But sinks his arm with battle spent ;
Cunning upon the lyre's soft strings,
His hand no bow had ever bent.

He summons men and Gods to aid,
But all in vain his prayers are made ;
However clear his voice may ring,
Here it can touch no living thing.

“ Then must I here forsaken die,
On foreign soil, and undeplored,
A prey to basest villainy,
And none to wield th' avenging sword ? ”

/And as he totters, stricken sore,
Behold ! the Cranes with wingèd roar
Pass by ; and though his sight is dim,
He hears their near discordant scream.

“ By you, ye Cranes, above my head,
Unless some other voice arise,
Be this, my murder's story, spread ! ”
—And having charged them thus, he dies

The naked corpse is duly found ;
And though defaced by many a wound,
His host in Corinth soon perceives
The form of him whose loss he grieves.

“ And is it thus that I must find
The friend, of whom I thought but now
That soon the minstrel's crown would wind,
Well earned, around his radiant brow ? ”

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Deep-sorrowing, listens every guest
Assembled at Poseidon's feast ;
All Greece the dreadful story thrills,
Each sep'rate heart with anguish fills.
Straight to the President repair

The people in tumultuous mood ;
T'avenge the dead must be his care,
Avenge it in the murderer's blood.

But what the sign which, in this throng
Of surging people borne along
Eager to see the splendid games,
The guilty miscreant proclaims ?
Did robbers strike the felon blow,
Or some more treach'rous curious hands ?
—That Helios alone may know,
Whose eye this earthly stage commands.

E'en now perhaps amidst the Greeks
With calm and impious step he sneaks,
And while th' avenger gives him time
Enjoys the produce of his crime.
P'raps at the very temple's gate
He flouts the Gods in wantonness,
Or lurks among the crowd who wait
Through the theatre doors to press.

For tier on tier the people pack
Until the timbers groan and crack ;
From every quarter far and near
The Grecian tribes are waiting here,
Low murmuring like the ocean's roar.

The very building seems to spread,
As though its curving ranks would soar
Into the azure overhead.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Who tells the races, names the names
Of those who come to watch the games ?
From Theseus' city, Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, and from Sparta's land,
From distant Asia's torrid clime,

From all the islands of the sea,
They seek upon this stage sublime
The Chorus' wailing melody.

Who, after ancient precedent,
With slow and measured footsteps went,
Issuing from behind the scene,
And moving round with solemn mien.
So do no mortal women stride,

No mortal parents gave them birth,
Monstrous their bodies seem beside
The feeble puny sons of earth.

Mantles of black their loins conceal,
And in their fleshless fingers reel
Torches, whose dancing fitful glow
Their gleam on bloodless faces throw.
And where on human brows the hair
Enfolds the head with light caress,
The foulest snakes and vipers stare,
And close their poisoned bellies press.

With ghastly strains, in circle prim,
Anon they chant their doleful hymn,
Which seems the life's blood to control,
And chain each evildoer's soul.
Confounding sense, deluding heart,
The Furies sing with rising fire,
Making the inmost marrow smart ;
Nor will they brook the rival lyre.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

“ Happy the man who, free from sin,
Rejoices in a conscience clean !
Not him our vengeance would chastise,
Life’s path before him open lies.
But woe, aye woe, to him we bring
 Who bears the secret stain of blood !
Remorseless to his feet we cling,
Creatures of night, a gruesome brood.

“ And should he put his trust in flight,
Have we not wings of passing might ?
From far we hurl our fatal coils,
The fugitive is in our toils.
We hunt with wrath that never fades,
 Repentance serves him all too late,
We hound him to the very shades,
 Nor even there our rage abate.”

Anon they dance in rhythmic stave :
And silence, such as shrouds the grave,
Falls upon all the company,
As though the Deity were nigh.
Then, after ancient precedent,
 Around the stage with solemn mien
With slow and measured steps they went,
 And disappeared behind the scene.

And between truth and wonderment
Each quaking heart with doubt is rent,
And worships the tremendous might
Which, all unseen, protects the right ;
Unfathomable, unexplained,
 By which the threads of Fate are spun,
Deep in the human heart contained,
 Yet ever hiding from the sun.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Suddenly, from the highest tier
A solitary voice and clear
Is heard to cry :—“ Timotheus,
“ Behold the Cranes of Ibucus ! ”
And as he speaks the place grows dim,
 Obscured and darkened is the sky,
As, marshalled close in order trim,
 The whirling host of Cranes sails by.

“ Of Ibucus ! ” The well-known name
Stirs each excited heart to flame.
As ocean’s following billows rise,
From lip to lip the question flies :—
“ Of Ibucus ? whom we bewail,
 Who fell beneath the murderer’s hand !
What is this man, what means his tale,
 What bode these Cranes in threat’ning band ? ”

And round and round the question goes
Until a flash of insight shows
‘The truth to every heart :—“ Give heed !
This is the watchful Furies’ deed !
Avengèd is the pious Bard,
 The murderous caitiff stands confessed,
—Seize him, and place him under guard
 Who cried, and him who was addressed ! ”

How gladly would he now disown
His words, how gladly choke them down !
‘Tis vain ! their faces’ pale dismay
The guilty criminals betray.
Before the Judge they straight are haled,
 A judgment seat becomes the stage ;
By their own lips the truth detailed,
 They fall before th’ avenging rage.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Seest thou where yon hoary towers,
Each upon the other lowers,

Glittering in the sun like gold,
Where the Hellespont upwells,
Rushing through the Dardanelles,
'Gainst its craggy portals rolled ?

Dost thou hear the surges roar
On the boulders as they break ?
Europe they from Asia tore,
But true love they cannot shake.

Hero's and Leander's hearts
Quivered, smitten by the darts
Of the mighty God of Love.
She was decked with Hebe's grace,
He behind the rousing chase
O'er the mountains used to rove.
But their parents' deadly feud
Severed the affianced pair ;
And the fruit of love they viewed
Out of reach in blank despair.

There on Sestus' castled steep,
Where its waves in thunders deep
Hellespont projects in foam,
Sat the maid in sadness lost,
Gazing at Abydos' coast,
Where the dear one had his home.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Ah ! to that too-distant strand
No good-natured bridge is thrown,
No kind vessel is at hand :
Yet Love found the way alone.

Through the labyrinthine maze
Love her steps can always trace,
Fools with wisdom can endow ;
Trains the restive beast to pull,
Harnesses the fiery bull
To the adamantine plough.
Styx itself with ninefold stream
Her approach can not restrain,
Love her darling will redeem
E'en from Pluto's drear domain.

So 'mid this confusion dire
With the spur of keen desire
Did she urge Leander's mood.
As the sunlight downward crept
Straight the hardy swimmer leapt
Into Pontus' gloomy flood,
Burst the waves with mighty blows,
Wrestling towards the sacred shore
Where the beckoning torch-light glows
Beaming in an upper floor.

Happy he, that Love's embrace
Shall remove each chilling trace
Of his hard contested fight ;
Happy he for whom the charms
Of those tender gentle arms
Are reserved as his by right

HERO AND LEANDER.

Till Aurora's golden crest
Warns him from his dreams to wake,
Quit the warm and loving breast,
Seaward his return to make.

Thirty times the changing sun
On their stolen joys had shone,
Smiling on the favoured pair.
Quick the nights of pleasure flew,
Till th' Immortals curious grew
(Ever young and ever fair).
He alone knows perfect bliss
Who forbidden fruit has clasped,
On the brink of Hell's abyss
Has the heavenly clusters grasped.

Hesperus pursued his way
With Aurora night and day.
Yet the lovers failed to spy
The array of fallen leaves,
Saw not from its frozen caves
Cruel winter drawing nigh,
And as with the dwindling days
Shorter shrift the daylight ran,
Unto Zeus they rendered praise
For the nights' protracted span.

Now one measure marked the flight
Of the hours of gloom and light,
And the maiden from her steep
Watched the coursers of the sun
Their appointed orbit run,
Gazed impatient o'er the deep.

HERO AND LEANDER.

And the sea lay calm and still
Like a mirror clear of film,
Not a ruffle, not a thrill
Stirred in all that crystal realm.

Dolphin shoals in merry train
Gambolled in the silver main,
Scarcely to the eyesight lost ;
And in dark and grizzly guise
From the depths anon would rise
Tethys' parti-coloured host.
They the lover's stratagem,
They alone could have revealed ;
But the tell-tale words to stem
Hecate their lips had sealed.

And she loved the glorious sea,
And in tones of flattery
To the element exclaims :
“ Lovely God, thou couldst not lie ;
Him as traitor I defy,
Who thine honesty defames.
False the race of men may be,
Stony-cold a father's heart,
But from treachery *thou* art free,
Thou canst feel the lover's smart.

“ 'Prisoned by this dismal stone,
I had lived and mourned alone,
Wasting in eternal grief,
Had not thy kind surface borne,
Bark and bridge alike forsown,
One kind friend to my relief.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Awful are thy depths profound,
'Neath thy blows the granite reels,
 But on Love thou ne'er hast frowned,
Courage to thy heart appeals.

“Thou the sea-God, even thou,
Feltst the might of Eros' bow,
 When the golden ram in flight
Helle, fairest of the fair,
With her brother, sometimes bare
 O'er the sea which owns thy might.
Quickly by her charms ensnared,
 Thou didst from thy depths arise,
Tore her from the back she shared,
 And descended with thy prize.

“Now immortal, she abides
In the grotto 'neath the tides,
 Goddess at a God's right hand ;
Prone to aid a lover's flame,
Potent thy desires to tame,
 Swift to guide a bark to land.
Helle, lovely goddess, hear,
 Holy one, to thee, I pray :
Help my darling's course to steer
 Safely hitherward to-day.”

Darkness on the deep descends :—
Now her beacon she suspends
 Beaming from its lofty height,
That the well-known sign may lead
Her dear wanderer in his need
 Surely through the dismal night.

HERO AND LEANDER.

In the distance soughs the blast,
Black and stern the billows curl.
Star by star is overcast,
And the thunder-clouds unfurl.

Now o'er Pontus' watery plain
Night had fallen, and the rain
From the sky in torrents leapt.
Lightnings crackled through the air,
And the winds came rushing there
From the vaults wherein they slept.
Vast abysses open wide
In the surface of the deep,
Till its jaws no longer hide
Secrets they were meant to keep.

"Woe is me," exclaimed the maid,
As to mighty Zeus she prayed;
"Ah! what did I dare to ask!
What if my request was heard,
And my dear one has not feared
To attempt his wonted task!
All the sea birds, wheeling round,
Homeward bear with anxious wing,
Storm-tossed vessels seaward bound
Gladly to the haven cling.

"'Tis too true! his dauntless breast
Dared again the dreadful test,
By a mighty God deceived.
From the loving vows he swore
When we met to meet no more,
Now by death he is relieved.

HERO AND LEANDER.

At this moment, it may be,
All the tempest's rage he braves,
And alas ! the cruel sea
'Whelms him in its maddened waves.

" Fickle Pontus, thy repose
From deceitfulness arose,
Specious was thy glassy rest.
Peacefully thy billows lay
Till my darling went astray
On thy false and lying breast.
Now that, on his journey sped,
Thoughts of going back are vain,
On his poor deserted head
All thy terrors thou dost rain ! "

Louder still the tempest screamed,
Mountain-high the billows seemed,
As each wild pursuing surge
Seething o'er the boulders broke ;
E'en the ships with frames of oak
Perished on that iron verge.
Soon extinguished by the wind
Was the torch which marked the land.
Horror on the ocean reigned,
Horror brooded o'er the strand.

Aphrodite she adjured
Her assistance to afford
The terrific waves to lull.
To the angry winds she bowed,
And the richest offerings vowed,
E'en a golden hornèd bull.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Every God did she implore,
Every Goddess did she pray,
Pacifying oil to pour
On the waters' dread array.

"Hark, to my despairing cries ;
From thine azure halls arise,
Oh ! Leucothea divine !
To the sailor in distress
Oft in succour dost thou press,
Like a guardian angel shine.
Ah ! to him extend thy veil ;
Thy mysterious web can save,
Like a sheath of charmèd mail,
Him who wears it from the grave !"

And the angry storms subside.—
Heavenward Eos' coursers glide
On their upward journey free.
Like a burnished mirror spread,
Ocean seeks its former bed ;
Gaily smile both wind and sea.
Milder now the billows wash
Up against the rock-girt land,
And in sport with gentle splash
Cast a corpse upon the sand.

Yes, 'tis he, and even now,
Lifeless, he has kept his vow !
One sad glance the truth reveals.
From her lips falls no lament,
Not one fruitless tear is spent ;
Blank and cold her face she steels.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Fixt her eye in silence dwells
On the sky and ocean bleak,
And a noble colour swells
O'er her wan and bloodless cheek.

“ I perceive your cruel hand,
Ye dread powers, who demand
All your rights and none abate.
Now my earthly course is run,
Yet true fortune I have won,
And enjoyed a happy fate.
Living, in the holy shrine
Thine high-priestess I have been ;
Dying, my last breath is thine.
Aphrodite, mighty Queen ! ”

So, with robes in wild array
From th’ embattled tower grey
Straight she leaps into the wave.
Far into his drear domain
Wafts the God their corpses twain,
And himself supplies their grave.
Then, contented with his deed,
Gently ebbing, back he goes ;
And th’ eternal streams proceed
From the urn which ceaseless flows.

CASSANDRA.

Mirth through Trojan halls was ringing
Ere succumbed the fortress bold ;
Hymns of joy the bards are singing
To the harpists' strings of gold.
Men their weapons are forsaking,
Thoughts of battle lay aside,
Peleus' mighty son is taking
Priam's daughter for his bride.

Laurel every brow is binding,
And the crowd in surging bands
To the holy fanes is winding
Where the Thymbrian altar stands.
Vaguely humming, wildly heaving,
Sweeps the Bacchanalian host
Down the lanes and alleys, leaving
One sad heart in sorrow lost.

Joyless 'mid the joy prevailing,
Silent, did Cassandra rove,
And from human presence quailing,
Sought Apollo's laurel grove.
In the forest's dark recesses
Found the Priestess a retreat,
Tore the fillet from her tresses,
Crushed it grimly 'neath her feet.

CASSANDRA.

“ Happiness in ample measure
To all other hearts is weighed ;
My old parents find new pleasure,
Gay my sister stands arrayed.
But o'er me there ever lowers
Gloom, all sweet illusion flies,
And I see these hoary towers
Crumble with prophetic eyes.

“ I can see a torch-light glowing,
But 'tis not in Hymen's hand ;
Up to heaven I see it growing,
But no sacrificial brand.
Feasts I see in preparation,
Then th' approaching God I feel,
And with horrid fascination
Mark the blows he grieves to deal.

“ And they mock my bitter anguish,
And they cavil at my grief.
All alone my heart must languish,
Solitude my one relief.
By no glad acquaintance greeted,
Scorned by every joyous band,
Truly, I am sore entreated,
Harsh Apollo, by thine hand.

“ Why should I—ah ! cruel mission—
Thy dark oracles expound,
And unfold my prescient vision
To a town in darkness bound ?
Why should I see prematurely
Evils I can not allay ?
Fate's decrees are fashioned surely,
What we fear we can not stay

CASSANDRA.

“ Is it well, impending terror
 To expose, the veil to raise ?
Human life is nought but error,
 Knowledge only Death conveys.
Take, ah ! take this penetration
 From my eyes which probe too deep.
Ill it suits my mortal station
 Secret thy dread truths to keep.

“ Give, ah ! give me back my blindness,
 Let me in the gloom rejoice !
I have sung no human kindness
 While the mouthpiece of thy choice.
True, the future thou dost grant me,
 But the present says me nay.
Sere is life which should enchant me :
 Take thy cursed gift away !

“ Never have my locks been plaited
 In their bridal garb again
Since my life I consecrated
 To thy melancholy fane.
Youth for me was void of gladness,
 Grief and pain were all my share,
And my dear ones' every sadness
 Brought my gentle heart despair.

“ See, my playmates are contented,
 All around me loves and lives ;
Joy is everywhere presented,
 Mine the only heart that grieves.
Spring brings me no satisfaction
 Though the earth its glories cheer.
Who in life can find distraction
 If beneath its depths he peer ?

CASSANDRA.

“ E'en in her deluded yearning,
 Blest Polyxene I hold,
Who the noblest Greek is burning
 In her bridal clasp to fold.
Proudly is her bosom heaving,
 Scarce her rapture she conceals ;
And, in her fond dream believing,
 For no heavenly boon appeals.

“ And I too have been permitted
 On my chosen one to gaze,
Marked the suppliant glance which flitted
 From his eye with loving blaze.
Nought my spouse from me should sever,
 Toying in my home serene :—
But a Stygian shade would ever
 Nightly thrust itself between.

“ All her pale-faced spectres yonder
 Dark Proserpina doth bring,
And where'er my footsteps wander
 Hordes of ghosts around me cling.
In the sports of childhood nimbly
 Gambolling, my path they chain
In a horrid, grim assembly !
 Never can I smile again !

“ Lo ! the blade is elevated,
 And the murderous eyes I see ;
By my terror fascinated,
 If I would, I can not, flee.
And I can not look behind me,
 Calmly seeing, hearing all ;
Conscious of the fates which bind me
 In an alien land to fall.

CASSANDRA.

Still her doleful words were ringing
When a murmuring clamour spread,
From the distant temple springing :—
 Thetis' mighty son lay dead !
Eris shakes her snaky tresses,
All the Gods in haste are gone,
And the angry storm-cloud presses
 On devoted Ilion.

THE HOSTAGE :

OR,

DAMON AND PHINTIAS.

On Dionysius Damon glared ;
A dagger his mantle contains :
The guardians threw him in chains.
“Varlet, for whom was this dagger prepared ?”
The Tyrant exclaimed, “What hast thou dared ?
“To remove the Tyrant I meant !”
“On the cross thou shalt repent !”

And he straightly replied : “I am ready to die,
For life I do not pray ;
Yet would I crave delay.
For three days’ grace I would humbly apply
My sister’s marriage to sanctify ;
A hostage I leave my friend ;
Slay him if I fail to attend.”

Then smiled the King with cunning base,
And after a pause said he :
“Three days I grant to thee ;
But know that unless I see thy face
Within that time at this very place,
Thy punishment shall be stayed,
By him the penalty paid.”

THE HOSTAGE.

To his friend—"The King ordains," quoth he,
" My life's blood shall atone
For the evil I have done ;
Yet three days' grace he will not deny
My sister's marriage to sanctify :
Do thou go bail for me
Till I come to set thee free."

His friend embraced him, but never spoke,
Then hastened his person to yield,
While Damon plunges afield.
And ere the third red morning broke
His sister was joined in the holy yoke,
And he turns with anxious soul
To keep his stern parole.

Then down from heaven the waters pour,
The springs burst out of the hills
And swell the streams and ghylls :
With quivering steps he reaches the shore
To find that the bridge exists no more ;
The arch has given way,
Lost in the thundering spray.

Helpless he wanders along the strand ;
In vain he strains his eyes,
And raises despairing cries ;
But never a boatman lifts his hand
To take him across to the wished-for land,
No ferryman will dare
Tempt such a mad career.

THE HOSTAGE.

Down on the bank he falls with a groan
And to Zeus he raises his prayer :—
“ Ah ! Bid the torrent forbear !
The hours fly by, 'tis already noon,
And unless before the descending sun
In the city I can be
My friend must die for me.”

But with rising fury the current strives,
Billow gives billow chase,
And the hours are flitting apace.
Distracted with anguish, his courage revives
And into the furious waters he dives,
And swims with a mighty arm,
Saved by the God from harm.

And he hastens forward on reaching land,
Thanking the kindly God ;
When sudden there bursts on the road
Out of the darksome thicket at hand,
Barring his path, a nefarious band,
Whose threatening clubs delay
The wanderer's hurried way.

“ What would ye ? ” he cries in tones of grief ;
“ My life, which is all I bring,
Stands forfeited to the King,”
(And snatches the club from the nearest thief)
“ Ah ! spare me to go to my friend's relief ! ”
—Three fall beneath his might,
And all the rest take flight.

THE HOSTAGE.

And beneath the sun's unmerciful brand
 His wearied members quake
 And his knees begin to shake.
“ Oh ! hast thou foiled the assassin’s hand
And guided me safe through the torrent to land,
 That here I should fainting lie
 While my dearest friend must die ? ”

But hark ! there suddenly strikes on his ear
A silvery rippling sound,
 And he searches round and round,
When lo ! from the rocks he sees appear
A murmuring spring, impatient and clear,
 And he plunges in the pool
 His burning limbs to cool.

And the sun, looking down through the bower of green,
 Limns on the glowing mead
 The trees’ gigantic shade,
When lo ! two hurrying forms are seen
Pressing along with impatient mien,
 And their words he plainly heard—
 “The cross must now be reared.”

Then anguish of mind restores the use
 Of his tottering limbs, and anon
 In the beams of the setting sun
He sees the towers of Syracuse ;
When his faithful servant Philostratus
 Meets him in dire dismay,
 Hoping his path to stay.

THE HOSTAGE.

“Ah ! Back ! 'tis too late to save thy friend,
But save thyself and be wise ;
At this very moment he dies.
From hour to hour did he depend
On thy return, and had faith to the end.
Not all the Tyrant's scorn
His trust in thee could turn.”

“And if 'tis too late to appear by his side,
To save his life too late,
In death I will be his mate.
The Tyrant shall never declare in his pride
That a friend by his promise has failed to abide.
He shall slay me too, and prove
The measure of sterling love.”

When at even he reaches the gates at last
The cross is already raised,
And the gaping crowd stands dazed.
Already the rope o'er his friend is cast,
But he elbows the mob, and crushing past
Cries—“Hangman, set him free ;
He was but bail for me !”

Then the people's surprise finds eager vent
As the friends embrace again
And weep for joy and pain.
And there was not an eye but in tears was bent,
And the wonderful news to the King was sent,
And, touched by a merciful thought,
To his throne he had them brought.

THE HOSTAGE

And long he looked ere his lips could frame
The words—“ Your point is gained,
Behold in me your friend.
True faith, I see, is no empty name ;
To be your companion I would claim !
Henceforth I only care
Your fellowship to share.”

THE DIVER.

“ Is there a knight or squire who dare
Dive into yonder abyss ?
A golden goblet lies buried there,
Above it the waters boil and hiss.
Whoever presents it again to my sight
Shall keep it for ever : I grant him the right.”

Thus spake the King, and speaking, hurled
The cup from the cliff where he stood,
Into the seething gulf which whirled
Far below in Charybdis’ flood.
“ Again, I demand, is there any so bold
As to search in these depths for my goblet of gold ? ”

Never a word spake Knight or Squire,
But stood with downcast eyes ;
Nor does one of the band aspire
To earn for himself the golden prize.
“ Is there none,” once more the monarch cried,
“ Who will venture to fathom the depths of the tide ? ”

Yet, never a one the silence broke
Till a noble Squire and proud,
Hurling aside his girdle and cloak,
Stepped from the ranks of the faltering crowd ;
And there was not a witness of the scene
But noted with wonder his gallant mien.

THE DIVER.

And as he approached the angry brow
 And gazed beneath, he saw
The flood which Charybdis swallowed but now
 Rolling back from her terrible maw.
And with the distant thunder's boom,
 Burst foaming from that dismal womb.

It writhes and it bubbles, it curdles and seethes,
 Like water and flame at bay ;
And billow on billow in steaming wreaths
 Break sky-high in eternal spray.
—Yet no relief :—and it seems that the main
 Is great with an ocean, yet labours in vain.

But at last the tumult abates, and lo !
 A black and silent well
Gapes through the foam, and seems to go
 To the very bottom-most depths of Hell.
And the bounding waves in the pride of their might
 Are drawn to the vortex, and vanish from sight.

Quickly the youth, ere the fury revives,
 Commits his soul to God :
One cry of horror from all—he dives,
 And disappears in the hurtling flood.
The cruel jaws close over their prey,
 Th' adventurous swimmer is lost for aye.

All is still save a hoarse and muttering sound
 Borne from the depths without cease ;
And from lip to lip the prayer goes round :
 —“ Noble young hero, rest in peace ! ”
But hoarser and hoarser resounds the cry,
 And the critical moments will never go by.

THE DIVER.

If the crown itself in the gulf were thrown,
And the finder should wear it as King,
Yet would I not choose, for the sake of the crown,
So dear a prize from the deep to bring.
No living soul shall ever tell
What is hid in the womb of this watery Hell.

Full many a craft in yon terrible reel
Has vanished beneath the wave :
But at most some shattered mast or keel
Returns from the all-devouring grave.
—And the sigh of the storm comes clearer and clearer,
The moan of the tempest ever nearer.

It writhes and it bubbles, it curdles and seethes
Like water and flame at bay ;
And billow on billow in steaming wreaths
Break sky-high in eternal spray.
And with the distant thunder's boom
Rise boiling from that dismal womb.

—But see ! Through the darkling waters there
A something of snowy white !
A glistening neck the sea lays bare,
And an arm which wrestles with desperate might.
—“ It is he ! In his other hand, behold !
He brandishes gaily the goblet of gold.”

And a deep and powerful breath he drew
As he hailed the light of day.
And the joyful shout resounds anew :
—“ He is safe ! It cannot drag him away.
His arm has been able his spirit to save
From the boiling depths of the watery grave.”

THE DIVER.

He lands : and the people press around,
A cheering and jubilant ring ;
As, lowly kneeling upon the ground,
He proffers the golden cup to his King.
The King to his daughter makes a sign,
And she fills the goblet with sparkling wine.

“ Long live the King ! Ah ! happy ye
Who live in this rosy light !
It is awful yonder beneath the sea !
To tempt the Gods can never be right.
And never, I warn you, be so bold
As to seek what the Gods in their mercy withhold.

“ With lightning speed I was downwards whirled,
When from a rocky seam
A counter-torrent was upwards hurled,
And I writhed in the grip of a double stream.
And like a top in its dizzy course,
Was hurried away by the mastering force.

“ But God, unto whom I fervently cried
(As I thought) with my latest breath,
Showed me a coral ledge at my side :
—I clutched it, and thus eluded death.
And there on the rocks hung the goblet of gold,
Which else had descended to fathoms untold.

“ For below me it still lay fathoms deep
In a distant, purple, gloom :
And although the ear should happily sleep,
No rest for the eye in that horrible tomb ;
For Salamanders and Dragons dwell
Rampant, there in the jaws of Hell.

THE DIVER.

“ Around in an odious crowd they press,
—And in loathsome masses sway ;
The Dog-fish, marvel of ugliness,
The staring Cod, and the spiny Ray ;
And, with cruel teeth full grinning at me,
The Shark, that ubiquitous scourge of the sea.

“ And there I clung, with terror possessed,
Alone with the hideous brood ;
One only living human breast
In the midst of this awful solitude ;
Far from the voice or help of men,
Deep interned in the monsters’ den.

“ And methought, in my terror, one crept towards me,
With an hundred arms outhung :
He snatched—and in my agony
I released the coral to which I clung.
—Again I was seized by the whirl in its might ;
But ’twas well, for it hurried me back to the light.”

Almost bewildered stood the King,
And said : “ The goblet is won ;
And I promise thee also this costly ring
Enriched with many a royal stone,
If thou plunge again, and bring me word
What visions the bottom-most depths afford.”

His daughter listened with anxious heart,
And from coaxing lips came the prayer :
“ —Nay, father, enough of this terrible sport,
He has done for you what none other dare.
And if your keen mind further knowledge desire,
’Tis the turn of the knights to abash the young squire.”

THE DIVER.

Then the monarch flung the cup amain
Into the whirling sea.

“ Bring me,” he cried, “ the goblet again,
And I dub thee knight of the first degree,
And this very day thou shalt her embrace,
As thy spouse, who now pleads with such earnest grace.”

Then a heaven-born might possessed his soul,
And his eyes with ardour flashed,
As over her features the blushes stole,
Then faded, and left her pale and abashed.
Such a glorious prize he is bound to win.
—For life or for death he plunges in.

The roaring breakers come and go
As the thundering echoes proclaim ;
All eyes are bent on the gulf below,
But the waves come ever and ever the same.
Boiling they rise, and boiling retire,
But none bears back the gallant young squire.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

“ A true sister’s love, Sir Knight—
That thou mayst attain ;
But no other love invite,
For ’twould cause me pain.
I would see thee calm draw near,
Calm depart as well.
In thine eye I mark a tear :—
Why, I can not tell.”

And he hears in dumb distress,
But can scarcely heed ;
And with one intense caress
Leaps upon his steed.
At his rigorous behest
All his Switzers come,
Bound (the cross on every breast)
To the holy tomb.

There are feats of derring-do
Wrought by heroes’ arms ;
And their plumes go crashing through
Unbelieving swarms.
And the Toggenburger’s name
Scares the pagan host,
Yet no peace his heart can claim,
No relief can boast.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

For a year he strove with grief,
Then could bear no more.
All in vain he sought relief,
And his arms forswore.
Lo ! a bark on Joppa's strand :
Full her canvas swells,
And he hies him to the land
Where his darling dwells.

And the pilgrim knocked at last
At her castle gate.
Open, true, the gate was cast,
But, alas ! too late.

For these words his ears assail
As it opens wide :—
“ Yesterday she took the veil,
Now is Heaven's bride.”

Then for aye he steals away
From his fathers' home,
Leaves his weapons to decay,
Lets his courser roam.
Quits his castle's lordly height,
Wandering in despair,
With his noble limbs bedight
In a shirt of hair.

Just a little hut he rears,
And from thence he sees
Where the convent wall appears
'Mid the linden trees.
From the earliest sunbeam's slope
'Till the evening glow
There he sits in eager hope,
Hoping through his woe.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

On the cloister many an hour
Did his glances hang,
Watching o'er his darling's bower
For the lattice' clang ;
Till the dear presentment showed
Like some sculptured queen,
And in reflex glory flowed
O'er the tranquil scene.

Then he laid him down to sleep,
Deadening his pain
With the thought that dawn would peep,
Morning break again.
Thus he sat for years on years,
Hiding every pang,
Only quickening his ears
For the lattice' clang.

Till the dear presentment showed
Like some sculptured queen,
And in reflex glory flowed
O'er the tranquil scene.

So he sat till, on a day,
Passed his flickering breath,
But the lattice o'er the way
Claimed his eyes in death.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Why is the crowd thus rushing down
The humming streets? What ails the town?
Does conflagration spread alarm
In Rhodes? Else why this anxious swarm?
Above the surging people high
A Knight on horseback I espy:
Behind him through the startled throng
Some monstrous beast is dragged along.
It seems to bear a dragon's shape,
With alligator's jaws agape;
All press to see th' unwonted sight,
The dragon and the gallant Knight.

A thousand voices cry with glee:
"It is the very dragon, see!
Who slew our flocks and herds; but now
This valiant Knight hath laid him low.
Many a one of noble worth
To tempt this strife has sallied forth,
But never left the dreadful field:
All honour to the victor yield!"
—Then the procession passes on
Up to the convent of St. John,
Within whose grey and solemn gate
The Knights are met in high debate.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Before the noble master there
The youth appears with modest air ;
Behind him surges up the crowd,
And fills the stair with uproar loud.
—He broke the silence first, and quoth :
“ I have fulfilled my knightly troth,
The dragon who laid waste the land
Is dead, the victim of my hand.
The wanderer may stroll again,
The herdsman scour the fertile plain,
The pilgrim to the shrine may wind
His toilsome path with easy mind.”

Stern looked the Prince, stern was his tone :
“ The *hero’s* part was nobly done.
’Tis valour which adorns the Knight,
And thine is proved unflecked and bright ;
But say, in what must first consist
His duty who would war for Christ,
Who wears the cross upon his mail ? ”
—And all who heard him speak grew pale.
Replied the Knight with noble grace,
Though bending low his burning face :—
“ Who dares that glorious sign display,
And worthily, must first obey.”

“ And this first call,” the Prince replied,
“ Thine insolence has set aside.
The conflict under ban declared
Thy wanton mood, my son, has dared.”
—In modest tones exclaimed the youth :
“ Sire, judge me when thou knowst the truth,
For truly thought I to fulfil
The law’s intention and thy will.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

'Twas not in unconsidered rage
I went the monster to engage ;
By craft and well-conceived address
I fondly hoped to win success.

"Five of our order, each the boast
Of our religion had been lost,
Impelled by zeal, when thy command
Forbade the strife to all our band.
But all the while my moody breast
With thirst for battle was possessed ;
Yea, in my dreams at dead of night
I tossed and panted for the fight ;
And as the morning dawned again
And made me conscious of my pain,
My heart with sullen wrath would swell,
And straight I vowed to break the spell.

"Then would I ask myself this truth :
What makes the man, adorns the youth ?
What did those doughty men of old,
Of whose renown the minstrels told,
Who for their God's eternal fame
Set darkened heathenesse aflame ?
In their adventurous course they freed
The world from many a monstrous breed ;
The lion's fury they assuaged,
The Minotaur in arms engaged,
Eager their life's blood to expend
The weak to help, the poor defend.

"But is the Infidel alone
By Christian sword to be o'erthrown ?
Are none but Pagan Gods his foes ?
No ! every ill he must oppose ;

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

An universal guardian he
To save the world from tyranny.
—Yet must his valour have recourse
To cunning, wit must cope with force.
—So thinking, oft my steps I bent
Upon the monster's trail intent;
Then, all at once my toil was crowned,
And loud I cried :—‘The way is found !’

“ And came to thee, and, Sire, made bold
My homesick cravings to unfold.
Thou heardst my prayer with favour kind.
—Th’ estranging sea soon lay behind.—
—Scarce had I reached my native land
Ere I engaged a master hand
The dragon’s counterpart to frame,
Each well-known lineament the same.
On short mis-shapen feet, behold !
The monstrous carcase, fold on fold ;
And on his back each glittering scale
Protects him like a sheath of mail.

“ His swaying throat strains out before,
Appalling as Hell’s very door,
His jaws their monstrous width display
As though they hankered for their prey,
And gleaming in the depths below
His teeth appear in threatening row.
His tongue with keenest metal vies,
And lightnings sparkle in his eyes.
Where the portentous body ends
A loathsome serpent’s form depends,
And round and round itself it coils
As if some foe were in its toils.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

“ I formed it thus to nature true,
And coloured it a grizzly hue :
’Twas salamander, dragon, snake,
In one, from some envenomed brake.
—Then, when the image was complete,
I chose a brace of bull-dogs fleet,
Alert and sturdy, of a race
Inured the fierce wild-ox to face ;
And cheered them on with blindfold rage
The dreadful monster to engage ;
To pin him with each pointed fang,
And on his flanks remorseless hang.

“ And where their teeth might best avail,
Upon the belly’s lighter mail,
There, in the weakest place, I told
The dogs to fix their stubborn hold.
Now would I mount my Arab steed,
(A courser of the rarest breed)
And ripe to hand my darts dispose.
—Then, as my courser’s mettle rose,
Sudden I charged, and made him feel
The fury of my spur-shod heel,
And hurled my dart with fervent aim
In hope to pierce the giant frame.

“ My frightened steed might prance and rear
And champ his bit in natural fear,
The hounds might shirk the dreadful view,
I paused not till their trade they knew.
Daily the practice I maintained
Till thrice the moon had waxed and waned ;
At length when every point was clear
With flowing sail I brought them here.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

—As yet three days are scarcely o'er
Since safe I landed on this shore ;
I scarce allowed my limbs to rest,
Yearning the mighty scheme to test.

“ For hotly burned my heart to know
The land again was plunged in woe ;
But now some herdsmen had been found
All mangled near that marshy ground,
And taking heart alone for guide,
I vowed the issue to abide.
My plans to my esquires I showed,
Then straight the well-trained steed bestrode,
And guided by the noble hounds
Through secret paths, by devious rounds,
Concealed from every human eye,
I rushed the monster to defy.

“ Thou knowest, Sire, the little church
High on its rocky mountain perch,
Built on the pious master's plans,
Which all the island's limits scans.
Although it looks so small and bare,
A miracle is hidden there :
The Virgin with the infant Child,
(By the three holy Sovereigns willed)
Thrice thirty steps the pilgims tread
To reach the summit overhead :
Arrived, the Saviour's presence near
Soon dissipates their dizzy fear.

“ Beneath the church a cavern deep
Burrows into the rocky steep,
Dripping with moisture from the fell,
Wherein no ray from heaven may dwell.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Here crouched the reptile, night and day
Intently watching for his prey.
And thus the hellish creature sate,
A sentinel at God's own gate ;
And as some toiling pilgrim strode
Unconscious, past his grim abode,
The monster, bursting from the gloom,
Would drag him to his awful doom.

“ But ere I joined the deadly strife
I mounted to the highest cliff ;
Kneeling before the heavenly child,
With God my soul I reconciled.
And in the holy place I stand
And gird me with my naked brand,
Then gripping firm my trusty lance,
Down to the battle I advance.
In rear I leave th' attendant train,
To each his duties I explain,
And springing lightly on my steed,
Commend to God my urgent need.

“ Scarce had I reached the level ground
Ere joyous bays each gallant hound ;
My frightened horse begins to rear,
And pants and trembles in his fear,
For close at hand in placid coil,
Basking upon the sun-baked soil,
The monster spreads his hideous mail.
Madly the dogs their foe assail ;
But quick as lightning they withdraw
When he distends his mighty jaw,
And belches forth a poisoned stream
Which whistles like the jackal's scream.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

“ But soon their courage comes again,
Once more they charge with might and main,
Meanwhile I cause my spear to fly
With fury ’gainst the monster’s thigh ;
But, like a slender reed, it fails
To penetrate his armoured scales ;
And ere the stroke I can renew
My courser rears and shuns the view,
Starting before that glassy stare,
And sidling from the poisoned air.
Backward he reels with frenzied speed :
—And now my case is sore indeed !—

“ With lightning speed to earth I spring,
And swift my naked sword unsling ;
But never blow, however fierce,
Prevails the flinty hide to pierce.
Anon his tail comes lashing round,
And sends me reeling to the ground ;
Within the gaping jaws I see
The cruel fangs expecting me,
When the good hounds with furious cry
Straight at the monster’s belly fly,
And fix their teeth and rend amain
So that he bellows, mad with pain.

“ And ere he can shake off their grip
On to my feet once more I leap,
And marking well th’ unguarded part,
I drive my blade into his heart
Up to the very hilt. His blood
Springs high, a black envenomed flood ;
Reeling, he falls inanimate,
And bears me down beneath his weight.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

—My senses fail : and when at length
I wake with fresh-recovered strength,
I see my servants leaning o'er
The Dragon dead and steeped in gore.”

Then loud applause, till now suppressed,
Bursts forth from every hearer's breast,
While thus the Knight concludes his tale.
Aloft the very rafters quail,
As to the vaulted roof arise
In echoing storm th' approving cries.
“A crown of triumph should endow,”
The chapter shout, “the hero's brow.”
And all the folk without the gate
Would witness his triumphant state.
But dark and stern the master stands,
And silence in the hall commands.

Quoth he : “'Tis true, thy valiant hand
Hath slain the terror of our land ;
But, Godlike to the folk below,
Thou comest back thine *Order's* foe.
An evil thing thy soul possessed,
As noisome as the vanquished pest.
The serpent round the heart which clings,
And discord and corruption brings,
That is the headstrong stubborn mood
Which by no law can be subdued,
Our Order's holy peace alloys,
And happiness on earth destroys.

“Courage the Mamlouk will display,
The Christian's part is to obey ;
Here where the Lord of power and might
Thought fit in menial garb t' alight,

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

The Fathers on this holy ground
Resolved our covenant to found,
And the first duty to fulfil
Was to place bounds on selfish will.
Since empty fame has stirred thine heart,
I bid thee from my sight depart.
The sacred yoke who will not bear
Loses the right the Cross to wear."

At this a thrill pervades the crowd,
The hall resounds with murmurs loud,
As all the Brethren grace implore.
But, gazing mutely on the floor,
The noble youth his cloak removes,
Salutes the strong, stern hand he loves,
And goes.—All look in blank dismay,
When soft the master bids him stay,
Crying, "Embrace me *now*, my Son,
A harder battle thou hast won.
Receive this Cross : it is the prize
Of meekness and self-sacrifice."

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

A pious youth was Fridolin,
And in all godly fear
He held the Countess of Savern
Who was his mistress dear.
She was so gentle and so good ;
And e'en in her more hasty mood,
He would have hastened to fulfil
Her every wish with hearty will.

From the first dawning streak of day
Until the vesper bell
His only wish was to obey,
In duty to excel.
And did his lady counsel rest,
Into his eyes the tear-drops pressed ;
He thought his duty left undone
If not by wearying efforts shown.

Him, then, o'er all the menial train
The Countess chose to raise ;
From her fair lips did ever rain
Unmeasured words of praise.
Her servant he no longer seemed,
Rather her darling son esteemed ;
Upon his handsome face her eye
Was ever dwelling joyfully.

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

Thereat in huntsman Robert's heart
A dark resentment rose.

(With lust to play some cruel part
Long time his bosom glows.)

To the hot-blooded Count he went,
Whose ear was all too lightly lent,
And coming from the hunting field
The seeds of doubt he thus instilled.

“ How fortunate, Sir Count, art thou,”
Quoth he with cunning deep,
“ Suspicion's poisoned voice, I trow,
Ne'er mars thy golden sleep ;
For what a noble wife is thine,
Girdled with chastity divine ;
Loyal fidelity t' ensnare
Drives the seducer to despair.”

Then rolls the Count his flashing eye :
“ What dost thou tell me, knave ?
On woman's virtue to rely—
As fickle as the wave ?
A flattering tongue she aye demands.
My faith on sounder footing stands.
None dares, I hope, his eyes to turn
Upon the Countess of Savern ! ”

The other spake : “ Thou thinkst aright ;
Only thy passing scorn
Should he, who so presumes, excite,
—A fool and menial born—
Who on his mistress dares to raise
His wicked thoughts and wanton gaze.”
—“ What ! ”—thus the trembling Count began
—“ Dost speak of any living man ? ”

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

“Was that which filled the mouths of men
Still from my Lord concealed?
Then let not what has 'scaped thy ken
By me be first revealed.”—

“Speak ! for thy life, thou villain, speak,”
The other cries with frenzied shriek :
“Who dares on Cunigond to look ?”
“—Well, it was of the Page I spoke.

“The youth is of no common frame,”
He craftily pursued,
While hot and cold the Count became,
And quivered as he stood.

“Then didst thou never notice, Sir,
That he had eyes alone for her ?
For thee at table had no care,
But ever languished round her chair ?

“See here the verses which he sent
His passion to confess”—
“Confess !”—“And which, impertinent,
For mutual ardour press.

The Countess, with compassion filled,
Doubtless the truth from thee concealed :
My hasty words I now regret ;
—But, Sir, what cause for thee to fret ?”

Into the little wood hard by
The Count in fury turns,
To where in roaring industry
His iron-furnace burns.
By many a busy toiling hand
Early and late the blast is fanned ;
The sparks out-fly, the bellows groan
As though to fuse the solid stone.

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

The might of fire, the water's force,
Are here united found ;
The mill-wheel in the current's course
Goes ever round and round.
All day and night the workshops ring,
In time the ponderous hammers swing,
And yielding to those mighty blows,
The very iron plastic grows.

Two of the men he bids attend,
And thus explains their task :—
“ The one whom first I hither send,
And who proceeds to ask :—
‘ Have ye obeyed our master well ? ’
Him cast into yon fiery hell,
Till but his ashes shall remain,
Nor let him vex my sight again ! ”

Thereat rejoiced th’ inhuman pair,
With murderous lust possessed,
For hard and cold as iron were
The hearts within their breast.
With zeal the bellows do they ply
And heap the raging furnace high,
And with bloodthirsty zest prepare
The fated victim to ensnare.

Then Robert to his fellow cries
With black hypocrisy :—
“ Hither, my lad, at once ; arise !
My lord has need of thee.”
The master speaks to Fridolin :
“ Make haste the iron-works to gain,
And ask the men who labour there
If my behests have had their care.”

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

Replied the youth : "I haste to go."

And girded him with speed :
But paused, reflecting that *she* too
His services might need.

Unto the Countess then he went :—
"Down to the foundry I am sent ;
What can I do to please thee, say ?
For *thy* commands I first obey."

On this the lady of Savern

Replied in gentlest tone :
"To hear the blessed mass I yearn,
But suffering lies my son.
So go, my child, and, kneeling, tell
A pious prayer for me as well,
And if repentant be thy prayer,
I too, perchance, thy grace may share."

And on this welcome errand bound,
He took his course amain
With joy, and time had scarcely found
The village end to gain,
When on his ear in tones sublime
Resounded the sonorous chime
Which, telling of forgiveness sent,
Bids sinners to the Sacrament.

"Do not the loving God evade
When in thy path He lies !"
So saying, for the church he made.
No sounds of worship rise.
'Tis harvest, and the reaper wields
His sickle in the glowing fields.
No choir is present to sustain
The mass with disciplined refrain.

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

The resolution straight he made
The Sacristan to play ;
“ That which leads heavenward,” he said,
“ Is surely no delay ! ”

About the Priest with mien abased
The stole and bands he humbly placed,
Then set himself with pious care
The holy vessels to prepare.

And when the altar he had dressed
He meekly took his stand,
As an assistant, by the Priest,
The Office in his hand.
To left and right in turn he knelt,
And on each slightest signal dwelt,
And when the holy Sanctus came
Rang thrice to greet the sacred name.

And as the Priest devoutly bends
And o'er the altar, calm,
The very present God extends
In his uplifted palm,
The Sacristan proclaims the spell
Upon the clear and silvery bell,
And all kneel down, and every breast
Is crossed before Christ manifest.

Each function thus in order due
He did with ready thought ;
The ritual of God's house he knew,
By inner conscience taught.
Nor wearied till the service ceased,
And to the parting folk the Priest
The *Dominus vobiscum* said,
And a devout departure bade.

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

First all to order he restored
And set in fair array,
And swept the sanctuary adored,
And then he went his way
With mind at peace along the road
To where the iron foundry stood ;
And the full number to uphold,
A dozen Paternosters told.

And when the chimneys came in view,
He shouted to the hands :—
“Have ye been careful, lads, to do
Our noble Count’s commands ?”
A leer upon their features came,
And pointing to the raging flame ;—
“*His case is settled,*” they replied ;
“The Count will learn our work with pride.”

Straight to his master this reply
With utmost haste he took,
Who gazed upon him drawing nigh
With wonder-stricken look.
“Unhappy one, whence com’st thou, say ?”
“Sir, from the iron foundry.”—“Nay !
Then on the road thou hast delayed !”
“Sir, it was only while I prayed.

“For when this day I left thy side
(For this thy pardon, Sir !)
First to my mistress I applied :
—My duty is to her.—
The holy mass she bade me hear,
And this I did with joy sincere,
And told four Aves at the shrine
For her salvation and for thine.”

THE WALK TO THE FOUNDRY.

At this the Count in agony
Shuddered with bitter pain :
—“ And at the foundry what reply,
My lad, didst thou obtain ? ”
“ My lord, their answer was obscure,
For, pointing to the furnace door,
'*His case is settled*', they replied,
'The Count will learn our work with pride.' ”

“ And Robert,” thus the Count pursued,
Seized with a chilly sweat,
“ I sent him also to the wood :
Surely, ye must have met ? ”
“ Sir, neither wood nor open field
Did any trace of Robert yield.”
“ Then,” cried the Count with awe-struck tone,
“ The will of God Himself is done ! ”

And gentler than had been his wont,
He took his servant's hand,
Led him the Countess to confront,
(Who failed to understand)
And said : “ This child is angel pure :
Let him, I pray, thy grace secure !
If evil counsellors were ours,
On him the grace of Heaven showers ! ”

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

At Aix-la-Chapelle in his regal array
King Rudolph ascended his place
In the hoary old castle, to honour the day—
The feast of his crowning to grace.
The dishes were served by the Prince of the Rhine,
The Lord of Bohemia handed the wine ;
And all the Electorate—seven to wit—
(As stars in the firmament circle the sun)
The Potentate hail, and leave nothing undone,
No charge of their dignified office omit.

And under the canopied balcony's frame
Encouragements loyal and loud
Half deadened the blare of the trumpets' acclaim
From the dense and affectionate crowd.

For here was an end of the period dread
Without an imperial governing head ;
A judge among men was established again.

No need to avoid the inconsequent blow,
The mild and the meek could their terrors forgo,
And past was the bold braggadocio's reign.

And the Emperor brandished his goblet of gold,
And said in a satisfied tone :—
“This feast my imperial state will uphold,
The banquet is worthy my throne ;

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

But where is the minstrel high thoughts to suggest,
And stir to emotion the chords of my breast
With learning illustrious, music divine ?
For so I was favoured when even a boy ;
And what, as a Knight, I was wont to enjoy,
As Monarch, I swear shall be certainly mine.”

Then out of the circle of princes around
The heavy-girt minstrel appears,
And his dignified forehead with silver was crowned,
For he bowed 'neath the weight of his years.
Sweet melody sleeps in his golden strings,
And of love requited the minstrel sings.
He sings of all that is highest and best,
What heart can hope, and the mind esteem—
“ But what at this feast were a worthy theme ?
What is the Emperor's own behest ? ”

“ Unworthy it were to dictate to a bard,”
The affable Emperor cries ;
“ To a loftier master *he* turns his regard,
His topic the moment supplies.
For just as the hurricane screams through the air,
And its turbulent origin none can declare,
As waters arise from mysterious deeps,
The song of the bard from his consciousness flows,
And life on the sensitive feeling bestows
Which deep in the soul half inanimate sleeps.”

Then hastened the quivering fingers to trace
Melodious measures and clear ;
And he chanted :—“ A hero rode forth to the chase
Pursuing the fugitive deer.
On his arrogant courser he trotted before
While his arms, in attendance, a menial bore.

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

And as he rode over the wandering plain
A silvery tinkle saluted his ears—
'Tis a priest who "the Host" in its majesty rears,
And a reverend acolyte comes in his train.

" And the Count in humility bowed to the ground,
Uncovering, as beseemed ;
Acknowledging Him with an ardour profound
Who the whole of mankind redeemed.

Now the brook which babbled across the way
To a furious torrent was swelled that day,
And the wanderer threatened with ominous force ;
So laying the Elements down at his side,
Barefooted, the priest with a confident stride
Affronted the torrent's imperious course.

" ' What doest thou ? ' shouted the Count in surprise.—
' My Lord, I am fain to repair
To the bed of a poor fellow-creature who dies,
And pines for the heavenly fare :
But lo ! as I reached the familiar side,
The bridge was engulfed by the thunderous tide
And carried away by the watery waste.
To bear to the sufferer heavenly aid
Barefooted I now would endeavour to wade,
And traverse the flood in importunate haste.'

" Then yielded the Knight his caparisoned steed
And handed the sumptuous rein,
That the suffering man might be served in his need,
The Priest from no duty abstain.
Then mounting himself to his menial's place,
Contented, he followed the joys of the chase.—
Meanwhile, the good priest had his errand achieved,
And his eye with a genuine gratitude burned
The following morn, as he humbly returned
The steed to the Count who his care had relieved.

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

“ ‘ Now Heaven forbid,’ in humility cried
The Count, ‘ that to trumpet or horn
That courser again I should dare to bestride
Which my very Creator has borne !
An thou must refuse him as spoil of thine own,
Attribute him then to God’s service alone !
To God I commit him, who wields the control
Of honour, of all my terrestrial wealth,
Of all that I value in power and health,
The blessing of life, and the gift of a Soul.’

“ ‘ Now God the Almighty, whose fostering care
Attends to the cry of the weak,
Grant you now and ever such honour to wear
As you for His person bespeak.
Thy power, Sir Knight, we can all understand,
And thy prowess is blazoned through Switzerland.
Six daughters thou cherishest charming and fair.
Now may they,’ he cried in a passionate tone,
‘ Be mothers of whole generations unknown,
And a governing crown may each one of them share !’ ”

Then, deep in reflection, the Emperor mused,
And thought over days gone by ;
And as he regarded the singer, confused,
His meaning he read in his eye.
The face of the priest to his memory rose,
And, dreading his swift-welling tears to expose,
He buried his lineaments under his cloak.

Then all who surrounded the Emperor’s throne
Perceive that the Count and the Kaiser are one,
And blessings upon their good master invoke.

THE GLOVE.

Before his Lion Court,
Keen for the tourney's sport,
King Francis sat on a day.
Around were the mighty ones of the land,
And up in a balcony, close at hand,
The ladies in bright array.

And as with his finger a sign he made,
Wide opened the gates in the palisade ;
A lion is seen
With stately mien.
He glares around,
But makes no sound ;
He yawns disdain,
And shakes his mane,
And stretching once more,
Lies down on the floor.

Another sign is made by the King
A neighbouring portal open to fling—
With a furious crash
And a ponderous dash
A tiger springs in.
The lion he views,
And with roaring pursues,
And lashes his tail
Like the sweep of a flail ;

THE GLOVE

He exhibits his fangs,
And cautiously hangs
At a distance secure
From the lion demure,
And snarls and howls—
Then quietly prowls
And lies at the lion's side.

Again a signal is made by the King.
The doors of a den are opened wide,
And forth a couple of leopards glide.
With lust of battle they prowl around,
Then furious on to the tiger bound.
But they succumb to the terrible paws,
And next the lion opens his jaws
And roars aloud : then all is still.
With glaring eyes with lust which thrill,
There the terrible beasts of prey,
Ranged in an awful circle, lay.

Then some fair hand from the terrace above
Into the lists let fall her glove.
Fluttering down from the gallery gay,
Between the lion and tiger it lay.

With a bantering tone fair Cunigonde
To the Knight Delorges cried :—
“ An thy love for me, Sir Knight, be as fond
As often thou hast sighed,
Then bring me, I pray thee, my glove again ”

The Knight, unanswering, vaulted amain
Into the lists from above.

With confident stride and an easy grace
He boldly affronted that horrible place,
And rescued the delicate glove.

THE GLOVE.

With terrified wonder the stirring sight
Was witnessed by every lady and knight,
And as he returned with the glove in his grip
His praises resounded from lip to lip.
And Cunigonde with a tender glance,
Which seemed to augur his fortunate chance,
Stepped forward her lover to greet.

But he hurled the rescued glove in her face :
“ Thy thanks, my Lady, are out of place ! ”
—And they parted, never to meet.

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

A youth there was who, burning with a thirst
For knowledge, to Egyptian Sais came
In hopes the wisdom of the Priests to learn.
Some grades his ready wit soon left behind,
But his inquiring spirit urged him on
Until the Priest could hardly satisfy
Th' inquirer's zeal.—“ Why, what do I possess,”
Exclaimed the youth, “ unless possessed of all?
Is there, then, here a greater and a less?
And are thy verities, as fancy bids,
Only a sum which, be it great or small,
May be obtained and utilised at will?
Are they not indivisible and one?
Take from a perfect harmony one tone,
Deprive the rainbow of a single tint,
And what remains is nothing, if there fail
Complete perfection in those notes and hues.”
And thus conversing, once they found themselves
Wandering into a sequestered fane,
Where to his wonderment the youth observed
An image deeply veiled, of giant size.
And turning to his guide : “ What,” he demands,
“ Does yonder veil beneath its folds conceal ? ”
“ The Truth,” is the reply.—“ What,” cried the boy,
“ ‘Tis nothing else but Truth that I pursue,
And must I find that just that Truth is veiled? ”

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

“That with the Deity thou must arrange,”
Replied the Priest. “No mortal, 'tis ordained,
Shall lift this veil till I do so myself.
And he who with unconsecrated hand
Shall earlier the mystery expose,
He, saith the God”—“Well?”—“He shall see the
Truth.”

“A strange oracular decree! and thou,
Hast thou thyself the secret never probed?”

“I? No indeed! And have not even felt
So tempted.”—“That I can not understand.
If but this veil divided me from Truth.”—

“And a command, my son,” struck in his guide.

“More weighty than perchance thou dost divine
Is this thin gauze—light truly to thine hand,
But on thy conscience hundredweights it loads.”

O'erwhelmed in thought, homeward the youth re-turned;

But the consuming eagerness *to know*
Robbed him of sleep, he tossed upon his couch,
And rose at midnight.—To the temple straight,
In spite of him, his faltering footsteps turned.

An easy task it was to scale the wall,
And with one leap the bold adventurer stands
Right in the inner precincts of the fane.

Here he makes pause, and notices with awe
The lonely, lifeless silence which prevails,
Only disturbed by the re-echoing clang
Of his own footfall in the secret vault.

Above, athwart the breaches in the dome
The moon projects a pale and silvery ray.
And, awful as a very-present God,
Clear in the shadow of the arched recess
In its long shroud the image brightly gleams.

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

Anon advancing with uncertain stride,
He lifts his hand the holy thing to touch,
When hot and cold his bones alternate thrill,
And by an unseen arm he is repulsed.
“Unhappy man, what wouldest thou do?” So cries
Within his consciousness a warning voice.
“Wouldst thou presume the holiest to tempt?
No mortal, so the oracle declared,
Shall raise this veil till it is raised by me.”
“Thus spoke he, but did not the speaker add:—
‘Whoever lifts this veil shall see the Truth?’”
“Be what there may behind, raise it I will.”
In rising tones he cries:—“I will behold!”
“Behold!”
Thus does the mocking echo make reply.

The last is said:—and he has drawn the veil.
“Now,” ye will ask, “what object met his gaze?”
I know not.—Void of consciousness and pale,
So on the morrow was he prostrate found
By the attending Priests at Isis’ feet.
Whate’er he saw, whatever then he learned
His lips have never told: but gone for aye
Was all the former gladness of his life,
And sorrow bore him to an early grave.
“Woe be to him,” his warning voice would say
When urgent questioners around him pressed,
“Woe be to him who seeks for Truth through sin!
For Truth so found no happiness will yield.”

THE PARTITION OF THE WORLD.

“ Here, take the world,” cried mighty Zeus, addressing
Mankind at large from his high throne above.

“ I give it you for ever with my blessing ;
But share it with fraternal love.”

Then hastened every hand to the partition :

With equal ardour young and aged came.
The crops aroused the husbandman’s ambition,

The young blood fixed upon the game.

The merchant ran to fill his stores with treasure,

The Abbot singled out the oldest wine,
The King blocked roads and bridges at his pleasure,
And cried : “ A tithe of all is mine.”

Just at the last, when all had been provided,

The Poet came : he came from far away.

Alas ! no more remained to be divided,
And all things owned some master’s sway.

“ Ah ! Woe is me ! am I alone neglected,
Of all mankind thy dearest, truest son ? ”

Thus wailing loud, in attitude dejected
He crouched before Jove’s awful throne.

“ If thou to dwell in dreamland hast elected,”
Replied the God, “ lay not the blame on me.

Where wast thou when the sharing was effected ? ”
“ I was,” the Poet said, “ by thee.”

THE PARTITION OF THE WORLD.

“ Mine eye upon thy countenance was dwelling,
Thy heavenly harmony entranced mine ear ;
Forgive the mind thine influence compelling
Rendered oblivious of this sphere.”

“ What can I do ? ” said Zeus, “ for all is given ;
The harvest, sport, the markets, all are seized.
But an thou choose to live with me in heaven,
Come when thou willst, and I shall be well pleased.”

THE STRANGE MAIDEN.

A vale there was, whose simple folk
Perceived with each returning year,
Just as the earliest larks awoke,
A strange and lovely maid appear.

Her birth the valley could not boast,
Where she had come from none could tell ;
And every trace of her was lost
The moment she had bid farewell.

Her presence caused an honest mirth
All hearts and spirits to invade,
And yet her dignity and worth
Familiarity forbade.

Enchanting blooms and fruits she bore
With gay profusion in her hand,
Grown on some more prolific shore,
The products of a sunnier land.

To every one she gave a share—
To this some fruit, to that a bloom ;
And whether young or bowed with care,
All turned their footsteps richer home.

Welcome were all, but if by chance,
Hand clasped in hand, some lovers passed,
For them was her most favoured glance,
And they received her very best.

THE IDEAL AND LIFE.

1 Calm and transparent, as a mirror bright
Flows Life along with Zephyr wings bedight
Where dwell the blest in their Olympian state.
Moons may decay, and generations wane ;
The roses of their godlike youth remain,
Immutable, amid the general fate.

A timid choice is granted to mankind
'Twixt sensual happiness and peace of soul.
Only upon celestial brows are joined
The two united under one control.

2 Wouldst thou on earth aspire a God to be,
And of the regions of the dead be free,
See that thou pluck not of the garden's fruit !
Enough upon its sheen to feast thine eyes,
For all too soon some new desire will rise
Possession's transient pleasures to confute.
Why, Styx himself, who ninefold trammels bound
About her, could not Ceres' daughter stay :
She grasped the apple, and thenceforth was bound
The will of dismal Orcus to obey.

3 The body leans upon those powers alone
Which influence Fate's darkest, dreariest zone ;
But free from pressure of the passing storm,
The playfellow of Nature at its best,
Meanders in the precincts of the blest,
Divine 'mid deities—Ideal Form.

THE IDEAL AND LIFE.

If thou wouldst rise upon celestial wings,
The little pains of earth thou must ignore ;
Abandon count of mere terrestrial things,
And to the realms of the Ideal soar !

4 Young ever, and from earthly blemish free,
In light of perfect uniformity,
Here is man's image by the Gods designed.
As silent phantom forms which lived of yore
Gleam when they wander on the Stygian shore,
So these, within the heavenly frame inshrined,
Once had their place, before th' immortal fell
Down to the dark sarcophagus of earth.
If in the world the scales uncertain dwell,
'T is *there* that victory proclaims its birth.

5 'T is not your limbs from battle to excuse,
Nor in the weary courage to infuse,
That the victorious banner flutters here.
Implacable, although you fain would rest,
Life hurries you along upon its breast,
And Time involves you in its wild career.
And should the pinioned ardour of the soul
Shrink from the threatened limits to its flight,
Look down at last upon your well-earned goal
From Beauty's calm and enviable height.

6 If it be worth to govern and protect,
One champion 'gainst another to project,
Fortune and honour in the lists to gain,
There may audacity be wrecked on force,
And as the chariots thunder in their course,
They mingle helpless on the dusty plain.
He only can obtain the victor's meed
Whose courage presses to th' arena's prize.

THE IDEAL AND LIFE.

Only the strong to conquer fate succeed,
The weakling in disparaged odour lies.

7 While rugged rocks the stream of life enclose,
In boiling leaps tumultuous it flows ;
Yet how pacific wells that very stream
Through Beauty's shadowy pastures as it purls,
And on its silvered mirror-face unfurls
Now Hesperus, and now Aurora's beam.
Here mutual love a tender balm inspires,
And weaves a bond of sympathetic grace ;
In peace repose inimical desires,
And the arch-foe no longer finds a place.

8 When Genius burns impatient, by his skill
Th' inanimate with being to instil—
His very self with matter to unite—
Then is the moment every nerve to strain,
That noble Thought victorious may reign
Over mere Element's obstructive might.
To him alone who never seeks repose
The rippling fount of Truth can be revealed,
And to th' artistic chisel's mastering blows
Alone will adamantine marble yield.

But penetrating even Beauty's sphere
Toil must attend, and 'mid the dust adhere
To matter which with glory it invests.
Not from the mass laboriously wrung,
But light, as though from merest essence sprung,
Th' enchanting image every eye arrests.
All doubts and difficulties pass away
As victory unfolds its certain plan,
And there remains no symptom to betray
Th' inherent indigence of mortal man.

THE IDEAL AND LIFE.

When in mankind's ignoble trappings dressed
Before the bar divine ye stand impressed,
And guilt approaches the immortal throne,
No wonder that thy vaunted merits pale
In face of Truth ; that dubious actions quail
When the Ideal makes its power known :—
Perfection is for no created thing.
And over this impenetrable deep
No vessel plies, no kindly bridge may spring,
In it no anchor can its holding keep.

Be not alone by narrow Reason taught,
But freely rise to the domain of Thought,
So dark illusions soon will be outgrown,
Abysses will no obstacle present.
Thy spirit and the Deity's cement,
And God half way will meet thee from His throne.
The rigid law's unyielding fetters bind
Only the slave who treats them with disdain ;
Against the dull resistance of mankind
The very majesty of God is vain !

Torn by the pangs to which mankind is heir,
Like some Laocoon, who in despair
Struggles against the horrid serpent brood,
No wonder man revolts, and that his cries
Ascend to the reverberating skies,
And bend the hearer to a melting mood !
Victorious echo Nature's awful voice !
Let pallor blanch the too-exalted brow,
And your immortal element rejoice
Before a sacred sympathy to bow !

THE IDEAL AND LIFE.

But in that light exhilarating sphere
Where Beauty's form is focussed sharp and clear,
The storm no longer howls amid the boles ;
Th' emancipated spirit knows no pain,
Tears flow no longer, and uncurbed remain
The natural yearnings of impulsive souls.
Fair, as when Iris' many tinted bow
Transforms the weeping cloud to sparkling dew,
So on the murky veil of sorrow glow
Consoling flashes of celestial blue.

Alcides once, obeying the behest
Of an unworthy master, went in quest
Of all the perils which on life attend ;
Strangled the lion, laid the hydra stark,
Nor feared to enter Charon's dreadful bark,
While yet in life, to liberate his friend.
And all the miseries mankind which rack
The unforgiving Goddess loved to place
Upon her enemy's long-suffering back
Until completed was his earthly race.

Until the God, shedding his worldly guise,
Renounces man, and seeks the flaming skies,
Quaffing th' entrancing ether at its birth.
Rejoicing in his new-born power of flight
Upward he mounts, and up, till lost to sight
Is every vision which recalls the earth.
His ears transfigured, revel in the strains
Which from the portals of Olympus roll,
And with a just relief once more he drains
The heavenly nectar from a heavenly bowl.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

I.

A bridge there is of pearls, that marches
Over a grey and darksome mere :
One instant served to build its arches
And raise them to the giddiest sphere.

Behold the tallest pennons steering
Untrammelled 'neath its springing height ;
No fardel may it bear, appearing,
As you approach, to fade from sight.

'Twas born 'mid flood and demolition,
Then dwindled as the streams were checked—
That bridge, say, where is its position ?
Who was its skilful architect ?¹

II.

It bears thee miles and miles away,
And yet it never leaves its place ;
No pinions has it to display,
Yet wafts thee through the realms of space.
Its speed no vessel can excel
Which ever wandering sailor bore,
And o'er the ocean's angry swell
Like thought it leaps from shore to shore ;
Demands one moment, and no more.²

¹ The Rainbow. ² The Telescope, or Imagination.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

III.

On an illimitable mead
Sheep silver white in thousands graze ;
And where to-day we see them feed,
There have they been since ancient days.

They never age, and mildly quaff
Life from a ne'er-exhausted burn ;
A shepherd tends them, and his staff
Presents a crescent silver horn.

As through the golden gates they press
His precious flock he nightly counts,
And never has a lamb the less
Although the steep so oft he mounts.

A dog controls the wandering train,
A lusty ram points out the way :
What is that flock ? Canst thou explain ?
And who the careful shepherd ?—Say !¹

IV.

A house there is of lordly mien,
Ethereal walls its roof sustain,
No passer by is ever seen,
And in its precincts none remain.
Constructed on heroic lines,
'Tis finished by an artist hand,
And for the lamp which through it shines
Itself provides the glowing brand.
Its ceiling is like crystal clear,
Composed of one translucent stone ;
Yet did its builder ne'er appear :—
Say, is that wondrous builder known ?²

¹ The Moon and Stars.

² Earth and Heaven.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

V.

Two buckets, hanging side by side,
Over a well depend :
If to the surface one you guide,
The other will descend.
Alternate on the rope they pull,
Now one and then the other full,
And while you take a sip from this,
That is immersed in the abyss.
The cooling draught for which you sigh
Together they can ne'er supply.¹

VI

This picture dost thou recognise
Which its own lustrous light provides,
Assumes an ever changing guise,
Yet constant and undimmed abides ?
'Tis compassed in the smallest space,
Its framework is the narrowest bound,
Yet all dimensions leave their trace,
And through it everything is found.

Then give this crystal gem a name,
Its worth all precious stones transcends ;
It blazes, yet without a flame,
And all the world it comprehends.
The very heaven is portrayed
Within that little magic ring,
And visions which its zone invade
Still fairer from the circle spring.²

¹ Day and Night.

² The Eye.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

VII.

A structure built in days of yore !
No house it is, nor yet a fane.
Ride for a hundred days or more
To girdle it—the task is vain !

While generations passed away
It braved the stress of storm and time ;
It courts the sky-roofed ocean spray,
And cloudward its free turrets climb.

In no vainglory was it reared,
It serves to cherish and protect.
Its like on earth has ne'er appeared,
Yet human was its architect.¹

VIII.

Of all the cruel serpent race
One, of no earthly breed,
Is noted for the foremost place
In fury and in speed.

Its voice in awful accents swells
When threatening to strike,
And with one crashing blow it fells
Rider and horse alike.

The highest summits it affects ;
Bars are of no avail,
No castle 'gainst its wrath protects,
It *loves* a coat of mail.

¹ The Great Wall of China.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

It splits in twain like brittle reeds
The tallest, stoutest tree ;
And triple brass it lightly kneads,
However hard it be.

This monster, which such dread inspires,
But once its threat fulfils :
In its own generated fires
Dissolving, as it kills.¹

IX.

We number six, and owe our birth
And training to no common pair :
Our sire was ever full of mirth,
Our mother was a slave to care.

Some of our worth to each we owe—
Softness to her, lustre to him—
Round you in circling dance we go,
And, ever young, we lightly skim.

All dark secluded nooks we hate,
And revel in the light of day ;
The world itself we animate
And charm with our mysterious sway.

We come with Springtime's earliest breath,
And its inspiring numbers tell ;
We shrink from the domain of death,
For all around us life must well.

None with our succour can dispense,
When men are happy, we are by.
Talk of a king's magnificence—
'Tis we the dignity supply !²

¹ Lightning.

² The Six Primary Colours.

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

X.

Although inadequately prized,
Yet suited to the greatest king,
Like a keen sword, it is devised
To violate.—What is that thing ?

Though wounding oft, no blood it sheds,
Makes many rich, takes nought by stealth ;
Earth's surface it has overspread,
And brought it happiness and health.

Kingdoms have risen through its might,
The oldest cities it could rear ;
The torch of war it ne'er did light,
And happy they who hold it dear !¹

XI.

I dwell in a rigorous mansion of flint,
And quietly sleeping I lie
Till the impact of iron impresses a dint,
When forth in a moment I hie.
Invisible first, I was little and weak,
With a puff you might blow me away ;
One dew-drop could smother me just in a freak ;
But my pinions soon obtain play.
If my powerful sister but come to mine aid,
I will spread in my wrath till the world is afraid.²

XII.

A dial is my coursing ground ;
I never take a moment's rest ;
Small is my orbit, and its bound
Were by a pair of hands compressed.

¹ The Ploughshare.

² A Spark from Flint and Steel

PARABLES AND RIDDLES.

Yet swift as arrow from a bow,
Swift as the tempest roars through space,
Full many a thousand miles I go
Ere I complete my little race.¹

XIII.

A bird it is, which cleaves the air
Easily as the eagles soar ;
It is a fish, which can compare
With no sea-monster known before ;
It is an elephant, which holds
Whole battlements upon its back,
And it recalls the sinuous folds
Which circle round the spider's track.
And when its pointed iron fangs
Have found a holding deep and fast,
Upright and balanced well, it hangs,
Braving th' infuriated blast.²

¹ The Shadow on the Sun-Dial.

² The Ship.

THE WALK.

Hail to thee ! roseate hill, thou luminous peak of the mountain,
Welcome to thee, good Sun, spreading thy bountiful rays.
Hail to the bustling plain, and to you, ye murmuring lindens,
Hail the melodious air sighing the branches among.
Hail to thee, azure serene, whose limitless canopy shimmers
Over the brown hill side, over the newly green wood—
Over me too, who at length escaping my 'prisoning chamber
And everlasting talk, joyfully summon thine aid.
Softly thine odorous breath pervades and quickens my forces,
And a clear flood of light strengthens my famishing eye.
Many and strongly defined are the various hues on the meadows,
But the delightful array yields an harmonious blend.
Freely I enter the fields with their rolling carpet of verdure ;
Through the enchanting green winds a scarce visible path.

THE WALK.

Round me the bee is busily humming, and skirting the clover

Slowly the butterfly floats, poised on ambiguous wing.
Glowing strike the rays of the sun, the Zephyrs are idle,
Only the song of the lark sounds in the uppermost air.

Ah ! but anon in the copse a rustle is heard, and the alders

Bow their heads, and the wind swells through the silvery reeds.

Lo ! I plunge into night ; and rich in ambrosial odours,
Beeches over my head tent me in glorious shade.

Here in the depths of the wood the landscape has suddenly vanished,

And I steadily mount, led by a sinuous path.

Here and there by stealth through the leafy trellis of branches

Pierces a wandering ray, showing the heavens above.
Suddenly rises the veil, and the opening glades of the forest

Bring my startled eyes back to the glory of day.

Far as the eye can reach the scene lies open before me,
And yon hazy-blue chain governs the limits of earth.

Down at the foot of the hill which opens steeply below me

Bubbles a mirror-like stream eddying merrily by.

Both at my feet and above I gaze on the limitless ether,

Dizzily look up above, glance with a shudder below.
But from the heights above to the everlasting abysses

Reaches a guarded stair guiding the wanderer down.
Smiling before my eyes are the banks in their wealthy abundance,

And the whole blooming vale tells of industrious toil.

THE WALK.

Look at the rows which mark th' extent of the country-man's holding,

Woven by Ceres' self into the tapestried field.

Kindly decree of the law, of the Deity watching above us,
Since from the brazen world charity faded away.

But with a bolder sweep, dividing the orderly pastures,
Sometimes lost in the wood, now on the slope of the hill,

Glitters a silvery streak, the broad highway of the country,

And the rafts glide by down the immaculate stream.

Multiplied over the plain the bells of the cattle are tinkling,

And the herdsman's song echoes the only reply.

Villages brighten the stream, and hamlets peep through the thickets.

Others behind the hill right on the precipice hang.

Loving feelings exist 'twixt man and his neighbourly acres

When his own peaceful fields compass his humble abode.

Like a familiar friend the vine climbs in at the window,
And an affectionate bough circles the house in its arm.

Fortunate race of the fields, still all unawakened to freedom,

Sharing alike with thy plains all that the law can bestow.

Bound are thy limited hopes by the peaceable cycles of harvest,

And thy life rolls on e'en as the task of a day!—

—But what steals away this charming prospect? A spirit

All unknown to me spreads o'er the alien plain.

THE WALK.

Lightly it sets apart what erst was happily blended,
Like consorts with like ; kin is attracted to kin.

Rank I see maintained : the proud generation of poplars,

Ranged in orderly pomp, marches with dignified air ;

All is ordained by rule, all proves considered intention,

And this disciplined train points to the master of all.

Gaudily blaze from afar the glittering domes in his honour,

Out of the rocky gorge rises the pinnacled town.

Into the desert without the fauns of the forest are driven,

But devotion lends loftier life to the stone.

Closer the bonds are drawn uniting man to his fellows,

And a more active world rolls through his orbit of life.

See ! how the envious forces inflame in the fiery contest :

Much their strife achieves : ah ! but their unity more.

Thousands of eager hands by a single spirit are quickened,

Deep in a thousand breasts glows an unanimous heart ;

Glows for native land and the honoured laws of their fathers ;

Here in the sacred soil rest their illustrious bones.

Down from heaven to earth descend the blessed Immortals,

And in the favoured site plant their decorous abode.

Gracious on earth they appear, distributing heavenly bounties ;

Ceres gives the plough, Hermes an anchor bestows.

Bacchus presents the grape, Minerva the flourishing olive ;

And with the warlike steed mighty Poseidon appears.

THE WALK.

Cybele's lions are yoked to the pole of the peaceable wagon,

In through the gate, as a friend, passes the Mother of all.

Sacred stones ! From you have the roots of humanity issued,

Carrying morals and art down to the isles of the sea.

Here at these friendly gates their judgment sages have uttered ;

Heroes, rushing to arms, fought for the Gods of their home.

High on the battlements stood the mothers nursing their infants,

And, till lost to the view, gazed on the warrior train.

Then they knelt in prayer, and prostrate in front of the altars,

Victory asked and fame, begged for your happy return.

Victory, honour, were yours ; but there came back only the glory,

And the pathetic stone renders account of your deeds.

" An if thou comest to Sparta, proclaim, good traveller, yonder

How thou hast seen us lie here where our duty ordained."

Rest, ye beloved in peace ! by the blood ye so cheerfully sprinkled,

Th' olive thrives, and the seed thanks to your agony swells.

Proud of its own free rights, untrammelled industry prospers.

Out of the reeds in the brook signs the coerulean God.

THE WALK.

Crashes the axe on the tree, you may hear the lament
of the Dryad,

High from the mountain crest masses are thundering
down.

Out of its setting of rock the stone by the lever is
shifted,

And the miner descends into the bowels of earth.

Ring the ponderous tones of the hammer on Mulciber's
anvil,

Splutter the sparks of steel under the sinewy hand.

Gaily the golden flax winds round the rollicking distaff,
'Twixt the threads of warp whizzes the shuttle along.

Out in the roadstead cries the pilot, and resting at
anchor,

Ships lie ready to bear fruits of our labour abroad ;

Others arrive meanwhile, the gifts of the foreigner
yielding,

Bearing on each high mast fluttering emblems of joy.

See how the markets swarm, the centre of active exist-
ence,

Where such a medley of tongues puzzles the wonder-
ing ear.

On to the neighbouring quays the merchant discharges
the harvest

Born of a glowing soil, nurtured in Africa's sun.

All that Arabia sends, the products of Ultima Thule,

All Amalthea receives into her bountiful horn.

Godlike children are born to fortune with talent united,
Weaned upon freedom's breast flourishes every art.

With realistic life the painter gladdens the eyesight,
And by the chisel inspired, murmurs the animate
stone.

Counterfeit heavens repose on slender Ionian pillars,
And a Pantheon includes all the Olympian host.

THE WALK.

Light as the rainbow's leap into space, or the feathering arrow,

Springs the arch of the bridge over the blustering stream.

But in his silent cell, designing significant emblems,
Muses the sage, and gropes after the secret of life ;
Tests the power of matter, the loves and hates of the loadstone,

Follows the wavelets of sound, chases in ether the ray,
Seeks a familiar law in the terrible marvels of hazard,
Seeks th' eternal Pole, all apparitions defied.

Letters lend a form and voice to unuttered reflections
Down through the centuries' course, borne on the eloquent page.

So from the wondering eye rolls back the mist of illusion,
And the creations of night yield to the graces of day.
Man is bursting his bonds.—The happier ! So that he break not

With the shackles of fear, also the bridle of shame.
Reason freedom claims, demands with inordinate ardour,
Shakes off Nature's yoke, eager to wander alone.

See how, caught in the storm, the vessels are dragging their anchors

Far from the sheltering land : off they are borne by the tide.

Into eternity swept, the coast-line vanished behind her,
Mastless rolls the bark high on the mountainous wave.

~~+~~ Lost in the clouds, the Wain's immutable stars are extinguished,

Nothing abides, and doubt lurks in the bosom of God.
Banished is truth from speech, from life all faith and religion,

And, as it fouls the lips, even the oath is a lie.

THE WALK.

Into the innermost realms of the heart, of private affection,

Severing friend from friend, forces the toady his way.

Innocence shrinks from the eye of treachery leering upon her,

And with a poisoned shaft slays the calumnious tongue.

In the dishonoured breast coarse, venal opinion hovers,
Love casts rudely aside sensitive feeling and grace.

Thy fair badges, O Truth, are assumed by fraud and deception,

And they dare to pollute Nature's adorable tones—

Tones which the suffering heart in its instants of pleasure devises ;

~~Struck untimely dumb, sentiment hardly exists.~~

Justice vaunts on the Bench, unanimity brags in the cottage,

Only the ghost of the law sits on the throne of the King.

Long may the mummy endure ; for years to come, and for ages

May its deceitful form pass for the fulness of life,

Until Nature awakes ; and, with hand of heavy correction,

'Gainst this structure of straw time and necessity rise.

Like a tigress who, burst through the iron bars of her prison,

Suddenly, terribly, dreams of the Numidian groves,

So in the madness of crime and want humanity rises,

And in the burnt-out town seeks for the Nature of yore.

Oh ! then open, ye walls, restore to the prisoner freedom !

Let him turn with relief back to his pastures again !

THE WALK.

—But, where am I?—The path is lost, and dreadful abysses,
Yawning before and behind, hinder my faltering steps.
Left behind is the garden's and hedges, familiar escort,
And there fades from sight every vestige of man.
Matter alone remains from which life's germs are developed,
And th' unwrought basalt waits for a fashioning hand.
Down through the channels of rock the torrent, noisily plunging,
Under the roots of the trees angrily forces a way
Dreary is all around ; in the desolate ocean above me
Only the eagle soars, heaven uniting with earth.
Never a quivering air buoys up to my lonely position
The old sounds which announce human affliction and joy.
Am I really alone?—In thine arms, on thy glorious bosom,
Nature, again I repose : and—it was only a dream,
Which so filled me with awe : with life thus terribly pictured,
And with the wreck of the vale happier visions return.
Purer my life I receive from thine immaculate altars,
And am cheered once more by the bright promise of youth.
Will is for ever changing its laws and purpose ; and ever,
Clad in a manifold garb, deeds in a circle revolve.
But in perennial youth and eternally varying beauty,
Nature, thou honourest still all the good precepts of old ;
Ever preservest intact in thy loyal keeping, for manhood,
That which childhood or youth to thy fidelity trusts ;

THE WALK.

Nurturest at one breast the changing cycles of
ages.

Under the same blue vault, on an identical sward
Neighbourly, hand in hand, are the differing races
united,
And old Homer's sun blinks upon us with a smile.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Vivos voco : Mortuos plango : Fulgura frango.

Firmly bedded in the soil
Stands the mould of hardened clay.

Come, my lads, nor spare your toil
This must be a bell to-day !
From the burning brow
Honest sweat must flow,
Work, ere it successful prove,
Needs a blessing from above.

Anent the task which we intend,
An earnest word may be in place ;
When good advice and labour blend
The working hours slip by apace.
So let us now the evils scan
Which from half-heartedness arise :
We must perforce condemn that man
Whose work is *thoughtless* exercise.
For what does intellect appeal,
The fairest gift that man commands,
But that his inmost heart should feel
For the creation of his hands ?

Bring the logs of pine,
Crisp and free from damp :
The fiery tongues confine,
Their spreading forces cramp.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Brew the copper strong !
Pass the tin along !
Let the tough bell-metal flow
Down with justly-tempered glow !
This form in earth's deep moulding traced,
And mastered by th' obedient flame,
High in the belfry tower placed,
Anon shall testify our fame.
There shall it hang till far-off years,
Soothing the ear with notes sublime,
Ready to wail with those in tears,
Or with the sacred choir to chime.

The fate which changing fortunes bring
To earth's poor children here below
Shall strike its metal crest, and ring
Abroad its news of weal or woe.

Blisters white the surface wrinkle :
Good ! the fusion is complete !
On the metal soda sprinkle ;
That will expedite the "heat."
From all bubbles clear
Must the blend appear,
That with pure metallic sound
Clear its voice may echo round.
With joyful clash and measure gay
It peals to hail the darling child,
Already launched on life's rough way
While still in slumber's arms beguiled.
In time's dark bosom still concealed,
His lot reposes unrevealed :
The golden dawn of youth so fair
Is guarded by a mother's care.—

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

With lightning speed the years roll by,
Th' ambitious youth the maiden leaves,
The stormy world without to roam ;
And having gained what travel gives,
Returns, a stranger, to his home ;
~~When,~~ glorious in her pride of youth,
~~A picture from some heavenly land,~~
~~Warm with the tell-tale blush of truth,~~
~~He sees the maid before him stand.~~

A nameless yearning binds his heart,
He wanders to and fro alone,
Tears to his eyes unbidden start,
He hastens his comrades' haunts to shun.
Bashful he marks her every trace,
Rejoices in her lightest word,
And culls, his dear one's brow to grace,
The fairest blooms the fields afford.

Oh ! sweet desire, oh ! hopes of bliss,
Those golden days of early love !
When heart is bathed in happiness,
And eyes see straight to heaven above.

Ah ! could they last for ever green,
Those days of early love serene.

Ha ! the tubes are browning now !
I must plunge this rod to try.
When we see a vitrous glow,
Then the moment's drawing nigh.

Now, my lads, your best !
Quick ! the mixture test :
'Tis a favourable sign
If the hard and soft combine.

For when the stern and tender meet,
And jointly one another greet,

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

The tone is good and clear and strong.
Let him who heart to heart would bind
Assure a bond of such a kind.
Illusion's brief, repentance long !

Brightly gleam the bridal tresses
And the garland in her hair,
As the merry church bell presses
All around the joy to share.
But, alas ! life's month of May
Ends with this life's dearest prize :
Veil and girdle mark to-day :
Then the fair illusion flies.

When passion is past,
Love still must abide ;
Though the flower be downcast,
The fruit swells in its pride.

The man must arise
And go forth into life,
To labour and strife,
To plant and to toil,
To trick and despoil ;
He must risk and be bold,
Good fortune to hold.
So gifts will be showered in infinite measure,
And his store-chambers swell with the costliest
treasure.

The rooms become larger, the house grows in
size,
And within holds her sway
The modest young wife,
The mother of children.
She is wisely severe
In the family sphere,

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

And teaches the maidens,
And governs the boys,
And plies without end
Her diligent hand,
Increasing the gains
By her well-ordered pains ;

She charges with treasures her sweet-scented store
And delights in the spindle's industrious roar :
The clean, polished cupboards she carefully packs
Full of glistening wool and of snowy-white flax :
All the polish and gloss she maintains at their best,
And never takes rest.

And the father with cheerful glance
Looks from his lofty gable,
Reckoning up his happy chance,
As the well-piled garner floors he sees,
And the posts supporting the laden trees,
The barn and granary bursting with grain,
And the rolling billows of corn on the plain ;
And he boasts as he looks around :
“ Firm as the solid ground,
Against misfortune's hand
The pride of my house shall stand ! ”
But the fickle powers of Fate
No eternal bond create,
And misfortune strides apace.

Now the cast may be begun :
Nicely hollowed is the breach :
But before we let it run,
Let us pious thoughts beseech.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Knock the plug away !
Bless us, God, we pray !
Into the curling ears the stream
Spouts hissing with its fiery gleam.

Valued is the mighty flame,
Watched by man, confined, and tame ;
Little progress man had made
But for its all-mastering aid.

But fearful lengths its power attains
When, having shaken loose its chains,
It takes its own direction wild,
Nature's free, ungoverned child.

Its course none can arrest,
Its fury none withstand :
Down the crowded street its crest
Whirls like a flaming brand.

For the elements detest
The work of mortal hand.

From the cloud
Blessings proceed,
The rain we need ;
From the clouds, as they clash,
The lightnings flash.

From the tower I hear it sigh !
The storm is nigh !

The heavens are red,
Red as gore.

The daylight has fled.

Hear the uproar !
Up the street ! Quick !
Steam rises thick !

The flaming pillar flickers higher.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Up the streets and down the lanes
Whirlwind speed the fire-tongue gains.
Parched as from an oven's back
Glows the air ; the rafters crack ;
Door-posts start and windows shake.
Children scream, their mothers quake.
Cattle groan,
Their sheds o'erthrown.

Men now help, now take to flight,
Clear as noonday is the night.
From hand to hand, an endless chain,
With might and main
The buckets pass ; in arches high
The ready streams of water fly.
With growing force the storm roars by,
Fans the flame's increasing power,
Drives the crackling tongues to scour
Trees, and fruit, and all the store
Gathered on the barn's dry floor.
And as if its desperate throes
Would the solid earth excite
To partake its maddened flight,
Up to very heaven it grows
With giant bound.
Hopeless and stunned,
The man must bow to heaven's decree,
The ruin of his labour see,
And idly mark the blows.

Clean burnt out
Is the place.
Everywhere the tempest's trace !
In the ruined window-frames

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Dwells despair,
And the clouds of heaven stare
Straight in.

One glance
He cannot check
At the wreck
Of his romance ;
Then the brave man his staff resumes.

No matter what the fire has cost,
One blessing can for all atone ;
He counts his darlings one by one,
And finds that no dear face is lost.

Now the mould is charged :—for, see !
All has vanished in the soil.

Will the end propitious be,
To reward our skill and toil ?
Anticipate the worst !
Suppose the mould should burst !
While we hope our triumph won,
Possibly the harm is done.

To the dark breast of sacred Earth
Our handiwork we here confide.
In it the farmer dares to hide
His seed, and hopes to watch its birth
And heaven-blest growth with eager pride.
But costlier seed than this *we* place
With tears in Earth's maternal womb
And ask for it redoubled grace
When it arises from its tomb.

From the Minster
Tolls the bell,
Slow and sad,
A solemn knell.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Gently guide the muffled blows
A wanderer to her last repose.

Ah ! 'tis the beloved wife.
Alas ! It is the faithful mother,
Whom the Prince of Darkness charms
From her husband's loving arms,
From the throng of children dear
Which she bore him year by year,
Which with tender love she pressed
To her faithful, anxious breast.

Alas ! The gentle ties of home
Are undone for evermore,
For she dwells where shadows roam
Who the sweet name, *Mother*, bore.
Now her faithful rule is wanting,
Missing is her watchful care ;
Th' orphaned home, her place supplanting,
Strange, unloving hearts will share.

While the casting cooler grows,
From your rigid labour cease ;
As the happy birds repose,
So may you enjoy your ease.
The stars peep one by one ;—
His spell of duty done,
The workman hails the vesper chime ;
The master knows no bounds of time.

The wanderer, with joyful stride,
Presses through the forest glades
To the poor cottage of his pride.
Homeward wind the bleating flocks,
And the herds
Of glossy, deep-browed kine,

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

To their proper stalls going,
Anxiously lowing.
With creaks and groans
The wagon reels,
Laden with corn.
On the sheaves
Of coloured leaves
The garland lies ;
And to the dance
Each youthful reaper flies.

Street and market-place grow silent :
Round the bright, convivial lamp
All the household is assembled,
And with a jar the town-gate slams.

Darkness appears
On the face of the earth,
But the confident citizen fears
Not the night,
Which to the villain dread appears ;
For the eye of the law is bright.

Blessed ordinance of heaven,
Which to equals here has given
Will to render mutual aid,
Which our town's foundation laid,
Which has summoned nature's child
From his field and forests wild ;
And, invading man's abode,
Trained him to a gentler code,
And—a triumph yet more grand—
Taught the love of Fatherland !

Hands are raised in emulation
One another's toil to share,

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

And with eager exultation
Every talent is laid bare.
Prompted by the same ambition,
Man with master freely vies,
Each respects his own position,
And the scoffing tongue defies.
No right man from trouble winces,
Blessings round true labour lurk ;
Dignity suffices princes,
We must boast our handiwork.

Holy Peace,
Divine Accord,
Never wander
From this happy town of ours !
Never may that morning break
When the horrid tongues of war
This calm valley's echoes wake :
When the sky,
Which now the evening rays adorn
With rosy beams,
For hamlet and for town shall mourn,
And blaze with lurid, cruel gleams !

Come, now ! smash the outer shell,
(For its purpose is achieved)
That our hearts and eyes may dwell
On the form therein conceived.
Swing the hammer round !
Off the fragments bound !
Ere our bell we can unfold,
We must sacrifice the mould.

The master's hand the mould may break
With wise discretion, if he please ;

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

But woe ! if with a fiery wake
The glowing bronze its freedom seize !
Raging along with thund'rous sound,
It bursts the poor confining shell,
Belching red-hot destruction round,
As though it rose direct from hell.

Where rude, unthinking forces reign,
Farewell to gentle comeliness ;
Peoples who their own freedom gain
May never hope for happiness.
'Tis fatal when within a town
The treacherous tinder piles too high ;
The people hurl their fetters down,
And struggle for supremacy !
Rebellion to the bell-ropes clings,
Clashing the tongues in wild caprice,
To arms the angry tocsin rings
Where used to float the chimes of peace.

* The streets and halls return the cry :—
“ Equality and Liberty ! ”
The peaceful burgher flies to arms,
And cut-throat bands patrol in swarms.
With beasts the womankind compare,
And revel in each hideous jest ;
With tigrish teeth the heart they tear
From their opponent's quivering breast.
Reserve and modesty are gone,
Nothing is sacred or sublime,
Evil holds sway on virtue's throne,
And nothing bars the march of crime.

* An allusion to the French Revolution.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

'Tis perilous the lion to tease,
Vindictive is the tiger's tongue,
But e'en more terrible than these
Is man with soul possessed of wrong.

Woe be to him who lends the boon
Of heaven's fair torch-light to the blind !
It cheers him not, but smoulders on,
Leaving an ashy waste behind.

—God has brushed away my fears !
See ! how like a star of gold,
Bright and smooth the core appears
As we strip away the mould.

The sun pours down
On rim and crown,
And the Arms and blazoned shield
Credit to the artist yield.
Approach ! and see !
Close around, each worthy mate,
While our bell we consecrate ;
“Concordia” its name shall be.
Our kindred spirits let it move
To unity and perfect love.

Let this henceforward be its task—
No more the master-hand would ask !
Above the earth's tumultuous roar
The vault of heaven shall hear its strain,
Amid the thunders it shall soar,
And border on the starry main ;
Shall peal like the celestial voice
Of constellations mild and clear,
Which in their Maker's name rejoice,
And welcome each revolving year.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Only of lasting themes and deep
Its consecrated tongue may chime :
Its strokes the hourly watches keep,
And mark the fleeting steps of Time.
To destiny its brazen throat,
Though not with sympathy endued,
Shall echo, and its tone denote
The course of life's vicissitude.
And as the clamour dies away
Which filled our startled ears but now,
It tells us of the world's decay,
How earthly things to Fate must bow.

Now the ropes and tackles strain !
Sway the bell from where it lies ;
Hoist it to its true domain,
Where the heaven-born ether sighs !
Haul ! Hoist ! Sway !
It moves ! 'Tis giving way !
May it bode our city's fame,
Peace its earliest chime proclaim !

THE POWER OF SONG.

A torrent from the fissured rocks
With all the din of thunder rolls,
The solid earth its impact shocks,
Before it bow the oaken boles ;
Transfixed with a voluptuous fear,
The wanderer listens in dismay ;
The rock-bound stream bursts on his ear—
Yet whence it flows he cannot say.
So roll impetuously along
The unsuspected floods of song.

The minstrel shares the awful might
Of those who forge life's tangled chain.
Who can his magic members slight,
And who ignore his wild refrain ?
His cry, by godlike powers sped,
Appeals to each impassioned soul ;
He seeks the regions of the dead,
And soars to where the heavens roll.
'Twixt jest and earnest he can sway
Men's minds, and all the gamut play.

As when into a scene of mirth
Some giant apparition strides—
Some phantom of mysterious birth—
And, charged with dreadful portents, glides,

THE POWER OF SONG.

The earth's exalted recognise
The stranger from the other world,
No longer senseless revels rise,
And every mask aside is hurled ;
For falsehood seeks to thrive in vain
In mighty Truth's triumphant reign.

And so man's grievances abate
When noble song enchant's his ear ;
He rises to a God's estate
And steps into the heavenly sphere.
No greater are the Gods than he,
No earthly thoughts his soul molest ;
From all distractions he is free,
No fateful vision mars his rest.
Smoothed are the wrinkled lines of care
While music's charms the soul ensnare.

And as, after heartbreaking pain
And separation's bitter grief,
The child repentant seeks again
Upon his mother's breast relief,
So to the thoughts of early days,
When innocence was yet unstained,
From foreign lands and foreign ways
Song brings the wanderer home, regained,
To learn in Nature's loving school
What ne'er was taught by formal rule.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

All honour to women ! They kindly adorn
With roses from heaven poor mortals forlorn ;
The chaplets of love they deliciously twine,
Their charm is enhanced by a modest attire
As they piously cherish the sensitive fire
Of sentiment on its immaculate shrine.

Man strives ever to outsoar
Sober fact's material chains,
And his mind with restless power
O'er the sea of passion strains ;
Never is his soul at rest,
In futurity he gropes,
To the stars pursues the quest
Of his visionary hopes.

But woman, with looks that will not be denied,
Soon summons the fugitive back to her side,
And bids him from projects of wandering cease.
True daughters of Nature ne'er flutter to roam
Afield from their mother's exiguous home,
But rest with a sober demeanour in peace.

Man is ever prone to strife :
Undiscerning, straight he goes,
Rushing forcibly through life,
Never halting for repose ;

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Hurls his own creations down,
Knows no term to his desires ;
Like the Hydra of renown,
From a fall new strength acquires.

But woman, content with a narrower power,
Plucks singly each dainty developing flower,
And lovingly cherishes it in her breast ;
Less trammelled than man in her limited sphere,
And richer than he in her smaller career,
More deeply by poetry's whispers impressed.

Hard and proud and self-contained,
Never has man's forward heart
To that perfect bliss attained
Which affection can impart.
For a kindred soul to feel
Is not his, he can not weep,
And life's battle does but steel
Harder yet his purpose deep.

As the murmuring touch of the Zephyr inspires
With life the soft-breathing Æolian wires,
So woman's vibrating and sensitive soul,
In sympathy with the presentment of grief,
Heaves deep in her bosom, and conjures relief
From the heavenly pearls down her lashes which roll.

Man in his imperious mood
Subjects rectitude to might,
Scythian proves his case in blood,
Persian worsted is in fight.
Passions uncontrolled and rude
In the din of battle gloat ;
Eris's raucous screams obtrude
Where the Graces used to float.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

But anon with a gentle and eloquent mien
Sweet woman appears like a law-giving queen,
And quenches the strife that still sulkily glows ;
Arch enemies, thanks to her delicate grace,
Their anger forget in a loving embrace,
And ever united are obstinate foes.

HOPE.

Men often speak and dream in hope
Of happier days in store ;
And toward th' ideal goal they grope,
And dream and hope the more.
The world grows old and young again,
And man goes hoping on in vain.

Hope is a witness at his birth,
It flutters round his early bloom,
Its magic clothes his youth with mirth,
Nor quits the greybeard in his tomb.
Life's troubles o'er, we still enthrone
Hope over his memorial stone.

It is no vain deluding thought
Which from disordered fancy springs.
By hope our hearts are plainly taught
That we are born for better things.
That inward voice if we believe,
The hoping soul will not deceive.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

'Twas in no Augustan age,
'Neath no royal patronage,
That the German art was born.
Not on glory was it fed,
Nor its flower raised its head
Princely triumphs to adorn.

Frederick on his mighty throne,
Germany's most noble son,
Left it lone and unrevered.
Germans justly may proclaim
Theirs the credit, theirs the fame,
German glory to have reared.

Thus it is that German song
Rolls in boiling waves along,
Bursting from the inmost heart ;
Surges to triumphant heights,
And in native grandeur slight
The despotic rules of art.

THE SOWER.

Full of hope, to the earth the golden seed is entrusted,
And thou lookest in Spring for an unmeasured return.
But in the furrows of time such deeds art careful to
scatter
As, in wisdom sown, may to eternity rise ?

THE MERCHANT.

Whither is bound yon ship ? A Sidonian company mans
her,
And she hails from the North, loaded with amber and
tin.
Dandle her softly, winds ; and be thou merciful, Nep-
tune,
In some sheltering cove find her a potable rill.
Dedicated to you, ye Gods, is surely the merchant,
Wealth he seeks ; but shares with the good vessel his
gain.

ULYSSES.

Traversing every sea on his homeward journey, Ulysses
Past Charybdis steered only on Scylla to fall.
Subject to perils of earth and the horrible tumults of
ocean,
Lay his wandering course, guided him even to hell,
Till in the end he was borne asleep to his Ithacan
island ;
Yet his awakening eyes failed to acknowledge his
home !

CARTHAGE.

Oh, degenerate child of a noble and glorious mother,
Who to the vigour of Rome added the Tyrian's
craft !
Romans sternly ruled the worlds they had taken in
action,
While the Tyrian taught worlds he had cunningly
won.
What thine historical fame ? Thou conquerest, true, like
a Roman,
Sword in hand ; but thy rule savours of Tyrian gold.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Nobly invested are ye, the cross on your panoply wear-
ing,
Lionlike as ye stand, fighting for Acre and Rhodes,
As the trembling palmer ye guide in the Syrian desert,
And with a cherubim's sword on to the Sepulchre
press.
Yet still fairer thy garb when clad in the merciful
apron
Which (ye lions of fight, sons of a conquering race)
Ye endue at the bed of the sick and suffering needy,
And with a menial hand render him Christian aid.
Faith of the holy Cross, in a merciful chaplet united
Round thee, like twin palms, might and humility
blend.

GERMAN HONOUR.

Germany's sceptre to wield claimed both Bavarian
Louis

And the Hapsburg Fritz, equally summoned to reign.
But the fortune of war delivered the Austrian over,
Still in the ardour of youth, into the hand of the foe.
Ransom?—the throne he renounced, and swore to abandon his party,

And to wield his sword on the victorious side.
Under coercion he swore: but free, he repented his error,

And of his own free will back to his prison he came.
Full of emotion, the foe embraced him, and ever thereafter

As two friends they shared beaker and trencher alike.
Sharing a common couch the princes in harmony slumbered,

While an inveterate hate sundered their peoples apart.
Now 'gainst Frederick's host must Louis amain; and a warder

Over Bavaria leaves whom—but his actual foe?
“Ay, and the story is true! It is true, for I have it in writing”:

When he was told the tale, so did the Pontifex cry.

COLUMBUS.

On, thou mariner bold ! though wags look on in derision,
Though the sailor o'ercome drop from the tiller his
hand,

On, ever on to the West ! for the land is undoubtedly
westward,

As thy reason avers and a presentiment tells.
Trust in the guiding of God and the murmuring paths
of the ocean,

Were it till now unborn, ocean would come to thine aid.
Genius hand in hand with Nature is ever united,
Genius animates hope, Nature the promise performs.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

1 What new marvel is this? We prayed for drinkable
waters,

2 What strange fruit is this, dear Mother Earth, of
thy womb?

3 Is there life in the pit? Is there dwelling under the
lava

4 Some generation unknown? does the departed
return?

5 Come, ye Romans and Greeks! Behold your ancient
Pompeii

6 Rises, and here stands Hercules' city anew.
Gable on gable ascends, the generous portal is open,
Hither approach with speed, hasten to people
its halls!

7 Lo! the theatre invites; let the populace, earnestly
pressing

Through its seven-fold doors, jostle their emulous
way.

And do ye, Mimes, come forth; complete thine
oblation, Atrides,

While to Orestes' ear sadly the chorus appeals.

Whither conducts yon arch? Dost thou distinguish
the Forum?

Look at the curule chair: whose are the figures I see?
Lictors, bear your fasces on high! In front of the
Prætor

At the judgment seat witness and plaintiff appear.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

Orderly streets their breadth display ; with loftier pavement

Branch the narrow lanes winding the houses among.
Far the sheltering eaves project, the dainty apartments
Round the sequestered court nestle in cosy array.
Open the shutters wide and the doors with long-stiffened hinges !

Where black night has prevailed enter the glamour of day !

See, how round by the wall the rows of benches are ordered,

And as with precious stones sparkles the floor in relief.
Merrily glow the walls with fresh and brilliant colours ;
Where is the artist, whose brush toiled but a moment ago ?

Rich with swelling fruit and chosen blossoms, the garlands

Compass a charming view set in a flowery frame.
Here with his baskets filled a Cupid is gliding, and yonder

Red-stained toilers stand busily treading the wine.
High the Bacchante leaps in her dance, or in slumber reposes,

While the lurking faun peeps with insatiate eye.
Hither in whimsical course the galloping Centaur she urges ;

Hovering on one knee, gaily the thyrsus applies.
Lads, why tarry ye ? Here ! the well-fashioned vessels await you ;

Hither, ye maidens, and draw from the Etrurian jar !
Is not the tripod at hand upborne by the wings of the sphinxes ?

Stir the fire ! and haste, minister, slaves, to the hearth !

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

Purchase ! and here are coins by the powerful Titus
imprinted :

Even the scale lies here, never a weight is astray.

Place the burning lights in the dainty and elegant
sockets,

Let the lamp be charged full of diaphanous oil !

What does this box contain ? Ah ! see what the bride-
groom has ordered,

Maiden, circlets of gold ; jewels thy dress to adorn !

Lead the bride to the odorous bath, the ointments
are handy,

In this crystal vase traces of rouge I espy.

—But, say, where are the men ? In the sterner domain
of the study

Lie in a priceless heap numbers of curious scrolls.

Here are tablets of wax and styles—all writing
utensils :—

Never a thing is lost, faithfully guarded in earth.

All the Penates are here, each God puts in an appear-
ance ;

How is it all are found saving the Priesthood alone ?

Merrily waving his wand, behold the light-footed
Hermes,

And from his steady hand victory surely proceeds.

Ready and waiting stand the altars : oh ! come and
ignite them ;

Long has waited the God : offer th' oblation at last.

THE ILIAD.

Pluck from the garland of Homer, and number the tale
of the Fathers,
Who have contributed all, parts of the epic sublime!
But one mother above it acknowledges, and her
appearance
Her personality tells—Nature, her features are thine !

ZEUS TO HERACLES.

Not my nectar it was to thee which Godhead accorded ;
Thy God-granted might pounced on the nectar amain.

THE ANTIQUE TO THE NORTHERN WANDERER.

Rivers have been no bar, thou hast faced the terrors of
ocean,
And in the loftiest alps dizzying arches hast dared
Me in my home to see, and yield me intimate honour,
Such as the voice of the world yields in inspired
acclaim.
Now in my presence thou art, my sanctified essence is
o'er thee,
Yet are we nearer akin ? Which can appreciate
which ?

THE MINSTRELS OF OLD TIME.

Where is that glorious host, of strong and melodious
minstrels

Whose inspiring strains ravished the senses of men—
Who could conjure the Gods to earth, waft mortals to
heaven,

And exalted the soul to a poetical flight ?

Singers indeed there are ; 'tis heroic achievements are
wanting,

And a receptive ear, lyrical passion to rouse.

Happy ye minstrels of old, when the voices of each
generation

Passed your stories down to generations unknown.

Welcoming him as a God, the world devoutly accepted
What his genius bore, what he created and taught.

By the romance of his song was kindled the listener's
ardour,

And the emotion aroused fed the poetical fire—

Fed it, and also purged ! Ah, fortunate he, that a
people

With universal acclaim joyfully echoed his lay,
And that here in the world existed a spirit to aid him,
Such as a bard of to-day scarce can awake in his
heart.

THE ANTIQUE AT PARIS.

The Frank indeed by force of arms
Can hale the Grecian artist's charms
To ornament the banks of Seine ;
In a museum's ordered row
Can his victorious trophies show
His countrymen to entertain !

Statues so placed will never bend,
Nor from their pedestals descend
To brighten life's unlovely tone.
He only comprehends the muse
Whose native feeling she imbues—
To vandals she remains but stone.

THEKLA.

A SPIRIT VOICE.

Where am I now, and whither am I bound ?
Dost thou not mark my spirit float above ?
Concluded, surely, is my earthly round,
Have I not lived, have I not tasted love ?

Dost thou anent the nightingale inquire,
Who in the raptured evenings of Spring
Did with his melody thy soul inspire ?—
Only while amorous he chose to sing.

And have I, then, the lost one found again ?
Believe me, I am bound to him for aye,
Where none can rend the self-appointed chain,
Where the salt fount of tears is ever dry.

There mayst thou find us, if thy love, indeed,
With love like ours can anywise compare ;
There is my father from transgression freed,
And the red hand of murder must forbear.

He feels that no misleading vision cheats,
As his glance ranges upward to the sky ;
To each is measured even as he metes,
And who has faith approaches the most High.

There plighted word is held in high esteem
And sentiment with confidence is fraught ;
Fear not to wander, be content to dream,
For childlike play may hide a lofty thought.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

To mock thy fair presentment of mankind,
Contemptuous scoffers laid thee in the dust ;
To beauty wit is ever ill inclined,
And in no God nor angel puts its trust ;
The dearest treasures of the heart it steals,
Makes war on fancy, and belief congeals.

But, like thyself of humble parentage,
Like thee, a pious shepherdess—no more—
Poetry can thy grievances assuage,
And bid thee to celestial regions soar.
Her halo doth thy temples glorify,
Born of the heart itself, thou canst not die.

The world is prone to blacken what is bright
And all ideal virtue to demean ;
Yet tremble not, for lofty hearts delight
Still in the warmth of the celestial sheen.
Let Momus entertain the common throng,
To nobler minds more noble themes belong.

NENIA.

Beauty itself must die ! Though it subjugate men and immortals,

Yet it can never appeal unto the Stygian God.

Love but once in his life could move the ruler of Hades,

Who on the threshold then sternly regretted his vow.

Not Aphrodite herself could heal the wounds of Adonis,

Torn in his delicate skin by the redoubtable boar.

Nor was the hero saved at Troy by his mother immortal

When at the gate he died, falling as destiny bade.

But from the deep she rose with all the daughters of Nereus,

Wailing long and loud for her illustrious son.

Gods and Goddesses all lament in unanimous anguish

That the beautiful dies, fades the ideal away.

Even a dirge of lament we prize from the lips of our dear ones,

For the dishonoured and mean creep into Orcus unsung.

THE CHILD AT PLAY.

Play in thy mother's lap ! In that holy inviolate island,
Child, no cares exist, nor does anxiety frown.
Dandled above the abyss in the loving embrace of a
mother,
Smiling thou mayst glance down on the tumult of
earth.
Play, then, innocent child ! Arcadia still is around thee,
Nature uncontrolled loves an hilarious mood.
For the voluptuous art fictitious borders arranges,
Willing as is thy soul, lacking are duty and aim.
Play ! For anon will come the days of compulsory
labour,
And from a task imposed pleasure and humour recoil.

THE SEXES.

Lo ! in the tender child twe charming flowers united !
In one common bud maiden and youth are concealed.
Gently the bond is relaxed, diverge the different instincts,
And from the blushes of grace passionate energy parts.
Grudge not the boy his sport, let him revel in boisterous
ardour ;
Natural vigour appeased, grace and refinement appear.
Bursting its swollen bud, the twofold flower emerges,
But the blooms demand more than thy passionate
heart.
Swells the maidenly form in soft exuberant outline,
And her pride safeguards, stern as the girdle, her
charms.
Shy as the tremulous roe that the horn alarms in the
forest,
Man she hates and shuns, all unacquainted with love.
Stubbornly glares the youth from under his lowering
eyebrows,
And for the fray prepared, stretches his every nerve.
Into the thick of the fight and into the dusty arena
Blithely he pushes his way honour and glory to win.
Nature, defend thy work ! what should be for ever united
Surely will break apart but for thy fostering hand.
Mighty one, thou art there already ; from angry con-
fusion
Thou hast been able to call forth an harmonious peace.

THE SEXES.

Hushed is the sound of the chase, the day's perpetual
murmurs

Die away, and the stars gently drop into the sphere.
Whispering sigh the reeds, the brooks flow murmuring
onward,

And Philomela's song fills the harmonious grove.
What provokes this sigh from the heaving breast of the
maiden ?

Stripling, whence are the tears silently dimming thine
eye ?

Vainly an object she seeks for her soft confiding em-
braces,

And the rich ripe fruit bows to the earth with its
weight.

Striving ever, the youth is consumed in the flame he has
kindled,

Nor is the wasting glow cooled by a tempering air.
Lo ! in the end they meet : 'tis love that has brought
them together,

And to the wings of the God pinioned victory cleaves.
Love divine, it is thou who joinest humanity's blossoms,
Parted though they be, and dost unite them for aye !

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN

Mighty thou art in the strength of thy calm unruffled
enchantments ;
For tranquillity's spell bustle can never achieve.
Force I expect in man, defending the canons of order ;
 But let woman alone through her amenity rule.
Many indeed have ruled by dint of ideas and action,
 But they had not thee, noblest adornment of all.
No true queen there is but woman's womanly beauty,
 By mere presence it rules, dominant where it appears.

THE DANCE.

See, how the couple revolve in undulatory motion
Gliding, the wing'd foot scarcely oppresses the earth.
Are these phantoms of air that I see, released from the
body ?

Or are they moonlight elves winding in merry array ?
Light as the smoke which wreathes through space at
the touch of the Zephyr,

Light as the dancing skiff borne on the silvery tide,
Capers the disciplined foot to the tune's melodious
measure ;

And the murmuring strings buoy up the body in air.
Now, as though they would burst by force through the
ranks of the dancers,

Right in the thick of the crowd whirls an hilarious
pair.

Rapidly opens a path in front, and closes behind
them ;

Opened and shut is the way as by a magical hand.
Lo ! they have vanished from sight : involved in utter
confusion

Crumbles the edifice fair built of this versatile world.
Stay, it rises again, its intricate fetters escaping ;
'Tis the established rule, only with varying charm.
Oft destroyed, so oft new life creation engenders,
And to a silent law each metamorphosis owns.

THE DANCE.

Say, how is it that, ever replaced, the figures are
reeling,

Yet there exists repose in the light flexible form ?
How that each one is free, his own heart's counsel
obeying,

The true path to find, spite of his hurrying course ?
Wouldst thou know the reason ? 'Tis euphony's
might that imposes

Form on the sociable dance, curbs the too-boisterous
bound ;
Which, like Nemesis, calms with the golden bridle of
measure

Over-exuberant mirth, and the intractable tames.
Do they appeal in vain, the sphere's harmonious
numbers ?

Art thou not carried away, rapt, in the rhythmical
stream ?
Rapt, in the cadence sublime which all creation is
beating ?

Rapt, in the eddying dance, which through the ocean
of space
Launches glittering suns in bold meandering courses ?

Measure, all honoured in sport, thou dost in action
abjure.

FORTUNE.

Happy the man whom the Gods have graciously held
in affection

Yet unborn, whose youth Venus has nursed in her
arms.

Phœbus has shaped his eyes, his lips are chiselled by
Hermes,

And the signet of might Zeus has impressed on his
brow !

What an illustrious fate, what a godlike future awaits
him,

Ere the strife has begun gaily his temples are
crowned.

Ere he has lived, to him the measure of life is awarded,

Ere he has met with pain Charis has flown to his
aid.

Surely the man is great who, by his original instinct

And by Virtue's aid, singly encounters the Fates.

Fortune alone he fails to compel ; what Charis denies
him,

Jealously holding her hand, valour can never attain.

From whatever is base an earnest will can preserve
thee,

All that is worthy the Gods freely and amply bestow.
As thou art loved by thy love, so shower the bounties

of Heaven ;

Equally Cupid and Jove give partiality rein.

FORTUNE.

Favourites have the Gods : they love the natural ringlets
Crowning youth, for the gay happiness bring in
their wake.

Not unto those who can see do the Gods vouchsafe
their appearance ;

Their magnificent pomp realize only the blind.

Gladly they light for choice on the mind of innocent
childhood,

And to the modest void heavenly notions impart.

Unexpected they come and cheat proud anticipations,
Their spontaneous course no jurisdiction compels.

Straight to the man of his choice the Father of men
and Immortals

Sends his eagle down, summoning him to the skies.

Guided alone by his will, from amidst the many he
chooses,

And on the brow he prefers twines with affectionate
hand

Now the laurel wreath, and anon the fillet of power,
But the Deity *crowns* only established success.

On the fortunate waits Phœbus, the Pythian hero,
And the compeller of hearts, jovial smiling Amor.

Even the sea for him Poseidon levels, and easy
Glides the keel which bears Cæsar and all his success.

Low at his feet the lion lies down, and the arrogant
dolphin

Rising out of the sea, piously offers his back.

Blame not the fortunate man that the Gods have
aided his triumph,

And that her pet from the fight Venus has hurried away.
Him, whom the Goddess preserves, the favoured of
Heaven, I envy,

Not the man she ignores, wrapt in the blindness of
night.

FORTUNE.

Was the renown of Achilles a whit less great than
Hephæstus

Forged his ponderous shield, tempered his terrible
blade

—That the concerns of man should occupy mighty
Olympus?

Rather his fame is enhanced that he was worthy
such love,

That it respected his wrath and, willing to add to his
glory,

Plunged in the fathomless pit all the selected of
Greece.

Blame not beauty because she is beautiful, and with-
out effort,

Thanks to Venus' gifts, fair as the lily-cup shines!
Grant that Fortune is hers, still fortunate thou in
beholding!

Is she so easily fair? still thou enjoyest her charms.
Happy thou that the gift of song has descended from
Heaven,

And for thee the Bard sings what he learns from the
muse!

Quickened himself by the God, a God he becomes to
his hearers,

Thanks to his Fortune it is thou canst felicity share.
Guarding the busy exchange, let Themis attend with
her balance,

And mete out the reward strictly according to toil;
None but a God can summon delight to the face of a
mortal,

Where no miracle works Fortune to none can accrue.
All that is human must first be born, grow fuller, and
ripen,

And the improver, Time, cherishes every stage;

FORTUNE.

But nor Fortune nor Grace canst thou mark as they
come into being ;

All complete they are, born of Eternity's womb.

Every Venus of earth, like the Venus of heaven, arises,

A mysterious birth, out of the depths of the sea.

Just as Minerva of old came forth equipped in her ægis,

Springs from the Thunderer's head every luminous
thought.

GENIUS.

"Do I," thou askest, "believe what the masters of
learning have taught me?

What their disciples' band boldly and promptly
affirm?

Can erudition alone to true satisfaction upraise me,
And does System alone justice and fortune uphold?

Shall I the impulse distrust, or neglect the whispering
precepts

Which thy very self, Nature, has stamped in my
heart,

Till on the wearisome theme the schools their seal
have imprinted,

And the volatile mind Formula's fetters have bound?

Tell me—for thou didst once in these profundities
flounder,

And from the mouldering grave compassed a happy
return—

Knowest thou what is stored in the vaults of ambiguous
language,

Whether the hopes of the world hold where the
mummies abide?

Must I travel this dismal path?—I shudder—and own
it!—

Travel I will if it lead really to justice and truth."—
Friend, hast heard of the Golden Age? The poets
have left us

Many a tale thereanent, simply and touchingly told.

GENIUS.

Happy days ! ere yet from life the holy had vanished ;
When was held in esteem maidenly gentle reserve ;
When the omnipotent law, which rules the celestial
courses,
Lying concealed in the germ, quickened the atom
to life ;
When necessity's law, in calm unvarying silence,
E'en in the hearts of men roused a more liberal wave ;
When the unerring mind, exact as the hand on the dial,
Pointed above to truth, only to what could endure.
Then no scoffer arose, no special priesthood existed,
What was brimming with life nobody sought in the
tomb.
Patent to every heart stood forth the unchangeable
precept,
But the source was concealed whence it so happily
flowed.
Ah ! those joyous days are gone ! And an obstinate
blindness,
Founded on absolute will, Nature's repose has
destroyed.
In the polluted sense no longer the voice of the
Godhead
Sounds ; in the blunted heart silent the oracle grows.
Only in innermost self the straining spirit may hear it,
Where the sense is preserved safe by the mystical
word.
Here with purest heart the inquirer gravely adjures it,
And the instinct of old gives him his wisdom again.
If it was never thy fate to lose thy guardian angel,
Nor with indifferent ear warnings of conscience
to heed,
If in thine unblanched gaze immaculate truth is depicted,
And her voice still rings clear in thine innocent breast,

GENIUS.

If thy placid mind to mutinous doubt is a stranger,

If thou canst now predict doubt will be silent for aye,
If thy tumultuous thoughts ne'er stand in need of an
umpire,

Nor sound sense be dulled by an insidious heart—
Fortunate man, then go thy way in thine innocent
virtue!

Science has nothing for thee: rather her teacher
be thou!

Yonder brazen law, which rigidly governs the masses,
Is not thine.—Thy law is what thou likest and
dost.

And as a word of command goes forth to all
generations,

What from thy hand proceeds, falls from thy
sanctified lips,

Will with amazing force affect the excited emotions :

Only thou failst to perceive, throned in thy bosom,
the God,

And the powerful seal which humbles all spirits
before thee,

But through the vanquished world calmly pursuest
thy way.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOTIST.

Hast thou observed the babe who, ignorant of the affection
Which his cradle surrounds, sleeps through each changing embrace,
Till in a natural burst the passions of youth are awakened,
And the first conscious flash suddenly shows him the world ?
Hast thou the mother observed, who purchases sleep for her darling
At the cost of her own, tenderly guarding his dreams,
With her own very life supporting his feeble existence,
And in her deep concern finds a sufficient reward ?
And dost thou speak ill of Nature which, Mother and infant,
Gives, receives, and exists, but as necessity bids ?
Wouldst thou, self-contained, withdraw from the heavenly circle,
Which in affectionate bonds creature with creature connects ?
Willst thou pose alone, and alone of deliberate purpose,
When by exchange of force even Eternity stands ?

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

Three words of significant import I name,
And lips to each other impart ;
From no indiscriminate sources they came,
But their origin have in the heart.
And unless these words form part of his creed,
Man is a pitiful creature indeed.

Man was created, and man is, *free*,
No matter if born in chains :
Let the cry of the rabble pass over thee,
And the howl of extravagant swains !
Of no free man stand thou in fear,
Nor of slave who has conquered a free career.

And *Virtue* is more than an echoing call,
For it serves man day by day,
And though he may blunder and stumble and fall,
He can aim at the virtuous way,
And what from the wiseacre oft is concealed
Is as oft to the soul of the simple revealed.

And a *God* there is, whose will compels
The wavering mind of men,
And thought of the loftiest order swells
Beyond time's wildest ken.
Though the world in eternal vicissitude roll,
There is ever repose for the peaceable soul.

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

Preserve these three great words that I name,
One lip to another impart,
Though not from extraneous sources they came,
But their origin have in the heart.
So long as these words form part of his creed,
Man is a creature of worth indeed.

THE WORDS OF ERROR.

Three words of significant meaning there are
In the mouths of the wisest and best,
Yet vainly they echo, like tones from afar,
And yield no assistance or rest.
Man forfeits the fruits he could lightly attain
If after impalpable shadows he strain.

So long as he pictures a glorious age,
Rejoicing in honour and right—
Those gifts will assuredly combat engage
With a foe who for ever will fight.
Thou must at him in air, for a contact with earth
Supplies to his force a regenerate birth.

So long as he thinks that success will attend
On nobility's conduct and aims—
He will find that she looks upon wrong as a friend,
That the world what is worthy disclaims.
A wanderer he, and his duty to roam
To discover elsewhere an immutable home.

So long as he dreams that the reason of man
Can with absolute verities close—
He will find an abyss which no mortal can span ;
We can but assume and suppose.
In a word, it is true, thou canst prison the mind,
But it surges away on the wings of the wind.

THE WORDS OF ERROR.

Then hasten thy soul from illusions to wean,
And a higher religion endue !
What the ear never heard, and the eye has not seen
Remains what is lovely and true !
It is not abroad, as the foolish contends,
'Tis within, and upon thine own ardour depends.

PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS.

I.

TIME.

Time in threefold measure strides :
Mark the Future's halting guise,
Arrow-like the Present flies,
Still for aye the Past abides.

No impatience pricks his speed
Would he tarry on his way.
No alarms his march impede,
Nor do doubts his footsteps stay.
When he pauses, no remorse
Moves him to resume his course.

Wouldst thou lead a happy life ?
Wisely end thy term of strife,
Call the " laggard " to thy side—
Not as tool, but as thy guide.
" Arrow-swift " avoid as friend,
'Ware th' " Abiding " to offend.

II.

SPACE.

Threefold is the grip of space :
Down the long unchequered face
Stretches Length ; from side to side
Two extremes do Breadth divide ;
Depth can dark abysses trace.

PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS.

Th' allegory thou canst guess :—
Ever onward must thou press,
Wearied thou must never be
Wouldst thou consummation see ;
Wouldst thou know the world we tread
Wide abroad thy thoughts must spread ;
He who to the deep descends
Knows alone what life portends.
Perseverance in the fight,
Joined with knowledge, brings to light
Truth obscured and out of sight.

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

The worthy man with trust receives
What in the world he finds ;
And, self ignoring, he believes
In hope for noble minds ;
And dedicates, with ardour warm,
In Truth's defence, his trusty arm.

But all too soon, alas, he learns
How puny life has grown ;
And in the struggle only yearns
To guard and keep his own.
His heart, with cold indifferent pride
Even from love now turns aside.

Ah ! Even Truth's celestial rays
Can lose their wonted fire.
Woe be to them whose conscience pays
For knowledge they acquire.
'Tis well th' enthusiast's warmth to snare
With worldly-wise yet prudent care !

BREADTH AND DEPTH.

Many there are in the world who know,
And a little on everything say :—
Is this attractive? should that be so?—
They answer you, yea or nay.
On hearing them talk, you might think aside
That theirs, for sure, was the coveted bride.

But anon from the world they disappear ;
Their life was an empty shell.
He who strives after a great career,
Burns to do something well,
The best of his powers with all their weight
On the smallest details must concentrate.

The tree may grow till it weathers the gale,
The branches may shelter the field,
The leaves may voluptuous odours exhale,
But the fruit they can none of them yield :
The seed alone in its tiny space
Contains the trees which the forest grace.

THE GUIDES OF LIFE :

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE SUBLIME.

Two mysterious powers in life's excursion attend thee.

Happy it is for thee if they unite in thine aid.

One with enlivening art beguiles the wearisome
journey :—

Light, as thou hangst on his arm, duty and destiny
seem.

Merrily he conducts till, high on the pinnacle standing,
Down he bids thee peer over Eternity's sea.

Here with a resolute mien and grim the other awaits
thee,

Bears thee over the deep with an imperious arm.

Never alone in one confide ! To the former thine
honour

Thou must never entrust, nor to the latter thine aims.

ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR.

Once on a time an inquisitive youth approached Archimedes :—

“ Teach me, I pray,” he cried, “ teach me the heavenly art,

Which in thy competent hand to the State such profit has yielded,

And has guarded our walls 'gainst the beleaguering host.”

“ ‘ Heavenly’ namest thou Art? ‘ Divine’ she is, of a surety,”

Quoth the sage, “ and was, ere she protected our arms.

Just her fruit to attain the merest mortal is able;

But, an a Goddess ye woo, seek not a woman alone ! ”

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Just because thou readest in Nature what thou hast written,

Just because thine eye all her phenomena marks,
Reckoning on the bonds which man upon Nature imposes,

Does thy mind presume infinite Nature to know?

So the Astronomer's art lays out the chart of the heavens

Better his way to steer through inaccessible space ;
Suns in a focus he brings though by infinity parted,

Mates the distant swan with the redoubtable bull.

But can he comprehend the spheres' mysterious orbit
Merely because on a globe planets in order appear ?

THE TWO PATHS OF VIRTUE.

Twofold is the road by which a man is exalted ;
If in the one he fail, open the other appears.
This to patience appeals, and that to vigorous action,
Happy the man whose fate grants him a portion of each.

HONOURS.

How do the flashes of light on the mirrorlike rivulet
sparkle !
Seems the golden marge with its own ardour aglow.
But the ripples are carried adown the glittering
highway
Forcing each other along, feather, and hasten
away :—
Such is the fugitive spark which man denominates
honour ;
Not *he* shines, but the scene, where he may happen
to be.

ZENITH AND NADIR.

Roam as thou willst through space, thy zenith and
nadir unite thee
Both to the heaven above, and to the axis of earth.
Whatsoever thou dost, let heaven be fraught of thy
purpose,
And let Earth itself witness afford to thy deed !

IDEAL FREEDOM.

When life comes to an end, two roads before thee are
open ;

To th' ideal this, that to eternity leads.

While time still permits, be sure thou choose the ideal,
Lest to death thou drift under the finger of fate.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

Fortunate babe, for thee there is infinite space in a
cradle.

But to accommodate man even the universe fails.

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

Time irrevocably flies, towards changeless eternity
wending.

Thou canst fetter time if thou art honest and true.

THEOPHANIA.

In prosperity's days the Gods are lightly accounted,
But they stand hard by when on affliction I gaze.

THE HIGHEST.

What is the highest of all?—The plant can give thee a
lesson.
What it unwittingly is, that of volition be thou.

IMMORTALITY.

And thou fearest to die! Wouldst live for ever and
ever?
Live in the Whole! It abides when thou art hurried
away.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

What the Deity taught, which all my life has assisted,
Here I gratefully hang in his immaculate fane.

SUNDRY VOCATIONS.

Many there are who toil, each one to prosper his species ;
But it is given to few only to multiply man.
Many a seed is sown, but few bear fruit at the harvest,
For the majority still close in their elements hide.
But let one expand—'twill nurture a bountiful outcome,
Filling a living world with the creations of aye.

INSPIRATION.

In the organic, sensitive world no novelty rises,
Save where flowers bloom—highest achievement of earth.

TWO METHODS.

Do what is good, and man thou teachest all that is holy ;
Picture the fair, and so sprinkle the heavenly seed.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

Fashion has degrees in the world : contemptible natures
Reckon on what they do ; noble assert what they
are.

WORTH AND WORTHINESS.

If thou anything hast, why, let me purchase an item ;
If thou anything art, let us effect an exchange.

MORAL FORCE.

Lacking a sense of the fine, ye can always cultivate
reason ;
What to the man is a blank, imagination achieves.

SHARES.

Even an impious hand can Truth's omnipotence order :
But the measure to fill Beauty availeth alone.

TO X.

Give me a share of thy knowledge, and, friend, I will
eagerly take it.
But an thou offer thyself, pray my excuses accept.

TO X. X.

Thou wouldst teach me truth ?—Nay, spare the trouble !
the object

Not through thee do I seek ; by it will estimate thee.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

TO X. X. X.

Thee would I have for a mentor and friend. Thy living
ideal
Teaches me, and thy words sink to the depth of my
heart.

THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Say, was it always thus?—Generations are hard to dis-
tinguish.
This generation is young; that which arises is old.

TO THE MUSE.

What I had been in thine absence I know not, and
earnestly sorrow
As the crowds I mark, who never owned thee at all.

THE LEARNED WORKMAN.

Never a taste has he of the fruit which springs from his
labour:
Appetite only enjoys what erudition has sown.

THE DUTY OF ALL.

Strive, an thou mayst, for the whole; and if thou fail to
attain it,
To some whole belong as a subservient part.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

A PROBLEM.

None to another be like, yet each resemble the Highest !
How can that be achieved ? Each be consummate
himself.

THE PROPER IDEAL.

All may share thy thoughts : thine own is only thy feeling.
Wouldest thou own him, *feel*, do not *imagine*, thy God.

TO THE MYSTICS.

Mystery ever is that which lies broad open to all men ;
Circles you round and round, yet not a body observes.

THE KEY.

Wouldst thou know thyself then mark the methods of others.
Others to understand, search thine own innermost heart.

THE CRITIC.

Strict as my conscience itself, thou noticest all mine offences :
Therefore I love thee as well as—mine own conscience,
at least.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE.

Wouldst thou attain, my friend, to the highest circles
of wisdom?

Venture on every risk ; prudence can whisper aside :
The short-sighted observe the receding river bank only,
Never the one that will lie presently under thy feet.

AGREEMENT.

Truth we both of us seek ; thou in life's strenuous
action,

I in the heart, and so each his desire attains.
From without the eye, if healthy, regards the Creator,
And beholds within, as in a mirror, the heart.

POLITICAL DOCTRINE.

Aim at achieving the good, my friend, but, having
achieved it,

Be content ; and abstain, prithee, from doing it all.
True zeal only requires that what there is is ideal,
Spurious zeal demands that an ideal be there.

MAJESTAS POPULI.

Majesty of mankind ! In the haunts of man shall I seek
thee ?

Thou hast been hitherto with a minority found.
Only a few there are who count, the others are ciphers ;
And what prizes exist in the commotion are lost.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

TO A REFORMER.

“ I have given my all,” thou sayst, “ for human advancement ;

But in vain, for I earned enmity only and hate.”—
Shall I explain, my friend, what *my* relation to man is ?

Trust the proverb, which yet never has led me astray.
As for Humanity’s self, who can too highly esteem it ?

Be it impressed in deeds as to thy soul it appears.
If in the struggle of life some mortal jostle against thee,
Help him, if thou mayst, with a benevolent hand.
But—for the rain and dew and the general good of the
people—

Leave it to heaven, my friend : heaven exists, as of
yore.

MY ANTIPATHY.

Crime sincerely I hate, and hate with a special aversion
Since it brings in its train wearisome prattle of good.

“ Good thou mockest ? ”—Nay, let all continue its practice,

But, for heaven’s sake, prate of it never again.

TO THE ASTRONOMERS.

Tell me no more, I pray, of your suns and nebulous
hazes ;

Think you Nature is vast only to set you a sum ?
Nothing in infinite space is so august as your object,
But there is nought august, friend, in indefinite space.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

ASTRONOMICAL LORE.

Measureless an it extend—the noble arena of heaven,
Heaven is dragged by fools down to the level of earth.

THE BEST STATE.

“How shall I know which State is best?”—Why, just
as thou knowest
Which of women is best. Neither an utterance
needs.

MY FAITH.

What religion I own? thou askest :—None of thy
naming.
Why? thou askest again :—Why, for religion itself.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

“God alone sees into the heart.” ’Tis an adequate
reason
Why we too should see something of wholesome
repute.

FRIEND AND FOE.

Dearly I honour a friend, but an enemy too has his
uses;
Friends point out what I can, enemies show what I
ought.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

LIGHT AND COLOUR.

Make thy lasting abode where fixed Eternity dwelleth !
Come, ye varying hues, come and illuminate man !

TRUE INDIVIDUALITY.

Single it is thy lot to be—not part of a total—
Reason plants thee alone, and acquiesces the heart.
Thou and thy heart are one, thy reason is only a
fragment.
Fortunate thou if for aye reason abide in thine heart.

VARIETY.

Plenty are good and wise, but they only count as a
sample,
For o'er them not heart, but an idea has sway.
And the idea is sad, from a thousand varying emblems
Nothing bringing to light but a necessitous ONE.
But life rollicks along content in the presence of
beauty,
Knows in a thousand forms to metamorphose that
ONE.

THE THREE AGES OF NATURE.

Fable endowed her life, by later learning arrested ;
But to an active life reason attracts her anew.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

GENIUS.

Sense can adapt indeed what has already existence ;

That which Nature has built can in a copy create.
But to reason in space is Nature amenable only.

Genius only can Nature in Nature abet.

THE IMITATOR.

Good from good to extract—that lies in the power of
all men ;

Good to derive from ill Genius only achieves.
Only on what is achieved 'tis worth to found imitations ;
What is original pleads only to natures inspired.

GENIALITY.

How does Genius stamp its presence? Why, as the
Creator

With His presence adorns Nature and infinite space.
Clear is the ether above, and yet 'tis a measureless
ocean,

Eye may see it indeed, but the intelligence fails.

THE INQUIRERS.

All without and within mankind would eagerly fathom ;

Truth, canst thou escape from this insatiable lust?

Nets they spread and snares in hopes thy feet to
entangle ;

But thy spectral tread every effort eludes.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

AN AWKWARD COUPLE.

Why are taste and genius only so rarely united ?
Taste is afraid of strength, genius hates to be held.

CORRECTNESS.

Free from blame to appear is at once the meanest and highest ;
It is achieved by the great and by the feeble alone.

THE LAW OF NATURE.

So it has always been, my friend, and will be for ever :
Feebleness works by rule ; vigour achieves a result.

CHOICE.

If thy work and deeds are not attractive to all men,
Try to attract the few :—folly to humour a crowd.

THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC.

Art may imitate life, and a bard may quicken our instincts ;
But the appeal of a soul only Polymnia knows.

SPEECH.

Why is a spirit alive to kindred spirits a stranger ?
Only arouse the soul, and it is silent for aye.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

TO THE POET.

Language serves for thee as body does to adorers.
Snatches asunder at will, or in one being unites.

THE MASTER.

Mostly a master's fame depends on that which he
utters ;
But the judiciously dumb—he is the master of Art.

THE GIRDLE.

Under a girdle her grace Aphrodite in mystery
harbours ;
Modesty veiled it is which her attraction adorns.

THE DILETTANTE.

Just on the strength of a verse achieved, with an
adequate accent,
Which thy judgment approves—art thou a poet
indeed ?

THE TATTER OF ART.

All that in Art is best, thou askest ? But were it
fitting ?
Art thou worthy the good, antagonistic in aim ?

VOTIVE TABLETS.

THE PHILOSOPHIES.

Which will abide amid all the philosophies? Marry, I
know not;
But Philosophy's self—may it eternally live.

THE FAVOUR OF THE MUSES.

With the ignoble expires his fleeting glory—thy chosen,
Heavenly Muse, thou bearst safe to Mnemosyne's
arms.

HOMER'S HEAD AS A SEAL.

Good old Homer, to thee I entrust my delicate secret;
For the romance of Love touches a poet alone.

THE BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

That I reckon as best which renders it easy to all men
Good to think, and yet forces a moral on none.

TO LEGISLATORS.

Ye may ever assume that man, as a corporate body,
Means well, but take heed never to reckon on one.

THE WORTHY.

Pay respect to the whole : individuals only I honour :
But each one I regard only as part of a whole.

A FALSE IMPULSE TO STUDY.

Ah ! How many a foe has Truth ! My soul is in anguish
As the owls I observe forcing a way to the light.

REJUVENESCENCE.

Nay, 'tis not a romance—in streams adolescence
aboundeth.
Where ? thou askest :—Apply to the poetical art.

THE CIRCLE OF NATURE.

In thy happy domain is all comprised, and a greybeard
Harks in childlike age back to the days of his youth.

THE GENIUS WITH THE INVERTED TORCH.

Fair he is to behold with torch no longer illumined ;
But, my good friends, Death is no apostle of art.

THE VIRTUE OF WOMAN.

Virtues a man must have through life's wild medley to bear him ;
So with a fortune assured into the battle he goes.
But for a woman enough is a single virtue, appealing
Lovingly to the heart, and, let us hope, to the eye !

BEAUTY AT ITS BEST.

Hast thou never beheld the fair in a moment of anguish ?
Then never hast thou observed absolute beauty at all.
Hast thou marked how pleasure illumines adorable
features ?
No ?—Then pleasure to thee still is a pleasure un-
known.

THE FORUM OF WOMAN.

Woman, do not judge man's each individual action
Harshly ; but, an ye will, criticize man as a whole.

FEMININE JUDGMENT.

Man relies on facts, but love is the test of a woman ;
If she do not love, sentence is entered at once.

THE FEMININE IDEAL.

TO AMANDA.

Woman in all things yields to man, except in the highest ;

There the strongest man is of a woman the slave.

And what is the highest ? A radiant halo of glory,
Such as, Amanda, compels from thine immaculate brow.

When the mist floats over the orb, his splendour obscuring,

Fairer appears the scene drawn in the shimmering air.

Is man free ? Thou art ! Thine indispensable freedom

No hesitation knows, never necessity heeds.

What thou givest is ever a *whole* ; complete thou art always,

And thy gentlest chord is thine harmonious whole.

Here is eternal youth in never exhausted abundance,
And thou pluckest at once flower and harvest alike.

HOPE AND FULFILMENT.

Confident in his ship, the youth goes down to the ocean :
Grey he returns, and wrecked, into the harbour again.

THE COMMON LOT.

How do we quarrel and hate, divided in hope and intention ;

Yet thy locks, like mine, steadily grizzle the while.

HUMAN PERFORMANCE.

At the beginning appears the road to eternity open,
But the slightest bend even the wisest appals.

THE FATHER.

Strive as best thou may, a lonely position awaits thee,
Till perforce thou become part of the natural *whole*.

LOVE AND DESIRE.

True ! Man loves what he has, and hopes for all that
he has not ;
None but rich minds love, only the indigent ask.

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

Two prime virtues exist, and would they were ever
united—
Worth, where is anything great, greatness a party to
worth !

MOTIVES.

Fear, 'tis true, may drive the slave with a disciplined
iron ;
But let me be led under a gentle control !

NATURAL AND TRANSCENDENTAL PHILOSOPHERS.

What, already at war ! Too soon ye aimed at alliance ;
As your paths divide will ye acknowledge the truth.

GERMAN GENIUS.

German, copy the heroes of Rome, and Grecian artists ;
Both thou hast achieved, never the verve of the Gaul.

TRIFLES.

THE EPIC HEXAMETER.

Bounding along in a rush on its undulatory billows,
Man it carries away, skimming o'er ocean and air.

THE DISTICH.

In the Hexameter hark, the mellifluous accents
ascending,
In Pentameter hush with a melodious air.

THE EIGHT-LINED STANZA.

Stanza, thou wert by love in its yearning fancy
created—
Thrice thou fliest away, thrice to be with us again.

THE OBELISK.

On an exalted base, upheaved by the hand of a master,
Here I stand, as he bade, proud in inanimate might.

TRIFLES.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

“ Fear ye not,” the master exclaimed, “ my bow in the
heavens ;
Like it, so shalt thou into eternity reach.”

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE.

Under me are the waves, the wagons thunder above
me ;
Kindly the master allows me to pass over as well.

THE GATE

Throw the portals ajar to attract untutored allegiance ;
Let the citizen out, free and untrammelled as air !

THE CHURCH OF SAINT PETER.

If thou seekest immensity here to find, 'tis an error ;
Mine immensity serves but to ennable thyself.

GERMANY AND HER PRINCES.

Many a monarch has earned thy faithful worthy
allegiance,
Only the subject's will strengthens the governor's
arm.

Germany, if thou canst, for thy rulers render it harder
Great as Kings to appear, easy to posture as men.

TO PROSELYTIZERS.

“Give me a scrap of soil outside the bounds of the
planet,”

Said the godlike man, “so can I lever the earth.”
But for an instant take mine own identity from me,
And in the flash of an eye I will appropriate yours.

THE CONNECTING LINK

How does Nature proceed the high and lowly to mingle
Here upon earth ? She lets vanity balance between.

THE MOMENT.

With the Century comes a great and critical epoch ;
But that epoch finds no generation of worth.

GERMAN COMEDY.

Fools and caricatures we have indeed by the dozen ;
But unluckily these comedy do not abet.

A BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Nothing imports a man so much as to have a vocation ;
For twelve groschen in cash, friend, you may
purchase one here.

DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES.

Friends, take heed before your deeper feelings avowing ;
Once committed, you'll have every one on to your back.

THE GREEK SPIRIT.

Scarce has the agued chill of Gallomania left us,
Than in a feverish heat blind Grecomania comes.
What did Greekism mean ? Intelligence, easy Pro-
portion !
Then, good sirs, I beg, let Grecomania lie !
Worthy the cause ye espouse ; but pray pursue it in
reason,
Lest to derision it lead, and to derision alone.

CHILDREN OF THE SABBATH.

Years the master strives, his object seldom achieving ;
To a receptive race all were explained in a dream.
What they yesterday learned to-day they would urge
upon others ;
Ah, these gentlemen have little compassion indeed.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

PUPIL.

Happy to find you, sirs, in congregation assembled ;
For the one needful thing I would inquire of you.

ARISTOTLE.

Come to the point, my friend ; we take the “Jena Gazette” here
Down in Hell, so we know all that a body may need.

PUPIL.

That is well, for I want—and you’ll have no peace till I
get it—
Some respectable saw of universal applause.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER.

Cogito, ergo sum.—I think, so have an existence !
Is the premiss assured, certainly true is the rest.

PUPIL.

Then if I think, I *am* ; but I can’t be eternally thinking,
And I have lived for long, guiltless of ever a thought.

SECOND PHILOSOPHER.

Since existence there is, there is also a super-existence.
In that state we float, floundering, every one.

THIRD PHILOSOPHER.

I say just the reverse. *I* only have an existence ;
Everything outside me is but a bubble of air.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

FOURTH PHILOSOPHER.

I will admit two things exist—a world and a spirit ;
Nothing more, and these really synonymous are.

FIFTH PHILOSOPHER.

Of your existence I know—well, nought—and nought
of your spirit ;
Both I vaguely discern, but they are phantoms alone.

SIXTH PHILOSOPHER.

I am I, and establish myself, and if I establish
That disestablished I am, there is a negative proved.

SEVENTH PHILOSOPHER.

Imagination exists : there is then something imagined ;
Throw the imaginer in, three is your total in all.

PUPIL.

All that ye say, good sirs, I value not at a bawbee ;
Give me a telling phrase—one with a meaning, I
pray.

EIGHTH PHILOSOPHER.

Where mere theory rules no more remains for invention ;
But this saw holds good :—“ Ever you can, if you
ought ! ”

PUPIL.

Oh ! I observe when a man has no more sensible
answer,
Plump he makes a plunge into the conscience at once.

DAVID HUME.

Pay no heed to the mob ! That Kant has addled its
reason.
Rather apply to me, trustworthy even in hell.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

A POINT OF LAW.

Many a year have I used my nose for the purpose of smelling ;

Now I desire to know, have I, as user, a right ?

PUFFENDORF.

Rather an awkward point ! But you prove early possession,

Which is much : so I say, use it again and again !

SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE.

Ever I seek my friends to oblige, and, unluckily, like it ;

For then conscience asks :—where does the virtue come in ?

CONCLUSION.

Only one method I see, do what you can to despise them ;

Then you may sulkily yield all that a conscience demands.

G. G.

Man, considered alone, is a sensible creature accounted ;
But regard him in bulk, and what a blockhead is he !

THE HOMERIDES.

Which amid you is the singer of Troy ?—His appetite
knowing,
Heyne kindly sends 'Varsity sausage for him.
“ Here ! It was I who sang of the warlike fury of
princes—
Pass the sausages here :—Ida I sang of as well !”
Steady ! I say !—I have not got sausage enough for
you all here,
For the donor sent sausages only for one.

THE MORAL POET.

Man is a pitiful wight. I know, and try to forget it ;
And so it was that I came, curse o' my folly, to thee !

A LOFTY SUBJECT.

Loves thy Muse to proclaim how God showed pity to
mortals,
But why blazon abroad that they so pitiful are ?

A TRICK.

Wouldst thou please at a stroke the pious and also the earthy ?

Paint a voluptuous scene, throwing the Evil One in.

JEREMIADS.

German verse and prose to the dogs are equally going,
And the golden age is but a relic of yore !

Logic is worse for the bards, philosophers addle the language,

And in the walk of life common intelligence fails.

Out of her proper æsthetic abode all virtue is banished
To a political home, merely a nuisance to all.

Whither, then, are we bound ? They call our natural instincts

Dull ; yet if we restrain, we are accounted absurd.

Oh, for the simple address of the serving wenches of Leipzig,

Could we but have those days, simple and harmless again !

Comedy, furnish afresh th' accustomed weekly enjoyment,

—Sigismund in love, Marcarill as a buffoon !

Tragedy full of flavour and epigrammatic allusion,
And the staid minuet buskined as ever of old !

Come, like a marionette, Philosophy, patiently pausing
When in self-defence Nature objects to the shears !

Come, thou ancient prose, in honest measures expressing

Thoughts of new and old, which the disciple accepts.

German verse and prose to the dogs are equally going,
And the golden age is but a relic of yore !

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge to one appeals as a Goddess indeed ; to
another
Knowledge is only a cow milkable every day.

KANT AND HIS INTERPRETERS.

How one wealthy man can make the indigent easy !
When a sovereign builds, carters have plenty to do.

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

(A PARODY.)

In the end I beheld great Hercules' wondrous achievements,

And his shade.—Himself was not, alas, to be seen.

Like birds screaming aloft, I heard the Tragedians' outcry,

And like yelping dogs, bayed Dramaturgists around.

Terrible stood the monster there. His bow was extended,
And th' impatient bolt steadily bore on the heart.

“What adventurous act wouldest thou, unfortunate,
hazard,

That thou seekst the damned here in a bottomless
hell?”—

“I am here to ask the seer Tiresias only
Where I may hope to find haply the buskin of old.”—

“If they Nature despise and the ancient Greeks, 'tis a
pity

Vainly to drag to the fore thy dramaturgy for
them.”—

Nature postures again in our dramatic arena,
Naked as she can be, evident every rib.

“What, can you let me see that old and adorable bus-
kin,

Which to attain I plunged into the Stygian night?”—

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

Such apparitions are past, and tragedy. Scarce in a
yard's length
Goes thy harnessed soul grudgingly on to the
boards.
“Good ! Philosophy has your finer feelings exalted,
And a humorous sense drives irritation away.”—
Give me a downright dry old jest—’tis agreeable fool-
ing ;
Though, if humid enough, sorrow is able to please.”
“Can I note at a glance Thalia’s exquisite motions
And the stately step taught by Melpomene’s art ?”—
“Neither ! We only regard the moral, Christian affec-
tions,
Simple and homelike truths, which popularity bring.”
What ! No Cæsar upon your boards, no mighty
Achilles ?
Is Andromache gone? does not Orestes appear ?”—
“No ! But there are priests and shrewd commercial
attachés,
Subalterns and scribes, majors enough of hussars.
“But, I pray you, my friend, what can such a laughable
medley
Do that is really great ; greatness how can they
achieve ?”—
“What ? Why, nurture cabals, lend money at usury,
pocket
Silver spoons, nor hold pillory even in awe.”
“Whence, then, dost thou procure this Fate of appalling
appearance,
Which at a single stroke lifts and abases a man ?”—
“Nonsense ! What we seek is self and friends of ac-
quaintance,
All our griefs and woes—and, by the rood, they are
here.”

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

“ But all this ye possess at home with greater advantage ;

Since ye seek yourselves, why do ye try to escape ? ”—

“ Do not take it amiss, but that is a separate problem ;
Fate—why, fate is blind ; poets are trusty for aye.”

“ So on your own poor boards your own poor nature is
acting,

While the good and great never are witnessed
at all ? ”—

“ Well, the poet is host, and a last act brings retribu-
tion ;

When crime shirks the repast, virtue can elbow a
place.”

THE RIVERS.

THE RHINE.

True, as a Switzer should, I guard Germania's borders ;
But the patient stream leaps the excitable Gaul.

THE RHINE AND THE MOSELLE.

Long have I clasped Lorraine in my arms, like a favourite damsel ;
But as yet no son has our alliance adorned.

THE DANUBE IN XX.

Bright-eyed men I see of Phaeacia dwelling around me ;
Merrily whirls the spit, Sunday is ever at hand.

THE MAIN.

True, my battlements age, but I look with pleasure
around me
O'er generations born of an illustrious house.

THE SAALE.

Short though is my course, many kings and peoples I
welcome,
Sovereigns who are good, peoples whose habits are
free.

THE RIVERS.

THE ILM.

Poor are my banks, indeed ; yet, as I gently meander,
Many a lasting lay over my bosom is heard.

THE PLEISSE.

Flat are my banks, my stream is shoal—too early exhausted
By a voracious crowd, poets and authors alike.

THE ELBE.

Gibberish all of you talk—of all Germania's waters
I true German speak—truly, in Meissen alone.

THE SPREE.

Ramler a language supplied, my Caesar furnished a
subject ;
Choked at first, since then never I utter a word.

THE WESER.

Never a single word, not an epigrammatic allusion,
Now I think it o'er, unto the Muse I supply.

THE MINERAL WATERS OF X. X.

Country strange, whose streams possess a remarkable
flavour ;
But whose people present nothing at all to remark.

THE RIVERS.

THE PEGNITZ.

Long have I suffered, alas, from an hypochondriacal
ailment ;
And if I flow at all—well, 'tis my habit to flow.

THE — RIVERS.

Only let us abide beneath the —anian aegis ;
Master and yoke are mild, burdens are happily light.

THE SALZACH.

From the mountains I pour on the archiepiscopate
unction ;
Then to Bavaria turn, lacking a fillip indeed.

THE ANONYMOUS RIVER.

Lenten meats to provide for the pious board of a bishop,
Placed in an arid land by the Creator, I flow.

LES FLEUVES INDISCRETS.

Rivers, hold your peace ! Your lack of modesty equals
That which exhibited once Diderot's intimate friend.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.

“ The Universe far, far below me lies !
I scarcely see the mannikins of earth !
How does my art, in its transcendent worth
Noblest of all, exalt me to the skies ! ”

So brags the slater from his lofty perch,
So does that little self-important man,
Hans Metaphysicus, learned in research.
Tell me, thou little self-important man,
Yon pile, on which so grandly thou dost glose—
Whence came it—on what base does it repose ?
How cam’st thou there—and, for its callow height,
What serves it, but to bring the plain in sight ?

THE WORLDLY WISE.

The law by which each mundane thing
Its pristine bulk and shape attained,
The peg whereon this earthly ring
By thoughtful Zeus was made to cling,
For fear it should perchance be strained,—
A real genius I proclaim
The man who can announce its name,
Unless I choose to aid his ken—
'Tis : Twelve is different from Ten.

Snow makes us cold, a fire is hot,
Upon two feet a mortal goes,
Across the sky the sun doth trot,
And, knowing logic ne'er a jot,
All this a man by reason knows.
But he who Metaphysics learns
Knows that what freezes never burns,
That wet is wet, and dry is dry,
That bright is bright can testify.

His noble epic Homer sings,
The hero is by peril cheered,
The valiant man to duty springs—
And did so long before such things
As the Philosophers appeared.
The heart and genius have wrought
What Locke and Descartes never thought,
Such do their instincts only move
The possibilities to prove.

THE WORLDLY WISE.

In life the strong is ever right,
The weak must feel the mighty's rage ;
Who rules not is a slavish wight ;
Else things were in a sorry plight
Upon this little earthly stage.
Yet what would happen could we scan
Now in its birth the cosmic plan,
From moral systems may be gained,
And everything at once explained.

“ Man stands in need of human aid
To compass his appointed goal ;
On the large scale he loves to trade,
Of many drops the sea is made,
Whole torrents through the mill-wheel roll.
So flies the wolf's ferocious brood
And states renounce internal feud.”
Thus Puffendorf and Feder teach,
And “ *ex cathedrâ* ” love to preach.

Yet since the professorial saw
To some will e'er appeal in vain,
Nature takes heed that not a flaw
Shall mar the chain, and by her law
Bids ripening fruit its hold retain.
Till, then, philosophy succeeds
The world in ruling with its creeds,
Its motive power she supplies
By hunger and by lovers' sighs.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

Once to a fair—was Haymarket its name?—
Where many things to purchasers appeal
Of many kinds, a hungry poet came
Leading the Muses' steed, to have a deal.

Loud neighed the wingéd steed
And bucked and pranced quite in the proper style ;
Admiring cries from every lip proceed :—
“ The royal beast ! But pity to defile
His slender form with such a pair of wings !
He were a credit to a tip-top team ;
You say that from a noted breed he springs ?
But who of driving in the air would dream ? ”

But not a soul of them would risk his cash,
Till spoke a farmer glad to cut a dash :—
“ True that with useless wings he is equipped,
But then they can be either bound or clipped,
And make his hauling not a bit the worse :
Come, twenty pounds I'll venture for the horse ! ”
The dealer, glad enough, responded—“ Done ! ”
And Hans led off the prize that he had won.

The noble beast no sooner felt the rein
Than, fretting under the unwonted load,
Away he flew with all his might and main,
And his fine breed and eager mettle showed
By doubling up the cart upon the road

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

Close to a ditch.—Thought Hans, with such a beast
No carts for me ! I know a better scheme ;
To-morrow I will tool the stage at least,
And he shall be a leader in the team.
The lively crock will save another pair,
And his exuberance will yield to wear.”

The start was fair enough. The wingéd steed
Roused his companion to lightning speed.
But, unaccustomed common earth to spurn,
Alas, his flashing glances heavenward turn,
And, with the instinct of a heaven-born hack,
He soon abjures the safe and beaten track,
O'er moor and bog and field the trap he drags,
And with his fire excites the other nags ;
Voice could not check them, nor the ribbons guide,
Till, to the terror of the fares inside,
The shattered vehicle at last stood still
Right on the summit of a lofty hill.

“ Well, this is leading us a pretty dance,”
Quoth Hans reflecting, with a rueful glance ;
“ Confound it all, but this will never do ;
Let's see if we can't bring the madcap to
By harder work and a more stinted fare.”
Th' experiment was quickly made, and ere
Three days had passed, only a shadow wan
Was the fine steed.—“ By Jove, I have a plan,”
Cried Hans,—“ Alive, my lads, and yoke him now
Beside my stoutest bullock in the plough ! ”

No sooner said than done. The wingéd horse
And bullock o'er the furrows plod their course.
Th' indignant griffin strives with all his might
Again to soar in his accustomed flight.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

'Tis vain. The bullock tramps with solemn stride,
And Phœbus' steed must by his pace abide
Until at length, by long resistance spent,
The force from all his mighty members went,
And, mastered by vexation and disgust,
The noble horse fell writhing in the dust.

"Accurséd beast," cried Hans in his despair,
Laying the whip about with all his might.
"E'en for the plough too bad thou art, I swear,
That horse-dealer, the rogue, has done me quite!"

While thus the whip in fury still he plied,
He marked a smart young fellow at his side
Strolling along with free and easy tread,
A cither in his hand ; while on his head
A golden fillet graced his auburn hair.
"Whither away, friend, with that precious pair ?
That is a team indeed," the stranger cried,
"Bullock and bird in harness side by side !
Just for a moment trust your horse to me,
Will you ?—and you shall see what you shall see."

The monster was unharnessed in a crack,
And straight the laughing youth was on his back.
The brute, now conscious of a mastering rein,
Champing, began against the bit to strain :
His former self thrown off, behold him rise
A God inspired, with lightnings in his eyes.
Straight to the storm he spreads his glorious wings
And snorting in his freedom heavenward springs,
And ere the eye can follow his ascent,
He soars above the azure firmament.

THE PUPPET-SHOW OF LIFE.

What ? Wouldst thou see my puppet-show—
Life and the world in miniature ?
That privilege you may secure,
But do not stand too close, you know.

'Tis only by love's gentle light
Or Cupid's torch-flame seen aright.

Yes, look ! The stage is never bare :
Behold the little child in arms,
The bouncing boy, the boisterous youngster's charms,
The upgrown fighting man, who all will dare.

Each has his own success in mind.
But narrow is th' appointed way :
The axles smoke, the chariots sway,
The hero pushes on, the weakling lags behind ;
Pride meets with an amusing fall,
And the judicious conquers all.

And at the goal behold fair woman stands,
With fairy fingers and with eyes that plead,
Ready to give the conqueror his meed.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND ABOUT TO TAKE UP PHILOSOPHY.

Many a task in his youth the Grecian had to accomplish

Ere he a coveted home could in Eleusis attain.

Art thou ready thyself to approach that holy of holies,

Where her wondrous stores Pallas Athene preserves ?

Knowest thou all that awaits thee there, how dear is the bargain,

Which at a cost defined purchases what is unknown ?

Hast thou vigour enough that hardest battle to venture,

Where the reflecting mind, heart and the conscience oppose ?

Hast thou courage to face fell doubt's irresistible demon,

And like a man to meet foes who do battle within ?

Hast thou an innocent heart, and an eye sufficiently healthy

Trickery to detect garbed in the semblance of truth ?

Then, an thou be not sure of the guide in thine intimate bosom,

Fly from the edge in time, fly from the yawning abyss !

Many who seek for light plunge headlong into the darkness ;

But a child can walk safe in the glimmer of eve.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

TO X. X. X.

“ Who could be satisfied alone with dreams,
Which life illumine with but borrowed gleams,
With mock procession leading hope astray ?
To me must Truth her charms unveiled display.
Should with my dream my heaven disappear,
Should my free spirit, in its bold career
Towards unknown possibility’s domain,
Be hampered by the present’s galling chain,
’T will learn at least itself to bear a thrall ;
And to the sacred sound of duty’s call,
Or to the more imperious call of need,
Will know to render a more willing heed.
How can a man truth’s gentle rule forswear,
And yet necessity’s hard fortunes bear ? ”

Thus, my superior friend, I hear thee cry
From the safe niche which thine own qualms supply,
Leaving mere semblance rigidly alone.

Struck by the serious import of thy tone,
Disperses in alarm th’ immortal train,
The Muse is hushed, the dancing hours refrain,
The Goddess twins, now a dejected pair,
Ruefully twine the garlands in their hair,
Apollo snaps in twain his golden strings,
Hermes his magic wand in fragments flings,

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

From life's pale face falls dreamland's roseate bloom,
And lo, the world unveiled is but a tomb.

Fair Venus' child tears from before his eyes
Th' enchanted veil ; his mother shrieking, flies
Her godlike son a mortal to behold,
His ardent youthful beauty sere and cold.

And even thy sweet lip and kiss grow chill,
And petrifaction blurs their ancient thrill.

TO GOETHE.

ON HIS PRODUCING ON THE STAGE VOLTAIRE'S "*MAHOMET*."

Can it be thou thyself, who led us back
From rigid rule to truthful Nature's track,
Thou, who, a child in arms, destroyed the worm
Whose threatening coils our genius would deform,
Upon whose long-time consecrated brow
The arts have bound their fillet, is it thou
Who now on ruined altars dost restore
The bastard Muse, whom we esteem no more?

Domestic art is proper to this scene,
No foreign idols shall our stage demean ;
Laurels we proudly boast—our very own—
On our dear native German Pindus grown.
The German genius has dared to climb
To the most sacred heights of art sublime,
And, learning from the Briton and the Greek,
Would a more glorious renown bespeak.

For *there*, where slaves bow down, and despots rule,
Where bastard greatness smacks of ridicule,
There can no art true noble form portray,
No Louis there shows the artistic way ;
Its life in its own consciousness is found,
Borrowing nothing from the world around.
With truth alone can it be found allied,
And to the free alone it is a guide.

TO GOETHE.

Not, then, to reimpose the chains of old
Dost thou this scene of former days unfold,
Thou would'st not lead us back again to gaze
Upon our undiscerning childish days—
It were in vain, nay, 'twere a very crime
To plunge into the whirling orb of time ;
The wingéd hours slip silently away,
Old fashions pass, and new ones have their day.

A wider scene the modern stage affords,
And all the world now populates its boards ;
No more rhetorical conceits are prized,
What we demand is nature undisguised ;
Banished is fashion's artificial tone,
The hero acts and feels as man alone.
The freest, fullest notes from passion spring,
And real beauty to the truth must cling.

An airy vehicle is Thespis' wain,
And like the bark of Acheron is fain
Ethereal shadow-forms alone to bear.
And if the press of life should venture near,
The flimsy wherry threatens to capsize—
Only for spirit passengers it plies.
No outward semblance can the truth attain,
Where creature triumphs, art may strive in vain.

For in the worldly setting of the stage
A world ideal must our thoughts engage.
Nothing is genuine, save tears alone ;
Emotions are from no illusion grown.
Melpomene does not exaggerate,
Nor does she fables for the truth relate,
The true Muse knows that truth alone can charm,
The false assumes it only to disarm.

TO GOETHE.

Now threatens art to vanish from the boards,
And to fantastic visions room accords ;
These will the stage and world alike consume,
To high and low adjudge a common doom.
Art was more common with the Frank, 'tis true,
Yet its supreme conception missed his view ;
His unrelenting rule upon her lies
With heavy hand, so that she cannot rise.

A sanctuary is to him the stage ;
And banished from its cheerful appanage
Are nature's tones which harsh and careless halt ;
He to a song mere language can exalt ;
A realm it is of harmony and grace,
Each member finds its well-appointed place,
The whole becomes one great and solemn fane,
And the gay dance brings motion in its train.

No, never let the Frank our art dictate !
He lacks the living soul to elevate ;
The ostentatious attitude of pride
Disdains the mind which makes of truth its guide !
Guide us it shall up to a higher sphere,
And like a vanished spirit shall appear
To render fit our much-polluted scene
For great Melpomene, the tragic Queen.

TO MADEMOISELLE SLEVOIGHT.

ON HER MARRIAGE TO DR. STURM.

Blessings attend thee, graceful bride,
Down Hymen's path about to glide !
With honest pleasure we have seen
The sweetness of thy mind unfold,
Thy charms assume a shapelier mould,
Beneath the sway of love serene.
Happy the lot which thou hast found ;
And friendship yields without a smart
To the soft God who holds thee bound,
Who asks, and has intact, thy heart.

Thy wedding garland bids prepare
For loving duties, sacred care,
To which thy youthful heart was blind ;
The trifling thoughts of childhood's day,
The sports of youth, have passed away,
And half-forgotten lie behind.
Now Hymen's fetters have control
Where fluttering love had spread its bowers ;
But for the deeply-feeling soul
Those fetters are but chains of flowers.

And wouldest thou the secret find
The bridal garland so to wind
That it shall last for ever green ?
It lies in purity of heart
Which grace unfading can impart
And temper with a modest mien,
Which like the sun's reflected glow,
To hearts the smiling lustre lends,
And can a modest air bestow
On dignity which ne'er unbends.

GREEK GENIUS.

TO MEYER IN ITALY.

Dumb to the commonplace host, who ply deaf-hearted
inquiries,
Speaks his spirit to thee, as to an intimate friend.

LINES WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

TO HERR VON MECHELN OF BASLE.

Of inexhaustible charm is the youthful beauty of nature,
And no less are the charms of inexhaustible art.
Hail, esteemed old man, for thine heart doth equally
cherish
Both, and so thy life is a perennial youth.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A PATRON OF ART.

Once Wisdom dwelt in the great folio'd tome,
While Friendship through a pocket-book might work ;
But now that knowledge takes so little room.
And floats in almanacs, as light as cork,
This mighty house, good man, thou dost extend
In hospitality to every friend.
Dost thou not fear—forgive me if I ask—
Their amiability to overtask ?

THE GIFT.

Ring and Staff, all hail on a flask of genuine Rhenish !
Who thus waters his sheep, he is a shepherd indeed.
Heavenly draught ! prescribed, and sent to me by the
Muses,
And upon which the Church gladly impresses her
seal.

WILLIAM TELL.¹

When angry forces 'gainst each other rise,
And by blind rage the flame of war is stirred ;
When 'mid the virulence of party cries
The voice of justice is no longer heard ;
When every crime starts rampant to the skies,
And license at the very shrine will gird,
Cutting the cable which the State maintains—
Here is no matter for triumphant strains.

But when a pastoral and simple race,
Sufficient for itself, with no desires,
Hurls off the yoke it suffered in disgrace,
Which in its wrath Humanity admires,
And in its triumph wears a modest face—
This is immortal, and our song inspires.
Such a presentment to unfold be mine,
But what is worthy is already thine.

¹ These stanzas were sent by the author to the Electoral Chancellor, together with a copy of his play—"William Tell."

TO THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF
WEIMAR,
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS JOURNEY TO
PARIS.

(*Sung in a circle of intimate Friends.*)

Now let us one last bumper drain
To speed our traveller's way,
Who quits anon this quiet plain
In which he saw the day.

He leaves his own ancestral halls,
From loving arms he goes
To the proud capital, whose walls
Whole nations' spoils enclose.

Discord makes pause, the thunders cease,
The very wars repose,
The craters we may sound in peace
From which the lava rose.

May luck thy devious steps attend
Wherever they may roam !
An honest heart did Nature lend,
Oh, bring it honest home !

TO THE PRINCE OF WEIMAR.

Lands thou wilt cross which bore the stress
Of war's terrific strain ;
Yet now their smiling fields caress
In peace the golden grain.

Old Father Rhine thou willst bestride,
Who never will ignore,
So long his waters seaward glide,
Thine ancestor of yore.

Do homage to the hero's fame,
And pledge the noble Rhine,
Old bulwark of the German name,
In his own matchless wine.

Let German spirit be thy guide,
And fail thee ne'er a jot
When quivering to that other side
Where German faith is not.

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

TO X.X.X.

Where shall we find a refuge, noble friend,
For peace and freedom on this troubled earth ?
The Century in tumult has its end,
And murder dogs the new one at its birth.

Burst are the links uniting land with land,
And ancient dignities and forms decline ;
The rush of war the sea cannot withstand,
Nile cannot stem it, nor the hoary Rhine.

Two mighty nationalities contend
For the supreme possession of the world ;
Others their hopes of freedom may suspend
While thunderbolts and tridents here are hurled.

For them must every land its gold afford,
And as did Brennus in his ruder day,
So does the Frank his heavy iron sword
Throw in, the even balance to outweigh.

The Briton spreads his all-pervading fleet,
Its greedy tentacles abroad are thrown ;
Amphitrite's domain he would estreat,
And claim the whole of ocean for his own.

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

To unseen regions of the Southern Pole
His never-wearied footsteps he directs ;
All shores and islands he would fain control,
And Paradise alone he still respects.

No map or chart there is, alas ! I ween,
In which that happy country we shall find
Where freedom's garden is for ever green,
And youth perennial adorns mankind.

In boundless range the world before thee lies,
Even the shipping thou canst scarce compute :
Yet on its platform of unstinted size
For elbow room some dozen must dispute.

In the calm sanctuary of the heart
Fly to a refuge from this earthly throng !
Dreamland alone true freedom can impart,
And beauty only flourishes in song.

IN OCTOBER 1788.

For that thy golden rays around my head are projected,
That I may breathe thy balm;
That through the ether to thee my mortal glance is directed,
Bathed in a heavenly calm;
That an immortal soul thy heavenly power has granted,
And in my glowing heart
Pleasure and pain alike in turn hast graciously planted
Caution and joy to impart;
That to express the thoughts of my soul with fitting emotion
Thou dost the power afford;
That to thy doughtier sons the wreath was the meed of devotion,
Mine the inspiriting chord;
That my impassioned soul on wings of ecstasy soaring,
Paints life yet more bright,
And in the mirror of song the verities ever exploring,
Pierces the dim half-light:—
Goddess adored, for this till Destiny hinder its showing,
Every thought of my soul
Shall well forth toward thee, in childlike purity glowing;
While from the golden bowl
Thine eternal praise, Divine, shall echo for ever,
And this sentient heart
From its clasp of thy motherly breast no power shall sever
Till us Death do part.

THE POET'S FAREWELL.

The Muse is silent. On her maiden cheek
The blushing hues of modesty appear,
As she steps forth thy judgment to bespeak,
With due respect indeed, but not with fear.
His commendation only she would seek
Who all subordinates to truth austere.
No heart but that for which pure beauty glows
Is worthy beauty's garland to impose.

So long alone these songs of mine shall live
As they can find a sympathetic mind,
To which some brighter fancies they can give,
And urge a part more noble and refined.
To distant ages they will not survive,
Their task is done, and they will fall behind.
Merely the inspirations of a day,
In the light dance of time they pass away.

The Spring returns ; the comfortable land
New youth attains beneath the vernal fire ;
Entrancing odours from the shrubs expand,
Gay peals in heaven the celestial choir ;
The young and old in one united band
Through all their senses happiness respire.
But Spring departs ! To seed the flowers fall,
And of the past no trace remains at all.

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